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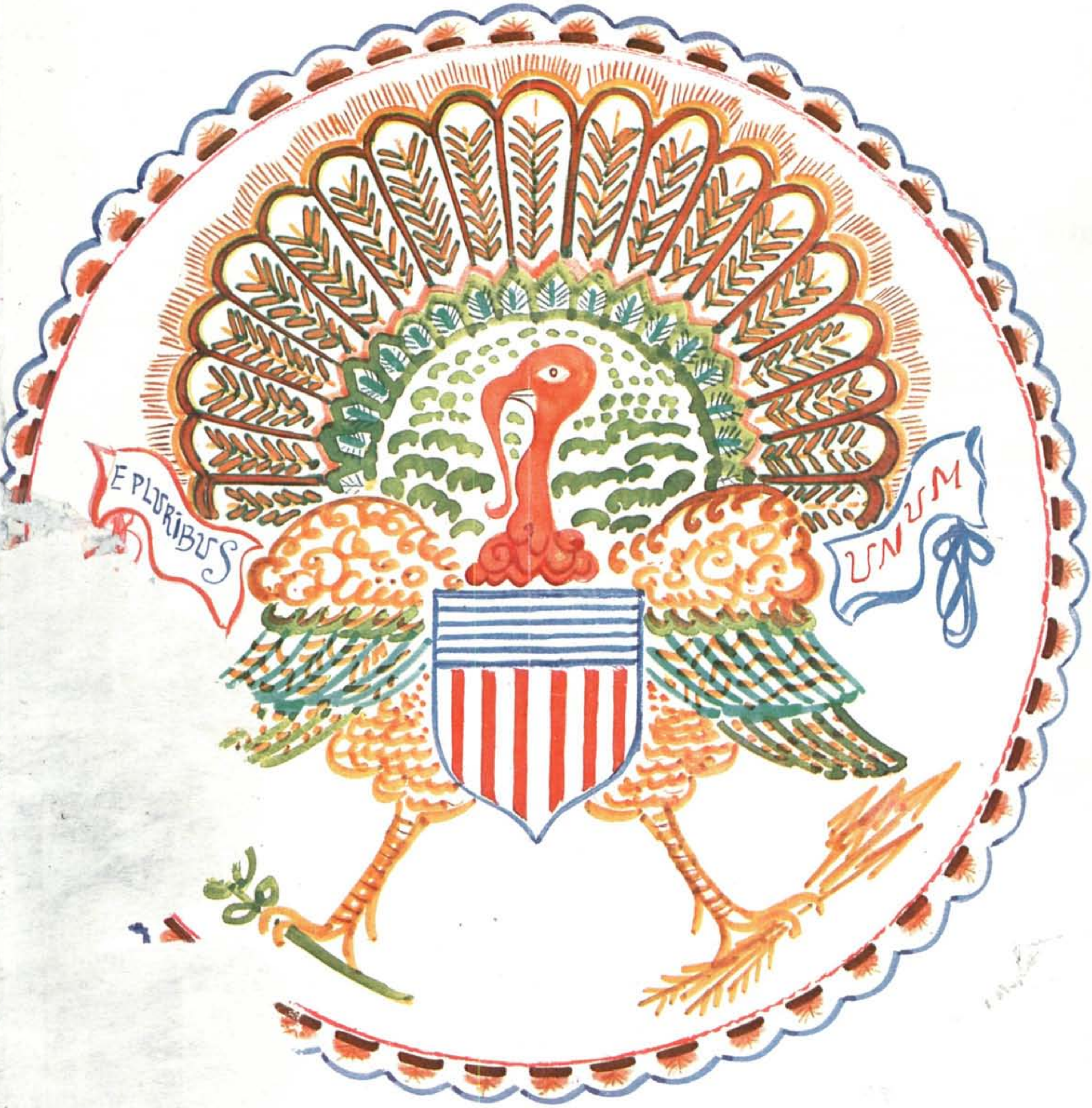
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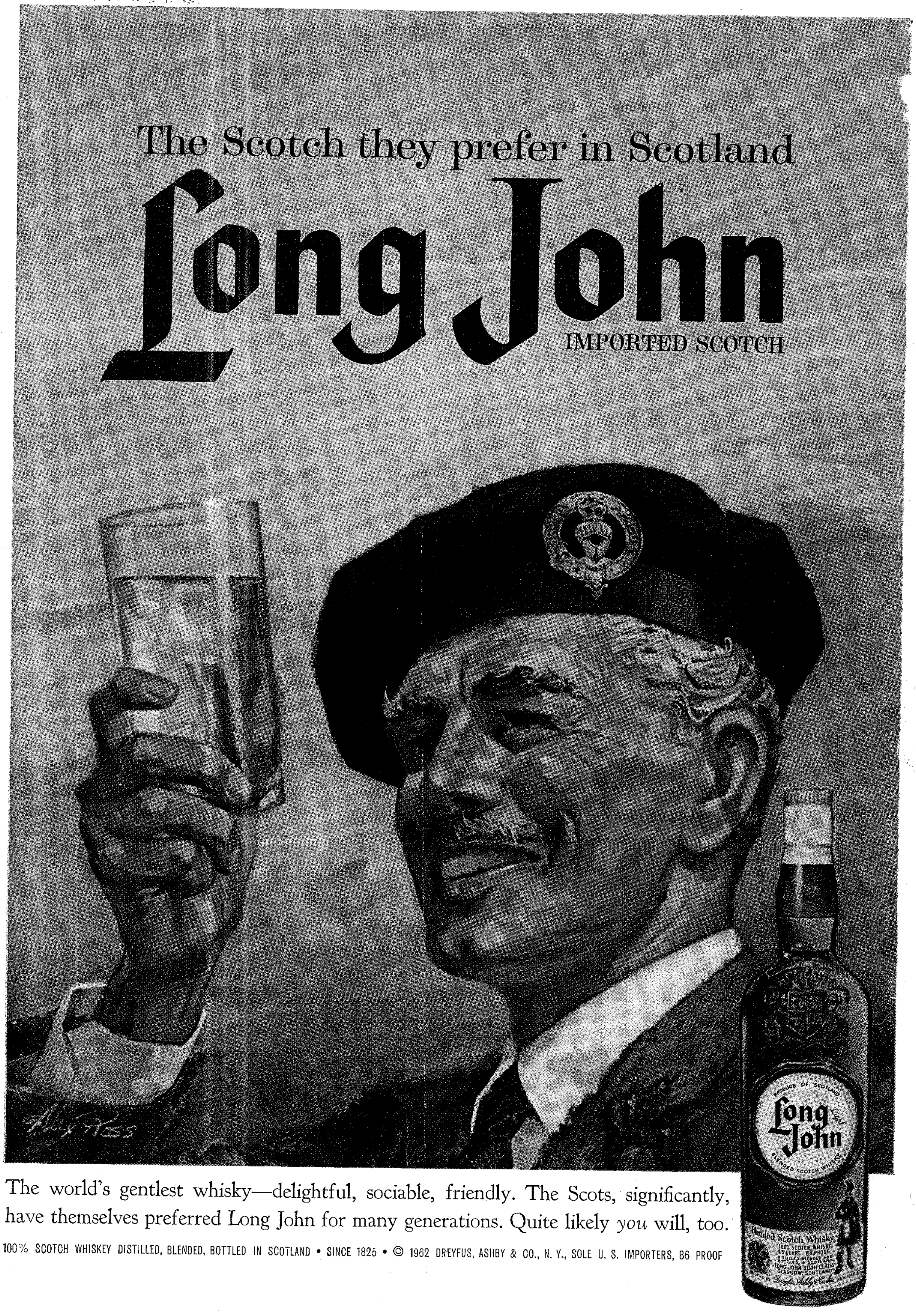

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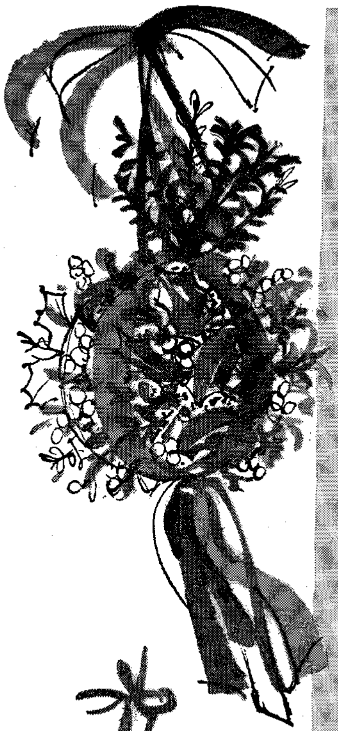

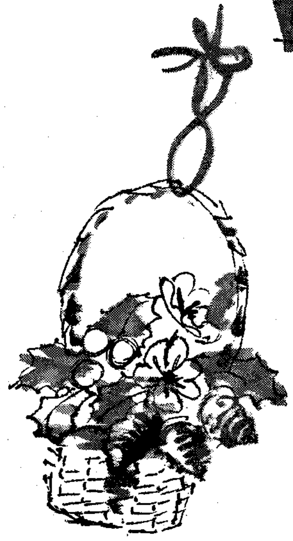

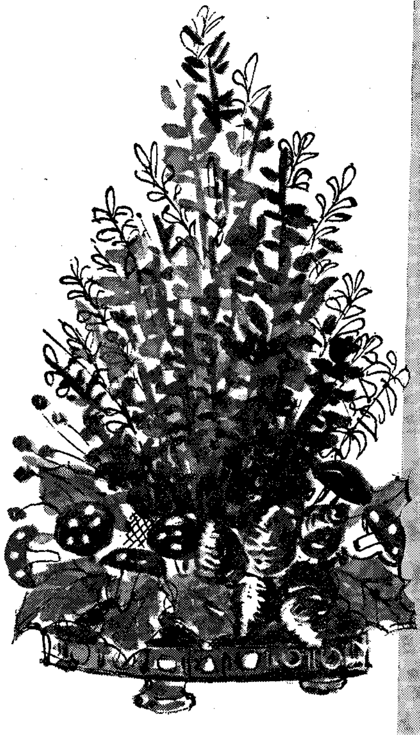

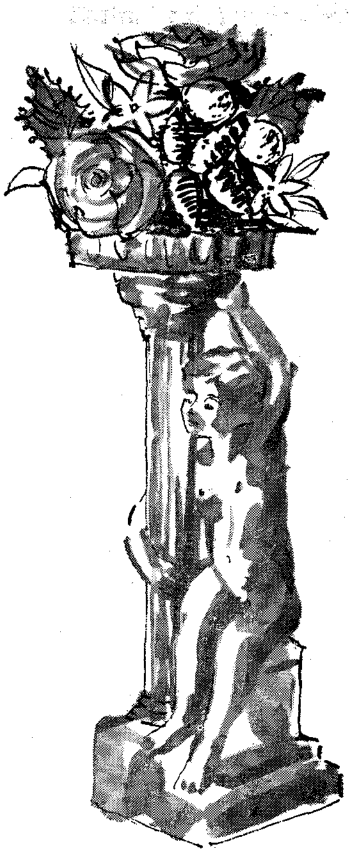

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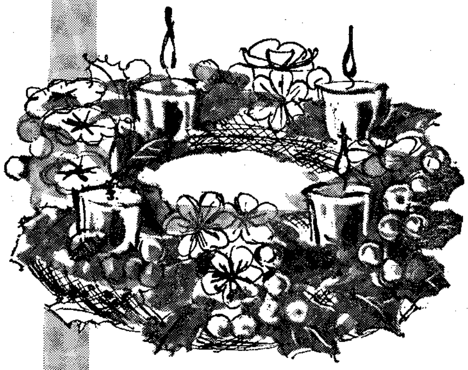

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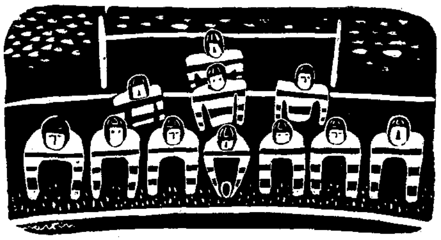
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, have rearranged their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 22. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Affair—There isn't much action in Ronald Millar's adaptation of the C. P. Snow novel dealing with the turmoil attendant upon the dismissal of a radical young physicist from Cambridge for fudging an illustration in a scientific treatise, but sometimes the dialogue offers a bit of academic wit. Brewster Mason and an assorted British and American cast do well in it. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Beyond the Fringe—Four fine English comedians in a revue that has humor, style, and splendid performances. The quartet consists of Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Calculated Risk—Melodramatic doings in a board room where a struggle is going on to determine who is to control a New England woollen mill. As written by Joseph Hayes, the play isn't long on suspense, and the acting is rather stilted. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Night Life—Sidney Kingsley's exploration of the lives of a group assembled in a New York night club is not up to his previous efforts, but it does have commendable performances by Neville Brand, Carol Lawrence, Walter Abel, Carmen Mathews, Salome Jens, and Jack Kelly. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Seidman and Son—Sam Levene is ingratiating as a mixed-up Seventh Avenue garment maker in this play by Elick Moll, and so is Nancy Wickwire, as a lonesome designer to whom he is giving advice. The trouble is that nothing much goes on in the course of the affair. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 25.)

Tchin-Tchin—The plot of this one is hugely implausible, but Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn, as a pair of people whose spouses have ditched them, are persuasive enough to hold your interest for a good deal of the time. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

A Thousand Clowns—A garrulous but funny charade about a man in revolt against Madison Avenue conformity, in which Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks appear to good purpose. The play was written by Herb Gardner and has been directed in jovial style by Fred Coe. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Thanksgiving Day at 2:30 and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—An attack of logorrhea, among other disorders, seems to have got Edward Albee down in his first attempt at a full-length play, but the actors do as well as they can by this account of some doings in a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, George Grizzard, and Melinda Dillon; for the matinées it is Kate Reid, Shepperd Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Avra Petrides. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS: The seasonable man in Robert Bolt's work is, of course, Sir Thomas More, now played by Emlyn Williams. He is supported by George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **MARY, MARY:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Barbara Bel Geddes, Tom Poston, and Edward Mulhare are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE:** A comedy about the worries of a West Coast father who sends his daughter to an Eastern school. Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are the father and daughter. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3. Closes Saturday, Dec. 8.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Lord Pengo—S. N. Behrman's comedy (suggested by his Profile of Lord Duveen), starring Charles Boyer. Directed by Vincent J. Donehue and produced by Paul Gregory and Amy Lynn. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Plautus, that jolly old Roman, never had himself so well adapted as in this interpretation of his works by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The antic doings are done to a crisp, refreshing turn by Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, John Carradine, Raymond Walburn, and assorted cuties billed as Vibrato and the like. The music isn't anything to reflect upon, but the lyrics are good enough, and the direction by George Abbott is always galvanic. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—Jerome Weidman has adapted his scathing, funny novel about the garment business into a musical that is just as scathing and funny. Harold Rome's songs are, with a couple of exceptions, tuneful, varied, and ebullient. The performances—singing, acting, and dancing—by all concerned are quite wonderful. Elliott Gould, Barbra Streisand, Harold Lang, and Lillian Roth head the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Little Me—Sid Caesar in a musical with a book by Neil Simon, based on Patrick Dennis's novel of the same name. Carolyn Leigh wrote the lyrics and Cy Coleman the music. Staged by Cy Feuer and Bob Fosse, and presented by Mr. Feuer and Ernest Martin. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

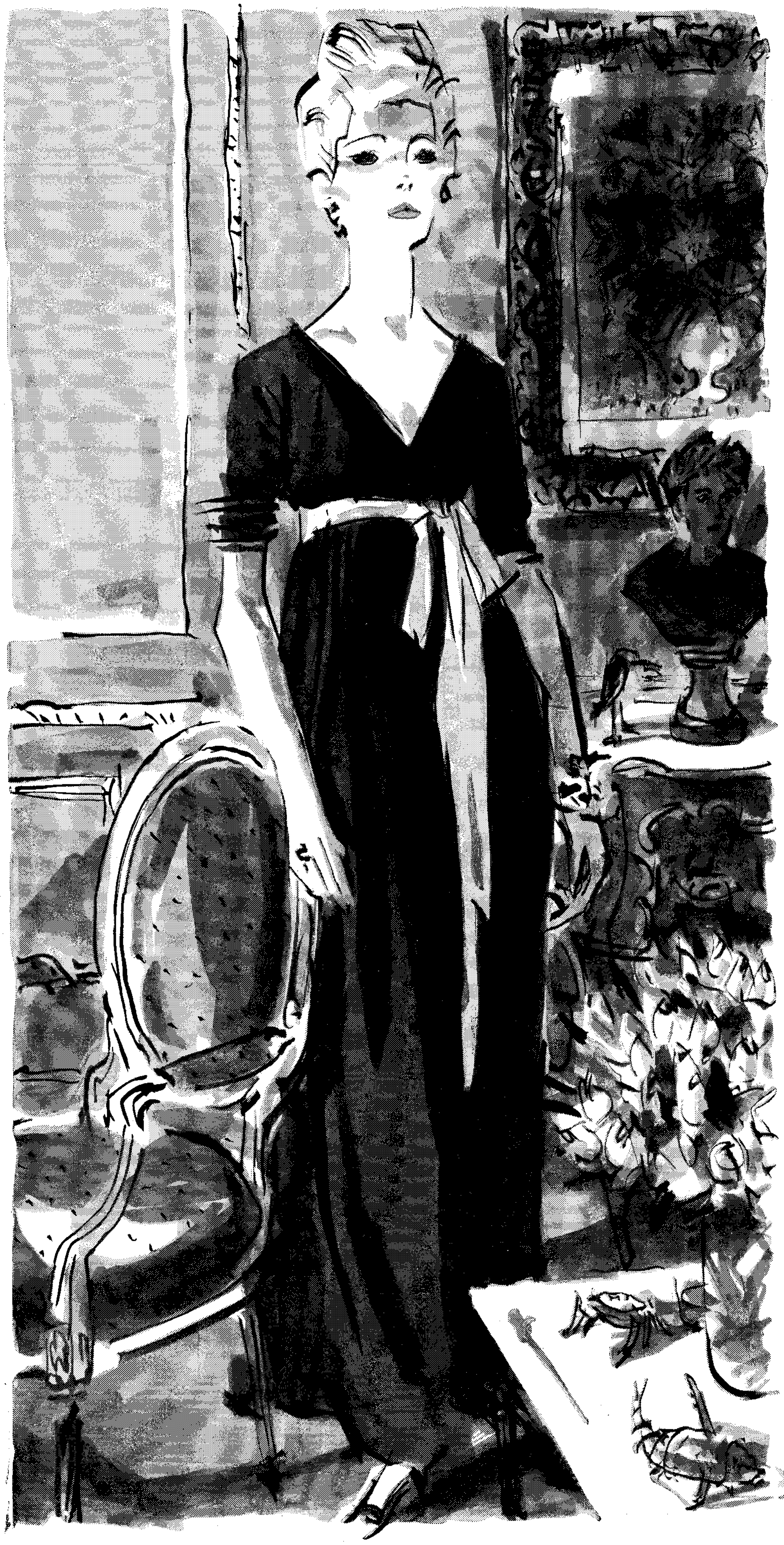
Mr. President—Irving Berlin, Howard Lindsay, Russel Crouse, and Joshua Logan all put their skilled hands into this enterprise, but it remains a little less than a top-drawer endeavor. Robert Ryan, Nanette Fabray, and Anita Gillette are among those amiably present. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—A show that affords every conceivable treat for ear and eye. The songs (lyrics, too) are by Richard Rodgers; the settings—Paris and various spots *au bord de la mer*—are by David Hays; and the choreography is by Joe Layton, who also handled the direction. The only flaw is in the book, by Samuel Taylor, which deals, in part, with the literary frustrations of an expatriate novelist. Richard Kiley, as the writer, and Diahann Carroll, as a Paris *Vogue* model, make an appealing pair of lovers. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off—Anthony Newley and about a dozen young ladies doing the seven ages of man in song, mime, and patter, the last not at all witty. This importation from England was written by Mr. Newley and Leslie Bricusse, both of whom also supplied the music and lyrics. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—CAMELOT: Hands across the Table

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, A. J. Russell, Jr., E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 40, November 24, 1962. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1962 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Round. With Kathryn Grayson, William Squire, and Arthur Treacher. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **CARNIVAL:** A musical that deals with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. The cast includes Carla Alberghetti and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; on Fridays at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Robert Morse plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MILK AND HONEY:** A tour of Israel, with eight American widows in search of husbands. Mimi Benzell is one widow, Molly Picon is another, and Robert Weede is a visiting businessman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Nancy Dussault becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Donald Scott is their papa. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Never Too Late—Paul Ford, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Orson Bean in a comedy by Sumner Arthur Long. Directed by George Abbott and produced by Elliot Martin and Daniel Hollywood. Previews Thursday and Friday, Nov. 22-23, at 8:40; Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2:40 and 8:40; and Monday, Nov. 26, at 8:40. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 27. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées the first week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:40; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Moby Dick—Orson Welles' adaptation of Herman Melville's novel, with Rod Steiger at the head of a cast directed by Douglas Campbell. The producers are Jerry Adler and Samuel Liff. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 28. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Harold—A comedy by Herman Raucher, with Anthony Perkins in the title role. Larry Blyden is the director and Saint Subber the producer. Opens Thursday, Nov. 29. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Moon Besieged—A play by Seyril Schochen, in which Ted van Griethuysen and Charles Tyner will appear. Staged by Lloyd Richards and presented by Loren E. Price. Previews Monday through Friday, Nov. 26-30, at 8:30. Opens officially on Saturday, Dec. 1. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Anything Goes—This revival is youthful and merry enough to satisfy even the most stubbornly nostalgic old-timer, although he may object to the inexplicable addition of songs from other Cole Porter shows to a score that certainly doesn't need them. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be; the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is better. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. The six actors in the company manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

The Cherry Orchard—A disappointing production, directed by David Ross. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker—A play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hostage—A revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house, and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland heads the cast. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Intimate Relations—Jan Miner in the first play in a Cocteau repertory. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Living Room—Martyn Green in a revival of Graham Greene's play. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Man's a Man—Bertolt Brecht's bitter farce about the transformation of a laborer into a soldier. There is a lot of horseplay onstage, some of it entertaining and some just repulsive. Olympia Dukakis and Michael Conrad do well as a lusty widow and a bloodthirsty sergeant, respectively, but the rest of the acting doesn't amount to much. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A young playwright named Arthur Kopit, a young actress named Barbara Harris, and a veteran director named Jerome Robbins split the limelight in this disturbing farce about a man-eating mother, her spindly son, and a girl who tries to seduce him. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A double bill. The more important half is a faithful and quite effective dramatization of key episodes from Joyce's novel. "The Barroom Monks," a sentimental yet also rather affecting first play by Joseph Carroll, deals with the encounter of an alcoholic priest and a young medical student who works as a bartender. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

P.S. 193—A professor of philosophy vs. a vengeful and addled veteran of the Korean War. At its best, David Rayfiel's melodrama manages to be frightening, touching, and funny; at its worst it is somewhat high-toned and cloudy. Severn Darden and James Earl Jones play the antagonists. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Tenth of an Inch Makes the Difference—A couple of unpretentious and rather charming one-acters, the first set in India, the second in Japan, that Rolf Forsberg has fashioned from Buddhist fables. There is also a prologue in which a number of Chinese characters cheerfully act out Zen riddles and maxims. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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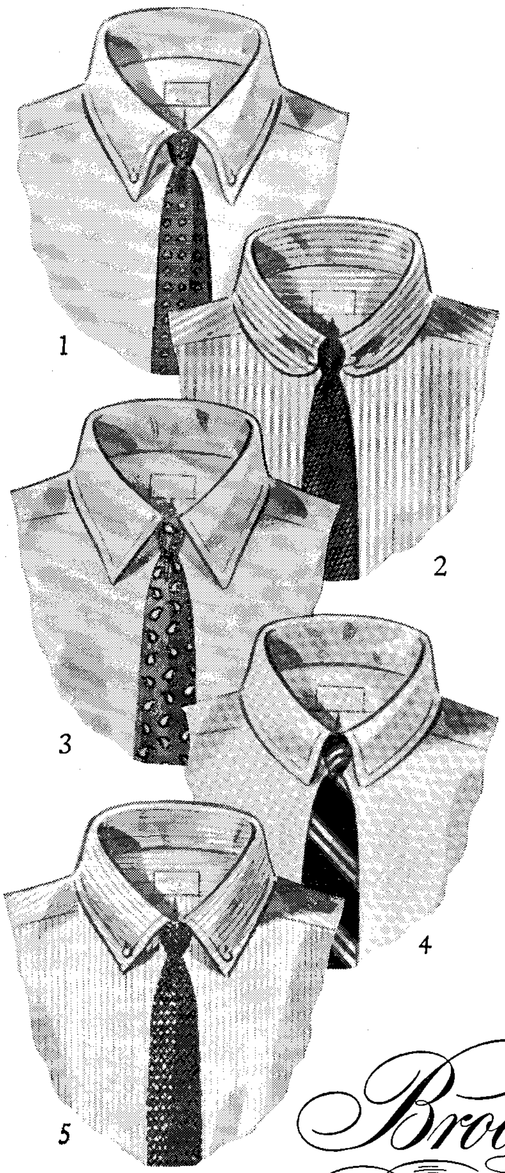

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obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes funny and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Under Milk Wood—A revival of Dylan Thomas's play. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Thanksgiving Day.)

We're Civilized?—A musical with book and lyrics by Alfred Aiken and music by Ray Haney. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Bolshoi Ballet—A return engagement of six performances. Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Nov. 28-29: "Bayaderka," *divertissements*, and Act IV of "Gayane." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 30, and Saturday matinée, Dec. 1: "Chopiniana," "Walpurgis Night," and "Ballet School." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 1, and Sunday matinée, Dec. 2: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Ballet School," and Act IV of "Gayane." (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Ballet Español Ximenez-Vargas—A company of dancers, singers, and guitarists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 2:30.)

Rapsodia Romina—A Rumanian folk troupe of fifty, plus an orchestra, appearing here for the first time. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—"H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury": Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8; Friday, Nov. 23, at 8:30; and Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance": Sunday, Nov. 25, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe": Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 8, and Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Gondoliers": Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Mikado": Friday, Nov. 30, at 8:30, and Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2:30 and 8:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Dec. 9.)

ANTA Program—"The Lunatic View," a comedy by David Campton, with Vincent Gardenia, Salome Jens, Donald Moffat, and others. Presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the second in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 2. For tickets, call PL 7-4563.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Tony Martin is distributing his head and chest tones around the Royal Box, which means that they have to have a boarding-house reach. On Monday, Nov. 26, he gives way to Keely Smith, a girl whose ditties can convert any place at all into a rumpus room. Lester Lanin's big band makes the dance music. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The life may be earnest, but it is certainly unreal. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' dance orchestra perform for anyone who would like to find his way back to the world. Those who wish to sit out the next dance should repair to the Champagne Room, where the loudest noise is Freddie Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. Closed Sundays.

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—No bigger than it was before it went through its reconstruction period, really, but Chauncey Gray's band (which is Knickerbocker Grey to a lot of old New Yorkers) can worm its way in after ten-thirty to do dance music. Closed Sundays.

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Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Phil Wayne's trio, maker of perky dance tunes, has just moved into the Café Pierre, and so has Renato Rossini, whose guitar dwells lovingly upon life in the world bounded on the south by Capri and on the north by Como. Mondays, another band is the whole show.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Persian Room, Robert Goulet, a singer of noble descent ("Camelot"), warms up with some Las Vegas calisthenics that never would be missed, then gets to the point—big, hearty, resounding odes to lovely ladies. The rest of the time, dance music pulses from the big band of Emil Coleman and the small one of Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's pair of stringed instruments play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty, every night but Monday.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Jan Garber's orchestra, which belongs to the long-ago time when there were no unexpected Twists or turns, is in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The main change in the décor of the Maisonette, aside from the arrival of a few strips of velvet in Mexican Sunset pink, is Peter Duchin, whose piano and exulting dance band are to the Manhattan manor house born. Ray Bari's group spells this outpouring of music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, just a hundred feet west of the Maisonette, devotes itself to the extremely even tenor (circumspect piano and violin, that is) of its way—a way that takes it from dinner on through supper. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Ted Straeter, his Joseph's-coat dinner jackets, his piano, and his orchestra (which is a perpetual fountain of youth) are converting the Columns into one of our finest fall (not to forget winter) palaces. Arturo Arturos's threesome, which has been boning up on its Latin trots, shares the arena with the Straeter band. The ceremonies begin at seven, with piano by Ray Hartley, from the next-door Savoy Room; the dance troupes arrive at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Mr. Hartley, who is around, off and on, from cocktails until midnight or so. He's absent Sundays.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—One of this thoroughfare's traditional block parties pursues its seasonal course. At the north end is the Embassy Club, where Gunnar Hansen's orchestra and Quintero's Latin band are *toujours la politesse;* at the south end is the Knight Box ruled by the magic wand of Jani Sarkozi, who frequently applies it to a fiddle. Both ends of the block are closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Pearl Bailey's cajoling voice is asserting—at both dinner and supper in the Empire Room—that the best ways to a man's heart are her taking ways. Her songs of hedonism are supplemented by a couple of dance bands—Milt Shaw's is the better half of this staff—that are in operation right through the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley again has sounds of music—Emile Petti's piano from five to one, plus Mr. Petti's dance trio Fridays and Saturdays, after nine-thirty. No music Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Reunion hall for old friends and young ones, to whom any hour of the night is the top of the evening. The men-at-arms perform as follows: Bob Printz at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists on the uprights until suppertime, when they converge as hubble-bubble, roil-and-double pianists. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Sundays belong to Forrest Perrin, who, after a lunchtime stint in the neighboring café called Mon Plaisir, moves to Mr. Walter's piano. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The consumers' research that goes on here is concerned with Italianate cuisine and Italianate opera. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Every evening, too, Mr. Bruschi is impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The court architect was Hans Christian Andersen. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, wanders from table to table in a manner that proves him to be a skillful cruise director. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A house of many mansions, each one depicting a stage of the royal moves toward the Saracen foe. Through it all drift a masterly violinist, Herman Honigsberg, and his pianist, who purvey ever so gently the food of love. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): A captain's-table sort of operation. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano discourses from five until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Spain is passion's plaything—or that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, voices, and feet keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Angel Mancheno, a facile young blade, and his triad of ladies (one of them a baby antelope named Luisita Sevilla), present their final impassioned ballet on Sunday, Nov. 25; next evening, five Basque singers and instrumentalists from Irún take over. Dancing every evening and on Sunday afternoons from two to seven. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Greta Keller gets home to her hunting lodge in the Austrian Tyrol at ten, prepared to discuss, in her serene and worldly-wise voice, her day's visit to the Vienna woods. A zither discourses with a Viennese twang through the

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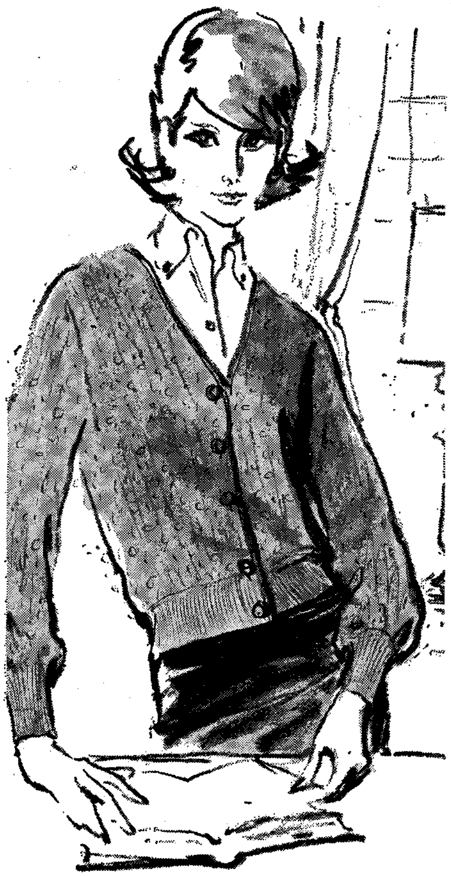

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dinner hour. Closed Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A few Cabots who won't even speak to God, and several slightly more easygoing characters. George Feyer, who's at work from between eight-thirty and maybe two, composes in-my-lady's-parlor piano. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The bonny, bonny banks of the Danube, along with a Mitteleuropa music festival ranging from voice to zimbalon. The soprano Laureanne Lemay is the daughter of the regiment of hussars who are in charge. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Only cuisine is thrown to the lions and lionesses in this up-dated version of the Colosseum. With every course there's a ration of patrolling violins and patrolling accordions. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.... **LA CHANSONETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an unmistakable soubrette, is singing the songs she used to sing upon the musical-comedy stage, even though she's retired to semi-private life in her own minute *salle à manger*. Accordion and piano can also be discerned in the gloaming. Closed Thanksgiving Day.... **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In the midst of the Moorish maze sits Conrad Monjoy, from six to ten every night but Sunday, to give the diners his repertory of pianoforte études.... **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): The under-the-clock arena, classic hollow oak for visiting undergraduates, resumes its recitals of firm but never peremptory piano by Joan Bishop on Monday, Nov. 26. Her hours are five to eight-thirty.... **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): It's more of a *Doppelgänger* for Vienna than Vienna itself, and the leading ladies have only a singing acquaintance with the town, Yvonne Constant being a *cum-laude* French soubrette and Adriana Dalmare being a *cum-laude* Venetian soubrette. On Tuesday, Nov. 27, they'll be succeeded by Vicky Autier, another sprightly Parisian soubrette. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with the bit in its teeth; the music (guitar) and its maker, José Luis Franco, have just checked in from Spain. No music Mondays and Thanksgiving Day.... **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti tones his piano down until it's almost subliminal. He's there from five to eleven. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.... **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): This bar is the home—from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday—of the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose spiritual home is Andalusia.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Innocent of device and cliché is the singing of Vikki Price, a pretty child of Junior League cast, who sets to around ten. Her accompanist, Dave Mackay, is one of a brace of pianists who help fill up the evening. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): In "The Venus Touch," Donn Arden's beautiful fantasia, the stag of Eves may drink his fill. Aside from the three dozen ladies, there is a par-excellence pas de deux by François Szony and Nancy Claire, a classic balancing act, some first-rate knockabout comedy by Gino Donati and stooge, and the depths-of-despair humor of Barbara Heller, the driest wit ever to find shelter here. Dancing.... **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Minsky, a six-letter word expurgated by Fiorello LaGuardia, is back in the language as an adjunct to "Minsky's Follies," the thoroughly descriptive name of a thinly veiled bacchanalia that's much more girl than boy. Just the same, Irving Benson, a low-level burlesque comedian, is easily the top banana of the evening.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3000): "Dime a Dozen," the revue with which Julius Monk greets the fall of 1962 and the fall of civilization, shows that it's possible to be deft and daft for a couple of hours without ever pausing for breath. Jack Fletcher, Ceil Cabot, Mary Louise Wilson, Gerry Matthews, Susan Browning, and Rex Robbins make the most of their myriad assignments onstage. Life begins at nine-fifteen and midnight every night but Sunday. The pit band is long, lean Steinways in the hands of William Roy and Robert Colston; supplementary piano issues from Carl Norman in the lounge.... **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Bobby Short, who has his two men-at-arms (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) working with him again, is playing stay-up-all-night piano and singing stay-up-all-night ballads, first in the back room and later on in the lounge. His companions in the back room are the Chad Mitchell trio, which brims over with lively folk music, and a pair of new wits—Dave Madden and Marilynn Lovell. Mr. Short stays out of the lounge Saturdays.... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Three of the players who made this sometimes impromptu theatre-on-the-wing a worthy enterprise—Alan Arkin, Andrew Duncan, and Eugene Troobnick—are back here now, valiantly assisted by Anthony Holland and Zohra Lampert; the resulting distillation (all words and no music) is hot, heady, and enormously humorous. Eight-thirty is the earliest during the week, but there are Sunday matinées at three; closed Mondays and Tuesdays.... **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): Another enterprise (this one a coffeehouse built like a theatre) in which the playfulness is the thing; i.e., one more seemingly scatterbrained but quite pertinent revue, likewise without music, that discusses, often off-the-cuff, the world we try to live in. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty; Fridays at eight and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three and eight-thirty.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Action speaks louder and more to the point than words when Paul Draper's tap and soft-shoe movements get under way, sometimes *a capella* and sometimes to the wiry strains of Larry Adler's harmonica, which has its eloquent solo moments, too. Nina Simone's trio supplies another kind of jazz. Mondays are assigned to other performers.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Like Hurricane Emma and the rest of the winds that blow in from the tropics, the incumbent Latin-American floor show has terrifying energy and not much else. Pupi Campo's band gets every ounce of activity out of the customers whenever it's their turn for rebuttal. ...¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the guitar of Pedro Cortes and the flamenco songs of José Moreno carry you back instantly to old Madrid. The tea dancing on Sunday afternoons is by fury possessed.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels, the original *padrone*, is in charge again, and the place acts more like its old self. Betty Kean and Lew Parker involve themselves in a series of domestic farces, Tobi Reynolds sings about greenwillows and green ribbons, and Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames emit music in which madness lies. Closed Mondays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The second edition of the revue called "Seven Come Eleven" has a split personality, making several good points and missing others. Cy Young, who heads the cast, does well by the funny ideas that come his way. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Miles Davis is the lonely end of his five-man football team, getting himself and his horn into its convolute action when he feels like participating. Shirley Horn's trio is the rest of the music. All hands depart on Sunday, Nov. 25; on Tuesday, Nov. 27, the arrivals will be the sextet of Charlie Mingus, who has firm ideas about jazz and

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firmer ways of expressing them, and the trio of Bill Evans, which is simultaneously neat and nimble. Afternoon sessions are run off every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Peggy Lee is giving her famous songs a lot of heart, soul, and steam, and making other songs famous the same way. She's helped out by bits of her special body English and the rumblings of Benny Carter's massive band. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris, whose traditional airs kept Jimmy Ryan's going until it literally came tumbling down around his ears, is now down South, along with Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Doc Cheatham, *et* Al, Dick, and Harry. Savannah Churchill, a robust singer not heard in this town for some years, is also on hand, with a trio at her heels. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Wild Bill Davison is ardently furthering his project of blowing lower Seventh Avenue to smithereens. He commands a squadron in which Vic Dickenson, Buster Bailey, Dick Wellstood, Cliff Leeman, and Willie Wayman have been enlisted. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The noise issues from the band of Gene Krupa, whose drums never get a chance to recuperate. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the place. . . . ¶ Saturdays, the Twist burns unchecked in the second-floor attic. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Louis Bellson has come in off the road with his new band to join Cannonball Adderley's fivesome, which can become overheated even in November. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB,** 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): Anyone who believes that Herman Chittison is a myth should search the bar, where—surrounded by ten thousand carriage lamps—the old maestro is seated (between eight and the early morning) at a piano, dealing out music in his light but firm Spencerian hand. No sound on Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): This hero-sandwich foundry can keep good men (Bob Brookmeyer and Clark Terry) down around the Holland Tunnel. Their quintet is worth the long journey into night. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti and Sammy Price are what's left of the Condon undergraduate body that has played this stronghold of tradition over the years. Their quintet stays home Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Tonight (and every night but Sunday) at Convention Hall: music for the masses, made at the moment, by the quartet of sturdy old Jonah Jones, which will be replaced on Monday, Nov. 26, by the trio of Ahmad Jamal, whose modernisms are flavored with sweet marjoram. Visiting bands do one-night stands every Sunday. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The Lee Evans trio, which specializes in the manufacture of cotton candy, now sits inside the circular bar. Howard Reynolds does the proper sort of intermission piano. No action Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The youth-must-have-its-fling group sitting at the feet, or even under the feet, of the old masters. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, the roster of elder statesmen should include Jo Jones, Red Allen, Marty Napoleon, Conrad Janis, Eddie Barefield, and Panama Francis. . . . **FOLK CITY,** 11 W. 4th St. (AL 4-8449): An awkward squad is usually at drill in this dominion of folk music, but right now Anita and Jacques (she is Anita Sheer, a flamenco guitarist of rank) are also audible, every night but Monday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

DUSTI BONGÉ—Painted sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

PIERRE BONNARD—Water colors, drawings, and sketches that were studies for his first illustrated book, "Petit Solfège Illustré" (1893); through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Deitsch, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LEE BONTECOU—Reliefs; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MANOLIS CALLIYANNIS—Figures, landscapes, and still-lifes by a Greek artist residing in France. First one-man show in New York; through Dec. 8. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SYLVIA CAREWE—Eight new Aubusson tapestries, as well as new paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (French & Co., 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

CARMEN CICERO—Paintings; through Dec. 15. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

EDWARD CORBETT—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN-PAUL DARRIAU—Sculptures (mainly bronze) and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Oils, gouaches, and drawings by this Paris modern; through Dec. 29. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANDRÉ FRANÇOIS—Paintings and drawings by the French cartoonist. First one-man show in New York; through Dec. 29. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL GEORGES—Female nudes, landscapes, and family scenes; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

DOUGLAS GORSLINE—Figure paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Highgate, 827 Third Ave., at 50th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 5:30.)

SANTÉ GRAZIANI—Figures abstracted from nature. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Seascapes and figure paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

JOHN GROTH—Water colors and drawings; through Dec. 8. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

RAOUL HAGUE—Abstract carvings in wood; through Dec. 22. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to noon and 2 to 6.)

AL HELD—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT HENRI (1865-1929)—Early landscapes and figure drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St.)

JOSEPH HIRSCH—Realist paintings; through Dec. 8. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

CARL HOLTY—Abstractions; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

PHILIPPE HOSIASSON—Oils and gouaches by the Russian-born contemporary French abstractionist; through Dec. 15. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

EARL WADE HUBBARD—Figure paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

GENICHIRO INOKUMA—Abstract oils and temperas by a Japanese painter; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

ZUBEL KACHADOORIAN—Semi-abstract figure paintings; through Dec. 8. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ARISTODEMOS KALDIS—The second section of a two-part show of paintings of Greek landscapes, or abstractions derived from them; through Saturday, Nov 24. (Kornblee, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JOSEPH KAPLAN—Paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Merrill, 54 E. 58th St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

WILLIAM KING—Figurative sculptures, mostly bronzes; through Dec. 15. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

WIFREDO LAM—Paintings by a Cuban artist living in Italy; through Dec. 22. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

OCTAVE LANDUYT—Figurative paintings by a Belgian artist; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT LAURENT—Sculptures in bronze, alabas-

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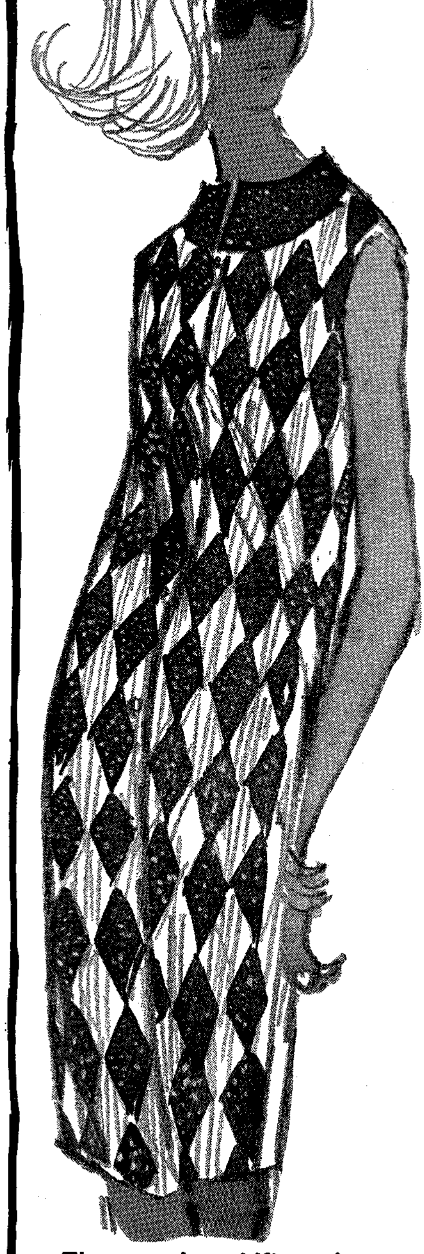

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ter, and wood; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Marcia Marcus—Figure paintings primarily; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—A show entitled "Portraits and Models;" through Dec. 29. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ogden Pleissner—Oils and water colors, principally scenes in France; through Dec. 8. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank H. Redelius—Still-life paintings of flowers, interiors, shells, and trompe-l'oeil; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Sophy Regensburg—Still-lifes mainly; through Wednesday, Nov. 28. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Attilio Salemme—Geometrical abstractions by this artist, who died in 1955; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Moses Soyer—Figure studies; through Dec. 8. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Walter Stein—Somewhat abstract landscapes with people, plus still-lifes and pictures of animals; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Sahl Swarz—Abstract bronzes; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Claude Venard—Semi-figurative canvases by this Paris artist; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Romanet-Vercel, 710 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

John von Wicht—Abstractions; through Dec. 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Hugo Weber—Chiefly Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—Collages; through Dec. 8. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Adja Yunkers—Abstract pastels and other works; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Zao Wou-ki—Abstractions by this Chinese-born Paris artist; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sculptures and Manuscripts—Medieval and Renaissance sculptures by Donatello, Luca della Robbia, and others, together with thirty illuminated manuscripts, most of them fifteenth-century Italian; through Dec. 29. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

African Art—A survey of tribal styles from the newly formed African states of Mali, Ivory Coast, Ghana, Nigeria, and so on. There are carvings in wood and ivory, bronzes, masks, statues, stools, and sculptures used in religious and magic ceremonies. Through Friday, Nov. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Sculptures from the New Hebrides—Primitive fernwood carvings of ritualistic figures; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **DE NAGY**, 149 E. 72nd St.: "Art for Architecture," an exhibition of paintings by Sondra Beal, Peter Forakis, Robert Goodnough, and Robert Richenburg; through Saturday, Dec. 1.... **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Oils, sculptures, and drawings by such artists as Charles Sheeler, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and William Zorach; through Saturday, Dec. 1.... **LEWISON**, 50 E. 76th St.: A dozen canvases (by, among others, Blakelock, Twachtman, and Hassam) on loan from the Engineers' Club, the Lotus Club, The Players, and the Salmagundi Club; through Dec. 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **NESSLER**, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: A midseason show of miniatures by Thomas Yerxa, Luis Eades, Hughie Lee-Smith, and others; through Dec. 15.... **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: "Humanists of the Sixties: Man in Modern American Sculpture, Drawing, and Print," a display of works by (for instance) Peter Agostini, Seymour Lipton, and Gabor Peterdi; through Wednesday, Nov. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: A showing of sixty paintings and sculptures selected by New York dealers as being representative of their galleries; through Thursday, Nov. 29.... **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and drawings by sixteenth- to twentieth-century artists, including Lucas Cranach the Younger, Lawrence Alma-Tadema, and Winslow Homer; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Closed Mondays.)... **JANIS**, 15 E. and 19 W. 57th St.: "Factual" paintings and sculptures from France, England, Italy, Sweden, and the United States, by Jim Dine, Peter Blake, Jean Tinguely, and other artists known as the New Realists; through Saturday, Dec. 1.... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Seventy-five paintings, by Hassam, Beckmann, and Appel (to mention a few) lent from the collection of the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Foundation and running concurrently with the exhibit of Mr. Hirshhorn's sculptures at the Guggenheim Museum; through Tuesday, Nov. 27.... **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Oils, water colors, and drawings by Courbet, Degas, William Merritt Chase, and other American and French artists; through Friday, Nov. 30.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Such nineteenth- and twentieth-century French painters as Gauguin, Cézanne, and Picasso; through Dec. 15.... **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French moderns, including Bombois, Buffet, and Vlaminck, in a show of oils and water colors; through Friday, Nov. 30.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Botticelli, Tintoretto, and Rembrandt are three of the artists represented in an exhibition called "The Painter as Historian," made up of mythological, religious, and secular paintings of the fifteenth century to the nineteenth. A joint benefit for the Alliance Française de New York and the French-American Atlantique Association. Through Dec. 31.

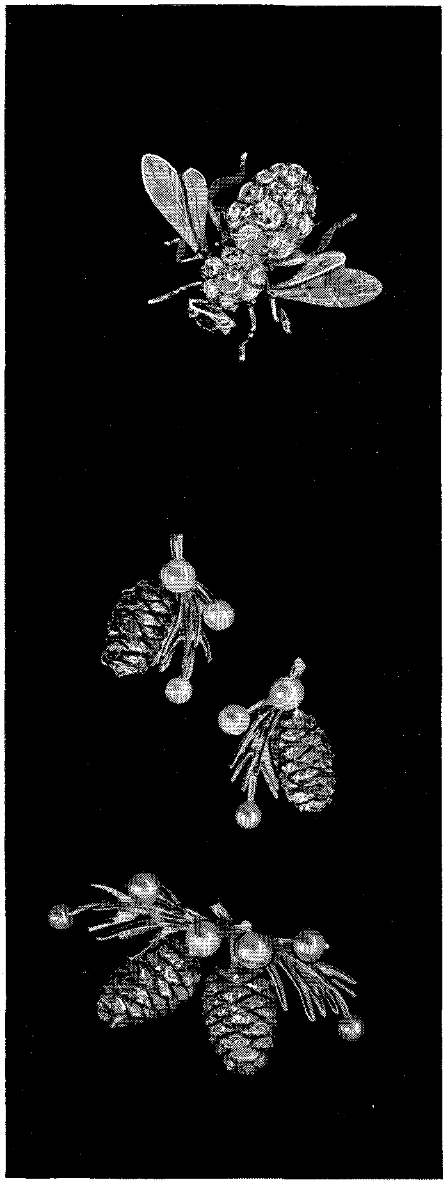
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Stone Guest: Dialogues Between Persons and Statuary," a showing of prints, drawings, and photographs on the colloquy between Aristotle and the bust of Homer and other encounters between people and sculpture; through Feb. 24.... ¶ Nineteen drawings executed by John Singleton Copley after he left Boston in 1774 and settled in London. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Surveys of the graphic work of five European Post-Impressionists (among them Walter Sickert and André Masson), along with examples of current printmaking in Germany, Poland, and Russia; through Sunday, Nov. 25.... ¶ "The Bitter Years: 1935-41 Rural America Seen by the Photographers of the Farm Security Administration," a documentation of rural and urban life during the depression. Chosen by Edward Steichen, the pictures are by, among others, Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, and Ben Shahn. Through Sunday, Nov. 25.... ¶ An exhibit of recently acquired paintings and sculptures by, for example, Braque, Epstein, and Rivers; through Jan. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A large display of works from the collection of the late Louis E. Stern, comprising American and European paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings (by Marin, Chagall, Giacometti, and others); objects of ancient Near Eastern, primitive, and Oriental art; and illustrated books. Through March 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by contemporary American artists (Herbert Katzman, Jimmy Ernst, and Robert Vickrey, to name a few) eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 9. ... ¶ Manuscripts, books, and other material by Marianne Moore, in celebration of her seventy-fifth birthday; through Dec. 9.



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Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of India/Stone Sculpture," is devoted to forty-five pieces, dating from the second millennium B.C. through the twelfth century A.D., borrowed from American museums and private collections; through Sunday, Nov. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of Neapolitan paintings by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century artists, including Batistello Caracciolo, Salvator Rosa, and Corrado Giaquinto; through Dec. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A selection of four hundred and forty-four American and European sculptures (Daumier and Rodin to David Smith) from the collection of Joseph H. Hirshhorn; through Jan. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the show (ending Tuesday) of American and European paintings from the collection of the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Foundation at the Knoedler Art Galleries, 14 E. 57th St.

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The forty-fifth annual of the Brooklyn Society of Artists, consisting of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by (for instance) Margit Beck, John von Wicht, and Lily Ente; through Dec. 2. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings and sculptures by such contemporary California artists as Elmer Bischoff, Richard Diebenkorn, and Jack Zajac; through Dec. 2. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Ernani," with Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Gabriella Tucci, Laurel Hurley, George London, Nicolai Gedda, Theodor Uppman, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2: "Aïda," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Rita Gorr, Flaviano Labò, Vladimir Ruzdak, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Régine Crespin, Hertha Toepper, Anneliese Rothenberger, Otto Edelmann, Karl Doench, and Sándor Kónya. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Giulietta Simionato, Dino Formichini, Robert Merrill, Fernando Corena, and Cesare Siepi. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Ernani," with Leontyne Price, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Régine Crespin, Hertha Toepper, Anneliese Rothenberger, Otto Edelmann, Karl Doench, and Daniele Barioni. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Giulietta Simionato, Dino Formichini, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 29, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Ingrid Bjoner, Helen Vanni, Paul Schoeffler, Sándor Kónya, Karl Doench, Ezio Flagello, and Charles Anthony. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Anna Moffo, Teresa Stratas, Blanche Thebom, Theodor Uppman, George London, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2: "Aïda," with Gabriella Tucci, Giulietta Simionato, Umberto Borsó, Robert Merrill, and Cesare Siepi. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8:15: "Ernani," with Leontyne Price, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, and Giorgio Tozzi.

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center—Karl Boehm conducting on Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 23,

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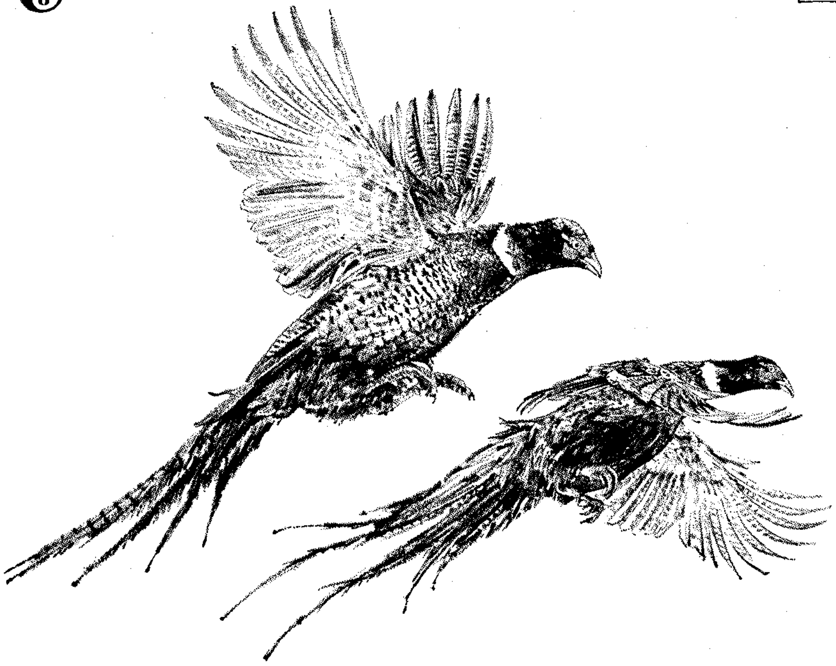

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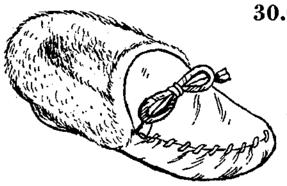

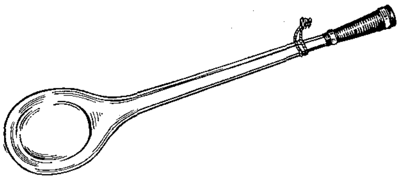

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3 (all with Julius Katchen, piano). . . . ¶ Sir John Barbirolli conducting on Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 30, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 3 (all with Gina Bachauer, piano).

Leningrad Philharmonic—Eugen Mravinsky conducting, with David Oistrakh, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Geza Anda, piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Nov. 28, and Friday, Nov. 30, both at 8:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing performances of Beethoven's First and Ninth Symphonies, with Judith Raskin, soprano; Sandra Warfield, contralto; Richard Cassilly, tenor; McHenry Boatwright, bass-baritone; and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Chamber Music—The first in a series of six programs, this one devoted to the music of Roger Reynolds, Milton Babbitt, George Perle, Arnold Franchetti, and Edgard Varèse, performed by the Hartt Chamber Players conducted by Ralph Shapey, with Walter Trampler, viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Nathan Milstein, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 24-25, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Esterhazy Orchestra—David Blum conducting, with William Primrose, viola, and Sidney Harth, violin. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

The Weavers—Folk singers. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8:40.)

Claudio Arrau—In the fifth and sixth in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas and the Diabelli Variations. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Nov. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 1, both at 2:30.)

Tamás Vásáry—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Fernando Valenti—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

Josh White—Folk singer. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 5-6521.)

Peter, Paul, and Mary—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:40.)

Jaime Laredo—Violin, with Ruth Laredo, piano, and David Soyer, cello. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

Grant Johannesen—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

Bernard Greenhouse and Menahem Pressler—In a recital of sonatas for cello and piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

Michael Rabin—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

Tito Schipa—Tenor. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

Claremont String Quartet—In an all-Brahms program, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet, and Martin Canin, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of late-sixteenth-century music by Elizabethan, Flemish, and Venetian masters. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

Matthew Raimondi and Yehudi Wyner—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

Ralph Kirkpatrick and Samuel Baron—In a recital of sonatas for harpsichord and flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Juan Serrano—Flamenco guitar. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—In the first in a series of three all-Bach keyboard programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Note—The Trio Italiano d'Archi will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 26, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 23, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Syracuse. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 6:30: Boston vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

Boxing—Mauro Mina vs. Henry Hank, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 24. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 1.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 24 (all at 1:30): Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . SATURDAY, DEC. 1 (both at 1:30): Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Boston.

Hockey—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 7.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 24-25.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at noon; through Friday, Nov. 30. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Firenze Handicap, Thanksgiving Day; the Display Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 24; the Remsen, Wednesday, Nov. 28; and the Queens County Handicap, Friday, Nov. 30. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:15; through Wednesday, Dec. 5. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:20; through Friday, Nov. 30.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "Hansel and Gretel," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2:30.) . . . BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA: Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2:30.) . . . OPERA FOR YOUNG PEOPLE: "The Bartered Bride," the second in a series of six offerings with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 3. Adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Circus and Holiday Festival—The Clyde Beatty and Cole Brothers circus (performances Mondays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, and 8:30; and Sundays at 2, 4, and 6:30), plus side shows, carnival rides, fun houses, a monkey speedway, and whatnot. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. CO 5-0960. Thursday, Nov. 29, through Tuesday, Jan. 1. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 10; Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.; and Sundays, 1 to 9.)

Stage Shows—By the HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS: "Dandy, the Circus Lion." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . MERRI-MIMES: "Pinocchio." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Topsy Turvy Town." (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 23, at 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Group Soup." (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. OR 7-5070. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 1 and 3.) . . . PEPPERMINT PLAYERS: "Sleeping Beauty." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 11.) . . . ¶ "Pinocchio." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 23, at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Mr. Popper's Penguins." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Friday, Nov. 23, at 11 and 1.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology–Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "History of a Star." Starting Tuesday, Nov. 27, there will be a new show, "On a Midnight Clear," which will tell the story of the Christmas star. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 23, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Friday, Nov. 23, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 23, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them *in person* at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Thanksgiving Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Mark Van Doren reading from his own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8:15. No tickets necessary.)

Flower Show—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4; through Saturday, Dec. 1.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Nov. 24, at 1:45: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Buffet, Degas, Modigliani, Laurens, and other modern artists; from the Miami Museum of Modern Art and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 27-28, at 1:45: American, English, and Continental manuscripts and letters, belonging to various collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8: Primitive, Renaissance, seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish, and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings by Joos van Cleve, Van Dyck, Constable, Fragonard, and others; owned by Charles Lederer and others. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 23.

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MOTION PICTURES

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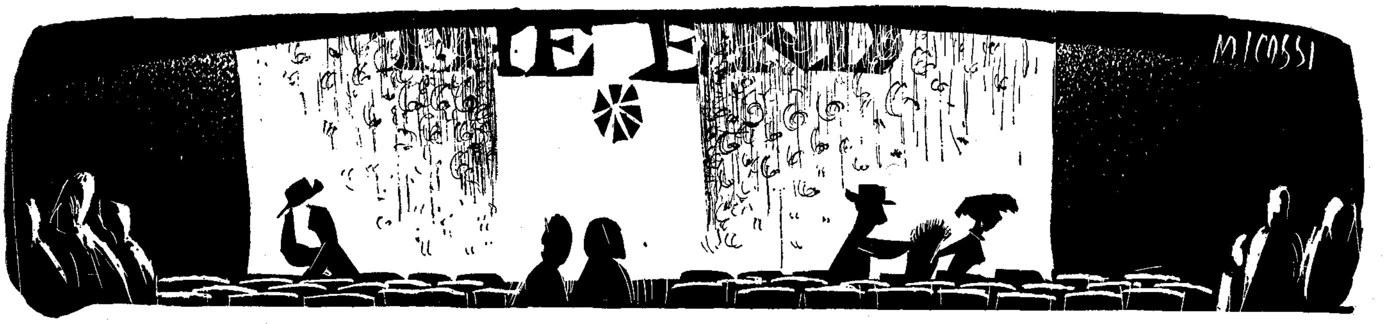

Billy Budd—A rousing sea story, which conceals a debate on good and evil and how man is to distinguish successfully between them. Starring Peter Ustinov, Robert Ryan, and a handsome novice named Terence Stamp. Good for children and even better for adults. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Divorce—Italian Style—An exceedingly funny farce, set in Sicily and featuring the ubiquitous Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Everybody Go Home!—An Italian war picture that manages to be both hilarious and heartbreaking. Alberto Sordi is its jaunty, knockabout star, and gives an extraordinary performance. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Last Year at Marienbad—Alain Resnais, who made "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," is apparently trying to find out how far you can go with a camera in depicting states of mind, and the evidence of this exquisite film is that you can go pretty far. Delphine Seyrig is the lovely heroine, and the man who either is or is not her lover is played by Giorgio Albertazzi. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 28, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 28, tentative.)

Lolita—A surprisingly successful adaptation of the famous novel. Screenplay by Vladimir Nabokov, who has known what to omit from his original work, and direction by Stanley Kubrick, who has drawn the performance of his life from James Mason, and admirable performances from Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 28.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner—The suffering of the lower orders in England as they seek a place in the sun is becoming a hackneyed subject, but here a lyrical director (Tony Richardson) and a strong young actor (Tom Courtenay) make it seem brand-new and its squalor beautiful. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 28, tentative.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—A great play about a thoroughly wretched family eludes the camera, in large part because O'Neill was writing for the ear, not the eye. Making matters worse in three big parts are Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, and Dean Stockwell, though Jason Robards, Jr., is fine in the fourth big part. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, Thanksgiving Day, and Friday, Nov. 23, at 1 and 4:30. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Unreserved seats Monday through Friday, except Nov. 23, matinées at 1 and 4.)

The Longest Day—Darryl Zanuck's painstaking rendition, on vivid black-and-white film, of the well-known account of D Day written by Cornelius Ryan. The scale is so big that one gets a sense mostly of surface, on which heroically crawl many hundreds of tiny figures, among then Richard Burton, John Wayne, Henry Fonda, and Red Buttons. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, Thanksgiving Day, and Friday, Nov. 23, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Manchurian Candidate—A thriller that's not to be missed, thanks to a wild and woolly plot that one longs to believe, and almost believes, and to superb acting by Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Nov. 28. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 28, tentative.)

The Music Man—Meredith Willson's stand of corn is still very green, and Robert Preston romps around happily in it as a slicker who, back in the pristine days of this century, gulls the population of an Iowa town into believing he is a bandmaster of note. Marion Hargrove is responsible for the adaptation of the Broadway play, and Morton DaCosta for the direction. It's all pretty, simple-minded, and pleasant. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; through Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; through Nov. 27.)

Mutiny on the Bounty—A five-hundred-million-dollar spectacle about low deeds on the high seas and romance among the Minsky maidens of Tahiti. Marlon Brando with a B.B.C. accent is Fletcher Christian, and Trevor Howard is a devilish Captain Bligh. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, Thanksgiving Day, and Friday, Nov. 23, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Period of Adjustment—A merry study of the well-nigh insuperable difficulties faced by men and women who choose to marry, based on Tennessee Williams' much less merry stage original. With Tony Franciosa, Jane Fonda, Jim Hutton, and Lois Nettleton. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, WI 7-9400; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Phaedra—Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins in Jules Dassin's free-wheeling contemporary version of a story that the Greeks whipped into good shape a couple of thousand years ago. Professors of classics had better stay away, but there's something in it for everyone else, including marriage counsellors. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Requiem for a Heavyweight—Anthony Quinn, Julie Harris, Jackie Gleason, and Mickey Rooney are sensationally good in this heartbreaking, twice-told tale of an athlete who has outlived the only trade he knows. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Nov. 28.)

Sundays and Cybele—A beautifully photographed and acted French love story, whose principals are Hardy Kruger, as a war veteran suffering from amnesia; Nicole Courcel, as a nurse who loves him; and Patricia Gozzi, as the entrancing, dangerously amorous child who steals his heart. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

West Side Story—Bigger but not better than the Broadway original, this gaudy study of J.D.s in torment is marvellously danced and photographed, but for anyone over twenty it is apt to prove more wearying than exciting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Sundays, and Friday, Nov. 23, at 2:30, and Saturdays and Thanksgiving Day at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

La Belle Américaine (1961)—A French comedy, starring Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 27.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 26.)

La Dolce Vita (1961)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 22.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A portrait of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 23.)

School for Scoundrels (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 28, tentative.)

A View from the Bridge (1962)—Family troubles in Red Hook, as taken from Arthur Miller's play and acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, and Carol Lawrence. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Nov. 28, tentative.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 23.)

Zazie (1961)—A wild romp through Paris, as seen through the eyes of an eleven-year-old child. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 26.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "Swedish Films, 1909-1957"—Through Nov. 24: "Career" (1938), with Signe Hasso; no English titles. . . . ¶ Nov. 25-28: "A Crime" (1940), with Karin Ekelund; no English titles. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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25	26	27	28			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240) "Two for the Seesaw," Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060) "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays, Thanksgiving Day, and Friday, Nov. 23, at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796) Through Nov. 28: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT.**

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431) "Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, Thanksgiving Day, and Friday, Nov. 23, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320) "It's Only Money," Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott.

Griffith, 215 W. 45th. (CI 7-3513) "The Connection," Warren Finnerty, Carl Lee.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600) "Gypsy," Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408) "Pleasures and Vices" (in French), Maurice Ronet, Viviane Romance.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626) "If a Man Answers," Sandra Dee, Bobby Darin.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400) **PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT.**

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633) **WEST SIDE STORY.**

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070) **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.**

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540) "The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711) **THE LONGEST DAY.**

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014) Through Nov. 28 (tentative): **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French).

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 3-6170; evening performances only, except on weekends.) To be announced.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277) Through Nov. 27: **THE MUSIC MAN.** From Nov. 28: "No Man Is an Island," Jeffrey Hunter, Barbara Perez; and "Marco Polo," Rory Calhoun, Yoko Tani.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660) Through Nov. 27: **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French), revival; and "Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton. From Nov. 28: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE;** and "Victim," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668) "If a Man Answers," Sandra Dee, Bobby Darin.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652) **PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT.**

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434) "The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411) "Kill or Cure," Terry-Thomas, Eric Sykes.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577) Through Nov. 24: **THE MUSIC MAN.** Nov. 25-27: "Boccaccio '70," Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider. From Nov. 28: "No Man Is an Island," Jeffrey Hunter, Barbara Perez; and "Marco Polo," Rory Calhoun, Yoko Tani.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030) **SUNDAYS AND CYBELE** (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320) **PHAEDRA.**

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663) "Candide" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel, Pierre Brasseur; and "The Shoes," a short film, with Buddy Hackett.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th. **BILLY BUDD.**

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622) "Trial and Error," Peter Sellers, Richard Attenborough.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302) Through Nov. 28: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE.**

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313) **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.**

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304) To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180) "Two for the Seesaw," Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900) Through Nov. 27: **THE MUSIC MAN.** From Nov. 28: "No Man Is an Island," Jeffrey Hunter, Barbara Perez; and "Marco Polo," Rory Calhoun, Yoko Tani.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607) Through Nov. 27: "Boccaccio '70," Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider. From Nov. 28: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT;** and "Two Tickets to Paris!," Joey Dee, Gary Crosby.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210) "The Lady with the Dog" (in Russian).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037) Through Nov. 27: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE.** From Nov. 28: **LOLITA.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874) Through Nov. 27 (tentative): "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford. From Nov. 28 (tentative): **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE;** and **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS,** revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339) Through Nov. 28 (tentative): **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER.**

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166) Through Nov. 27: "Boccaccio '70," Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider. From Nov. 28: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT;** and "Two Tickets to Paris!," Joey Dee, Gary Crosby.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350) Through Nov. 27 (tentative): "Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton; and "Speaking of Murder" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin. From Nov. 28 (tentative): **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French); and another feature, to be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406) **EVERYBODY GO HOME!** (in Italian).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590) Through Nov. 28 (tentative): **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE,** revival; and "Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448) "The Legend of Lobo," a full-length Walt Disney film.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454) "The Long Absence" (in French), Alida Valli.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131) "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134) **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190) Through Nov. 27: "Boccaccio '70," Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider. From Nov. 28: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT;** and "Two Tickets to Paris!," Joey Dee, Gary Crosby.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189) Through Nov. 26: **ZAZIE** (in French), revival; and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival. From Nov. 27: "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (in Spanish); and "Partings" (in Polish).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600) **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE;** and "The Valiant," John Mills.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370) Nov. 22: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival. From Nov. 23: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival.

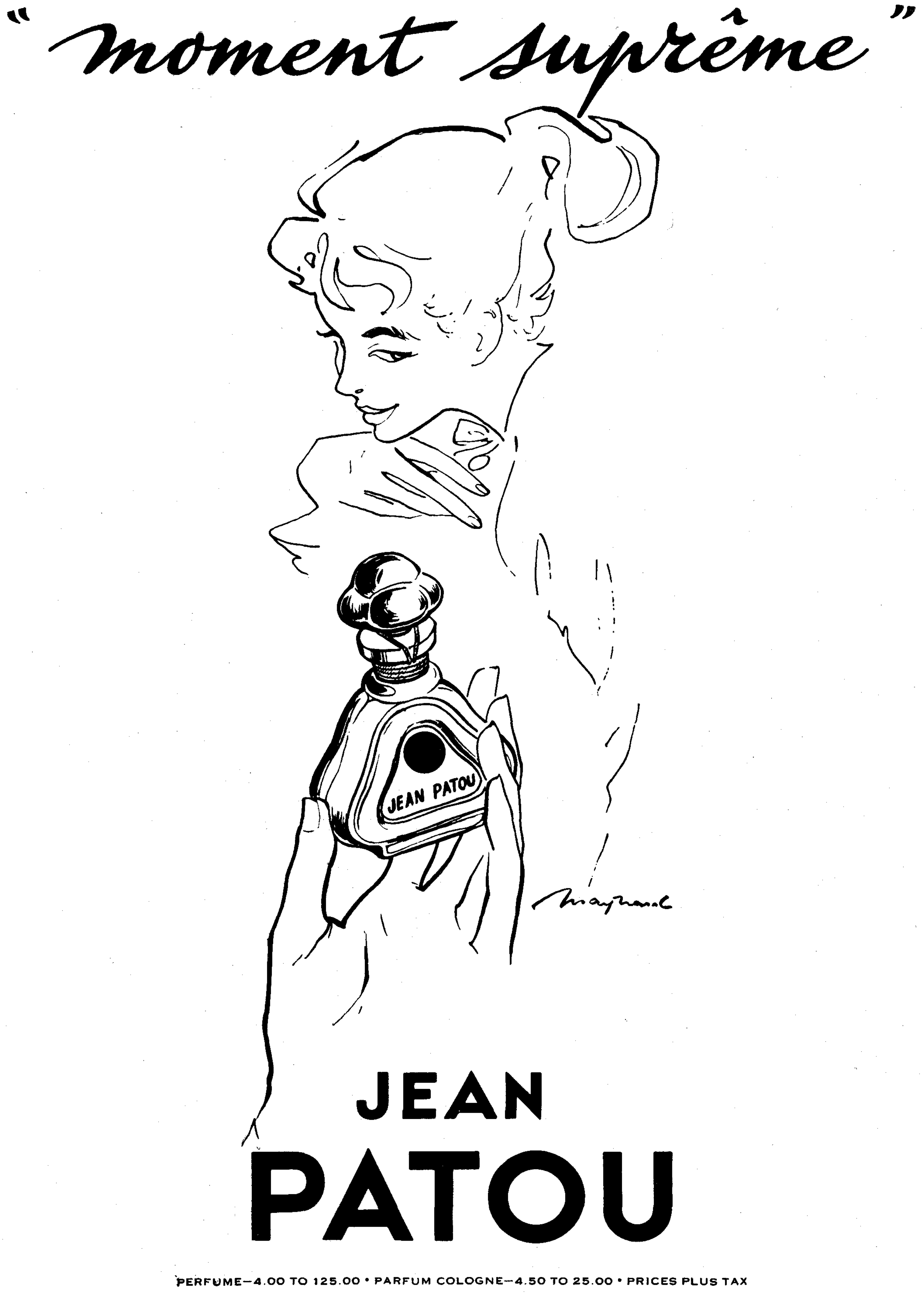
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530) **THE MUSIC MAN.**

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200) Through Nov. 28 (tentative): "Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128) Through Nov. 27: "Boccaccio '70," Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider. From Nov. 28: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT;** and "Two Tickets to Paris!," Joey Dee, Gary Crosby.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210) Through Nov. 27: **THE MUSIC MAN.** From Nov. 28: "No Man Is an Island," Jeffrey Hunter, Barbara Perez; and "Marco Polo," Rory Calhoun, Yoko Tani.

Albert Hubbell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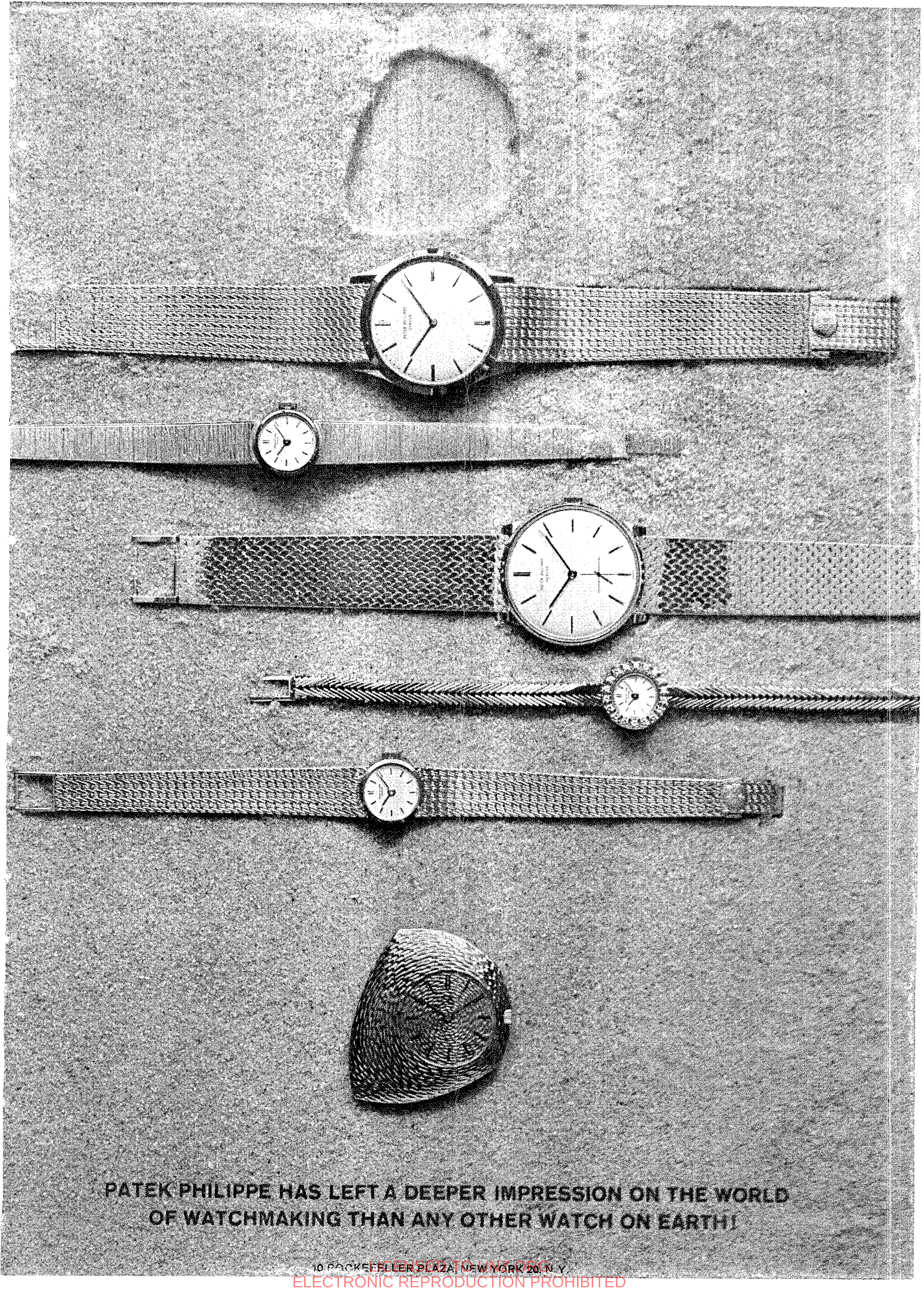

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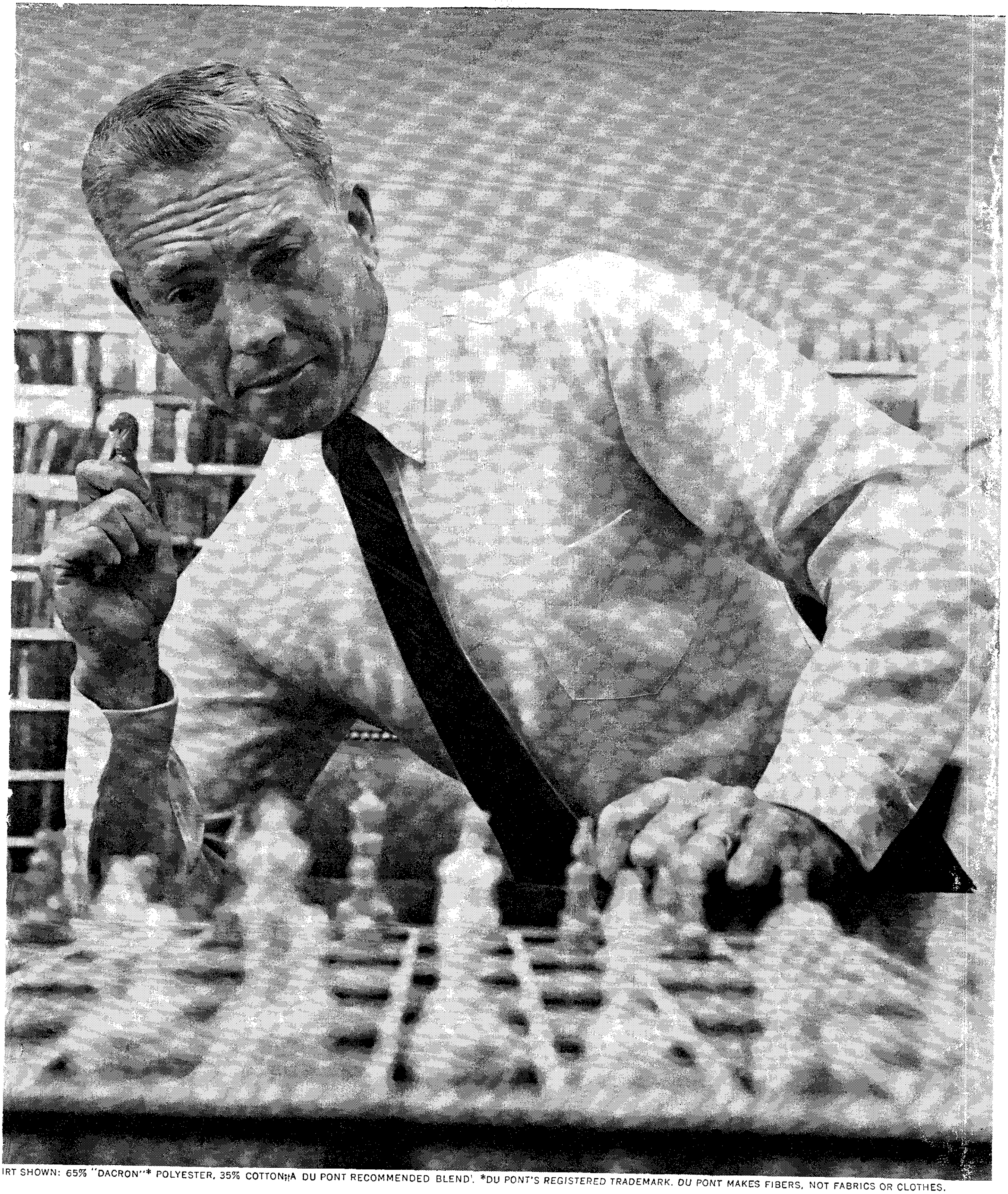

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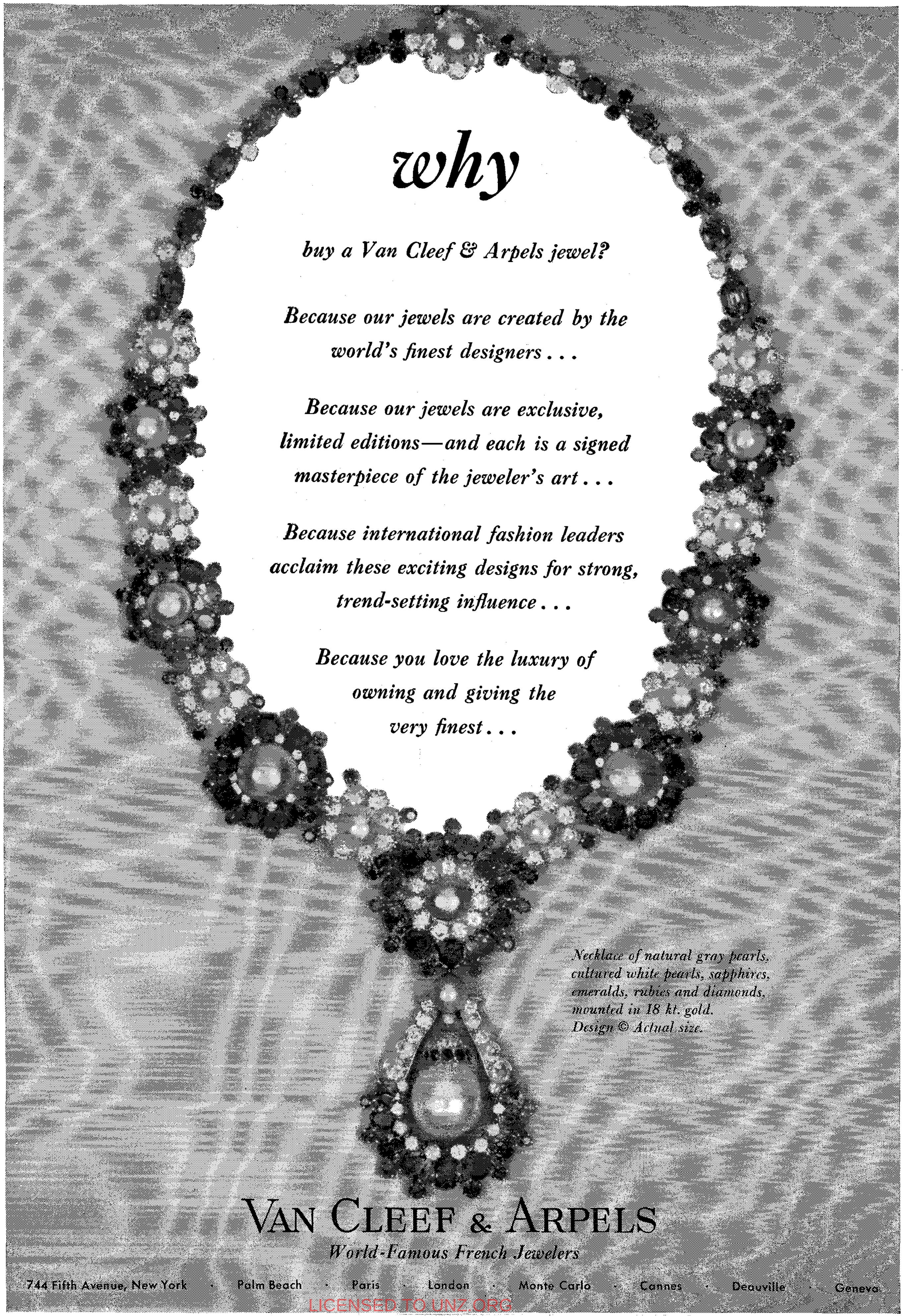

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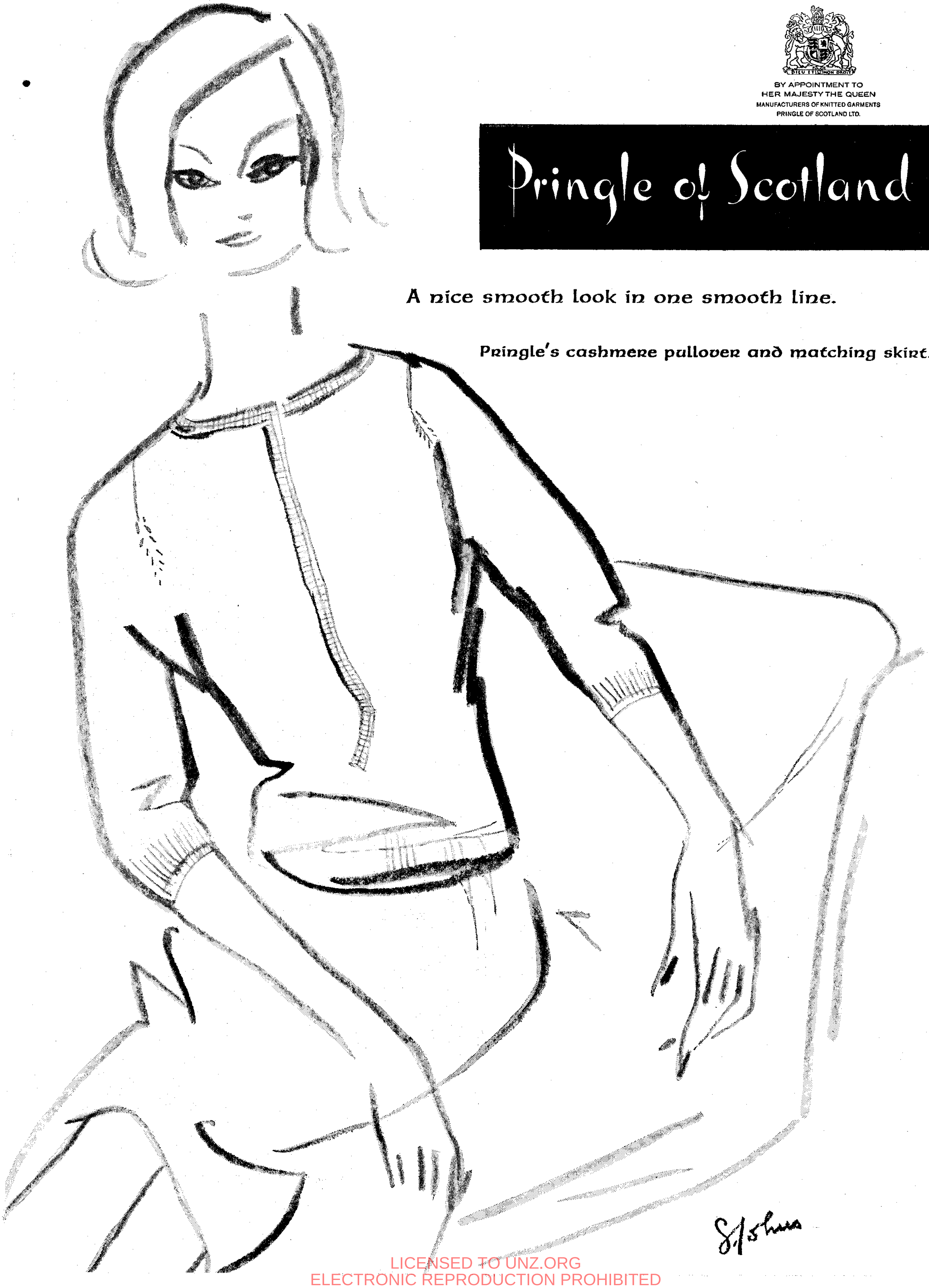

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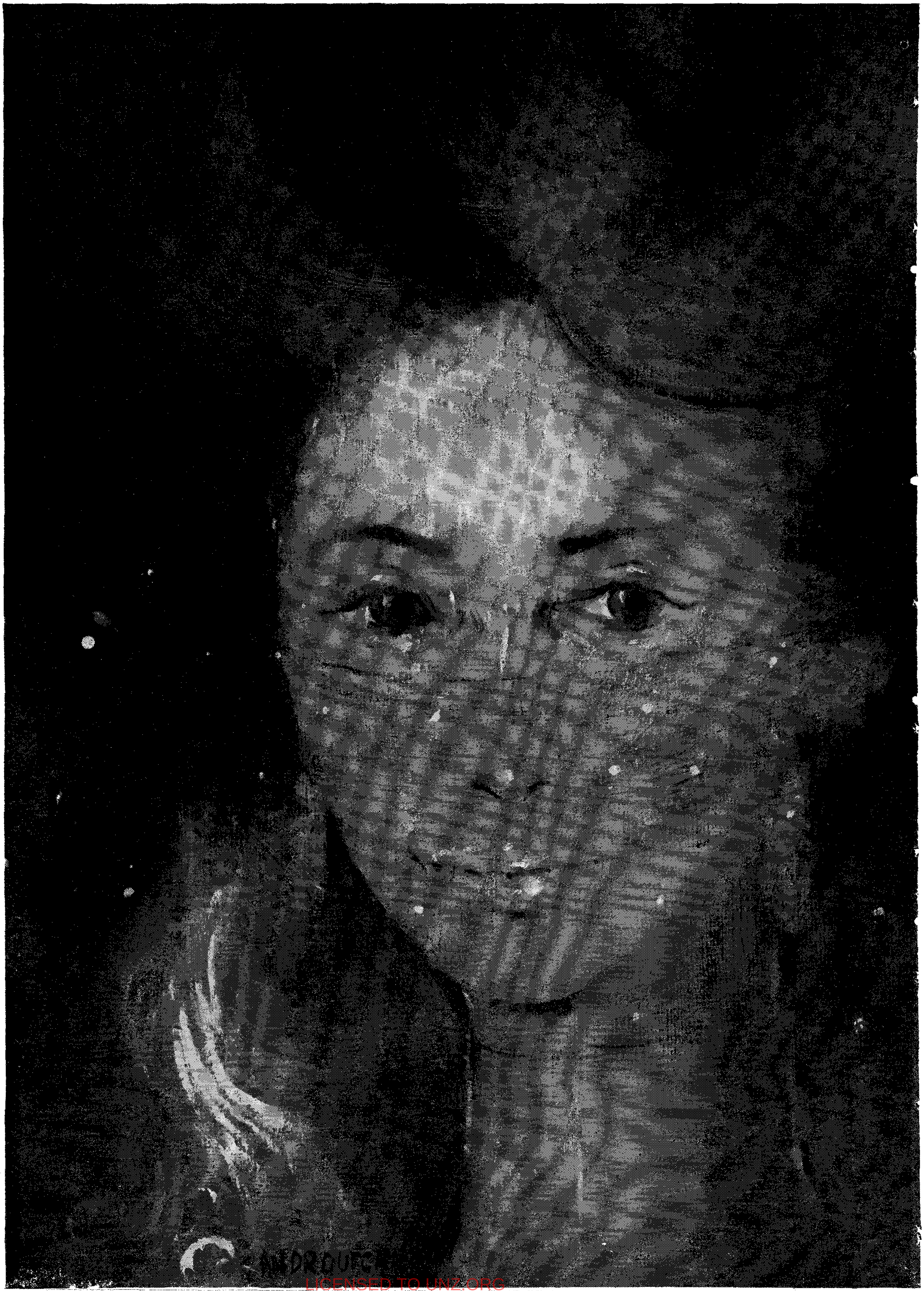

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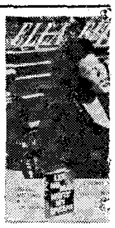
MACK THE KNIFE
Ella in Berlin



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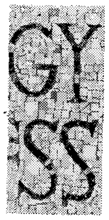

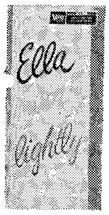
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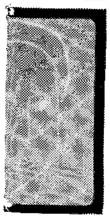

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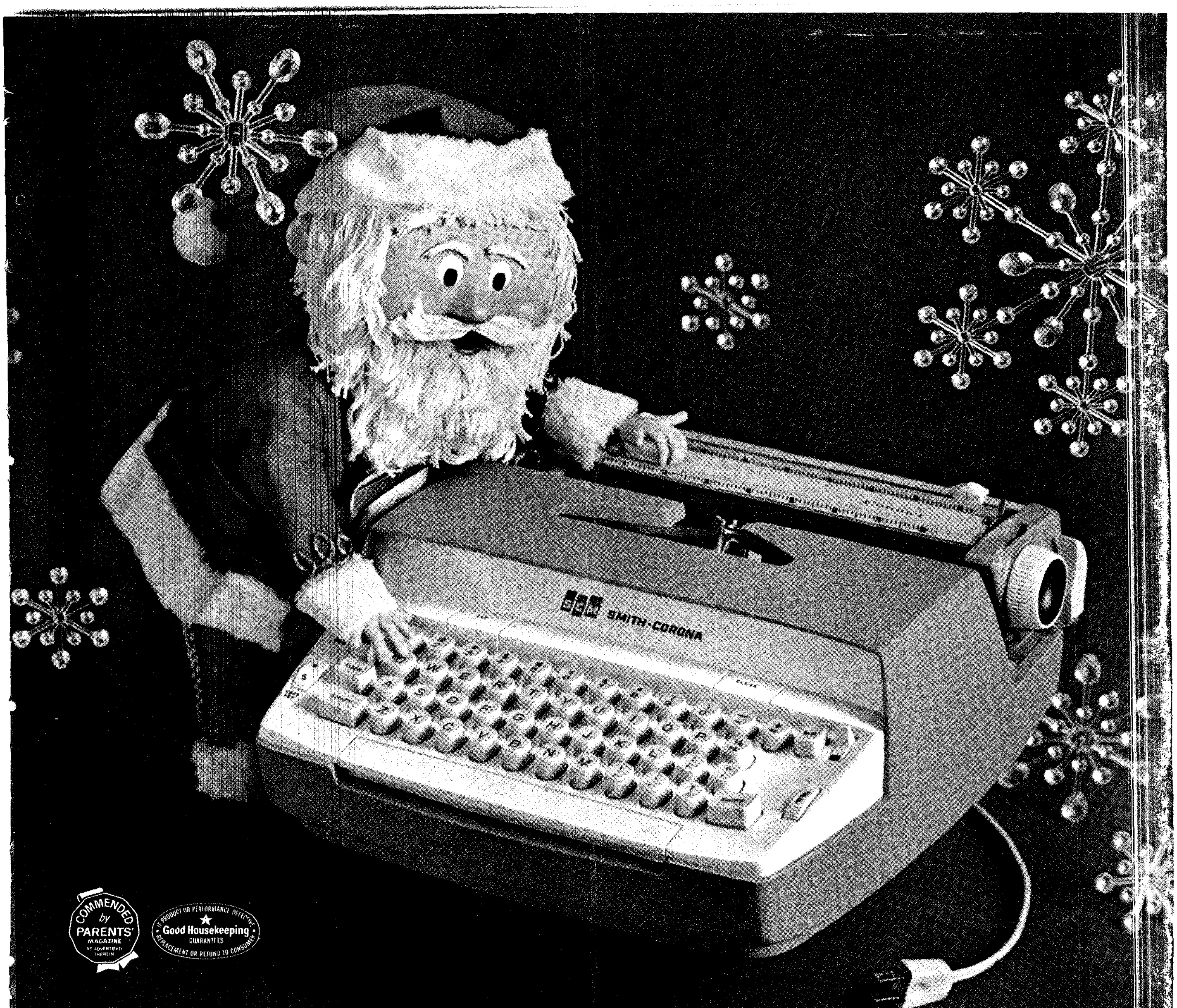

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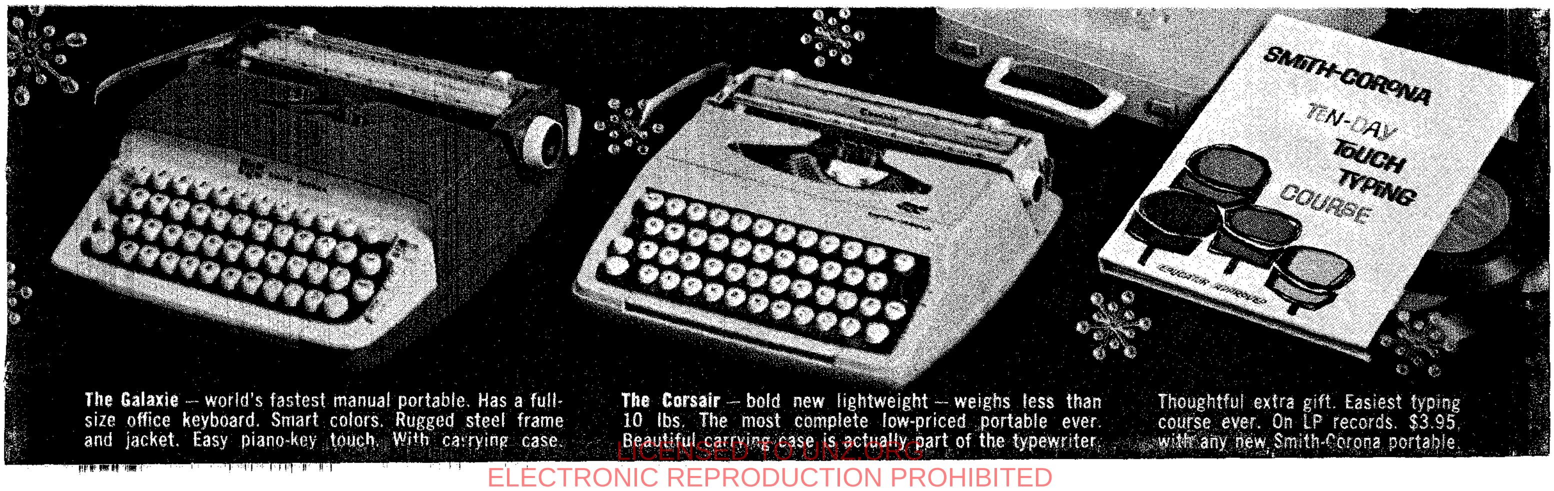

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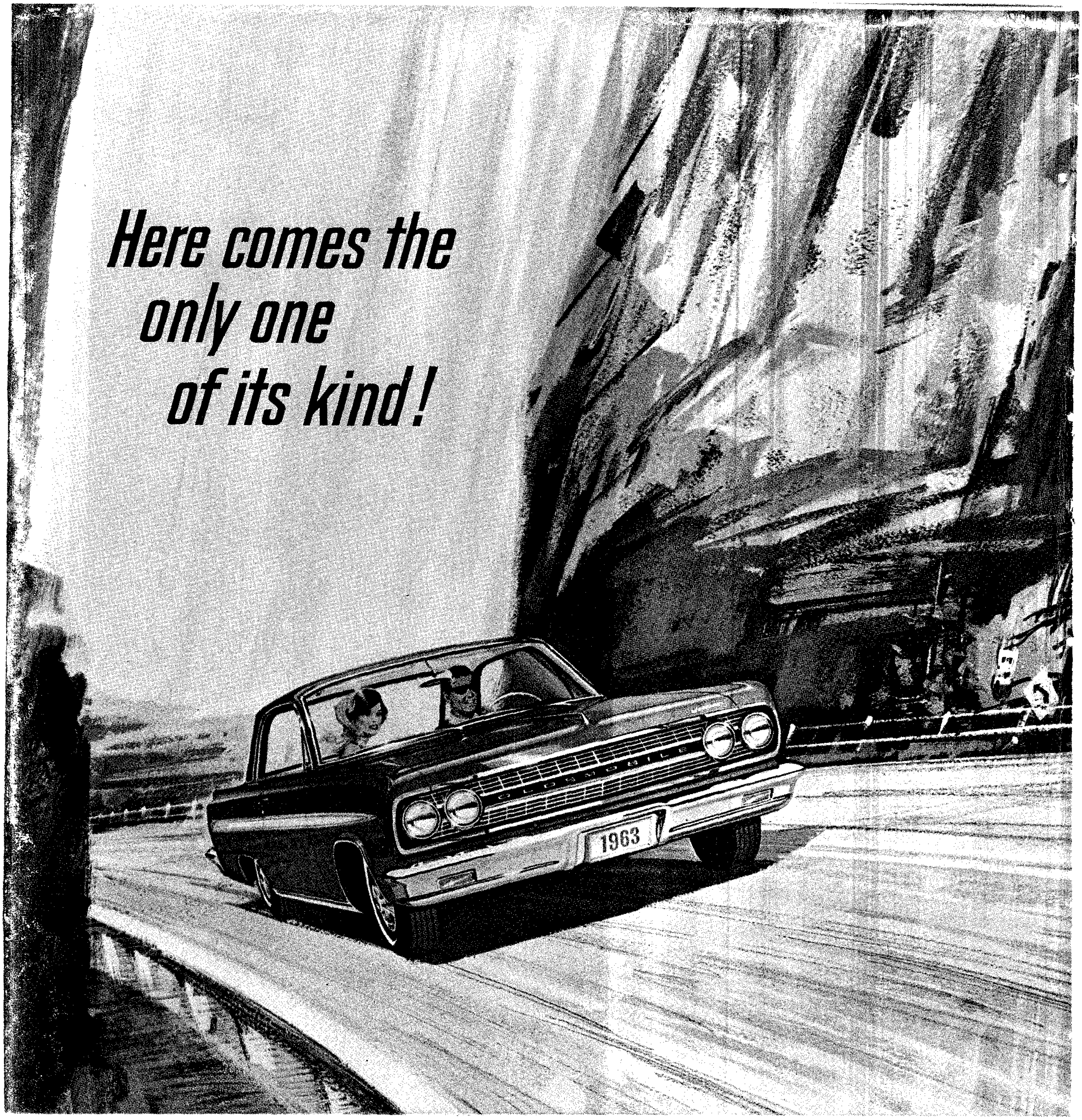

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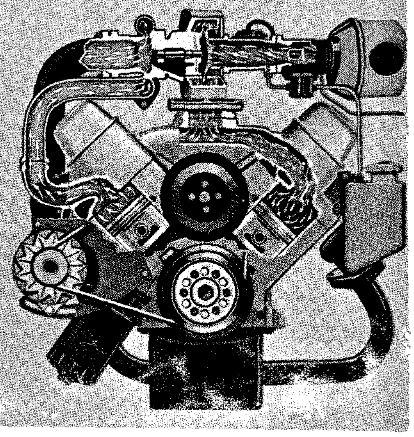

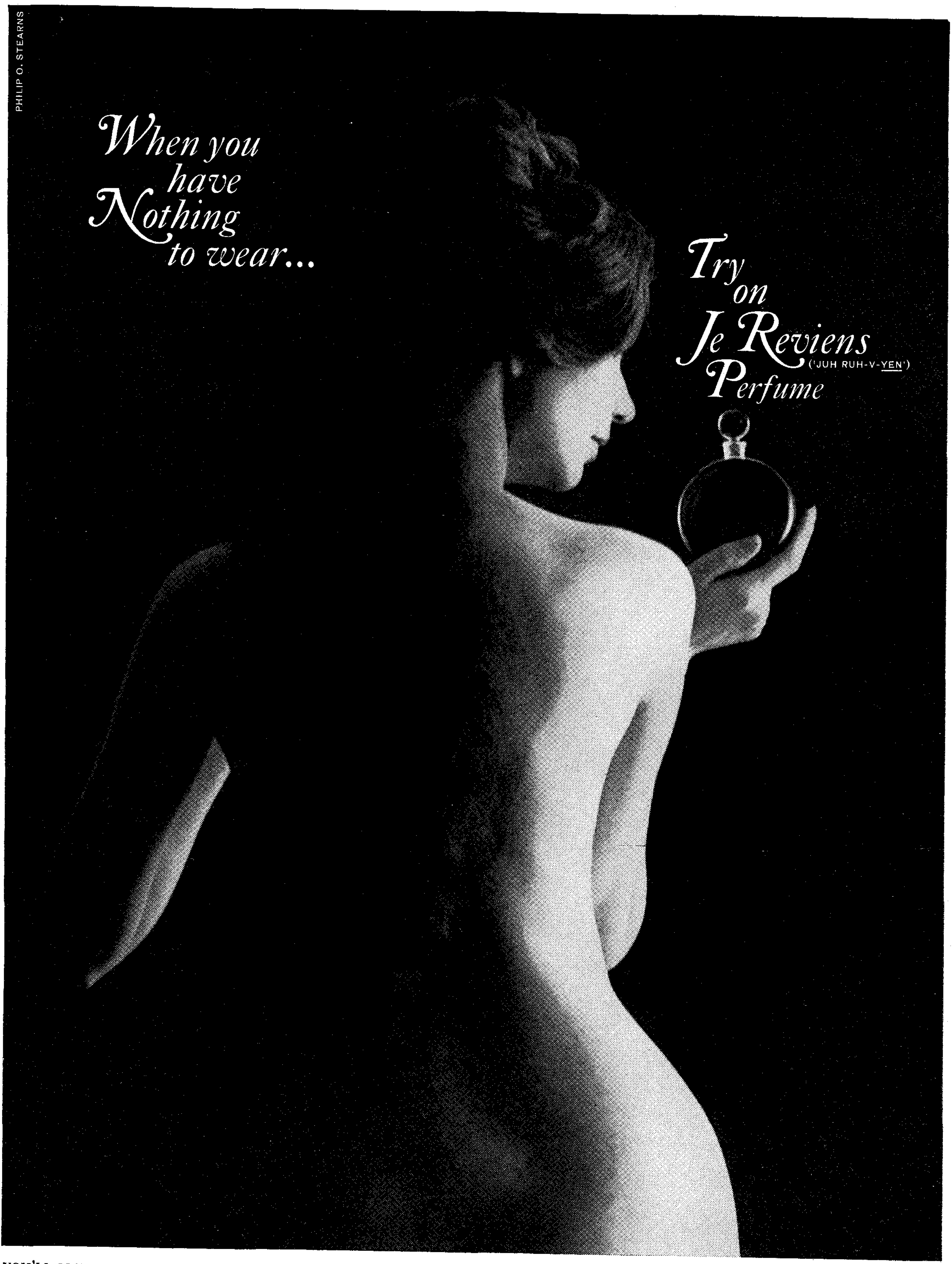
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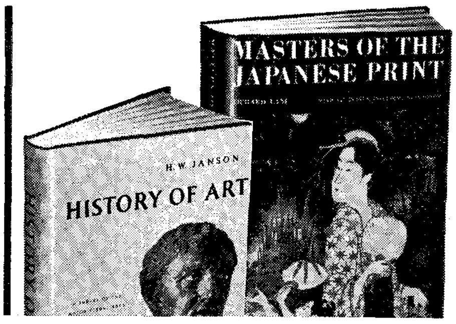
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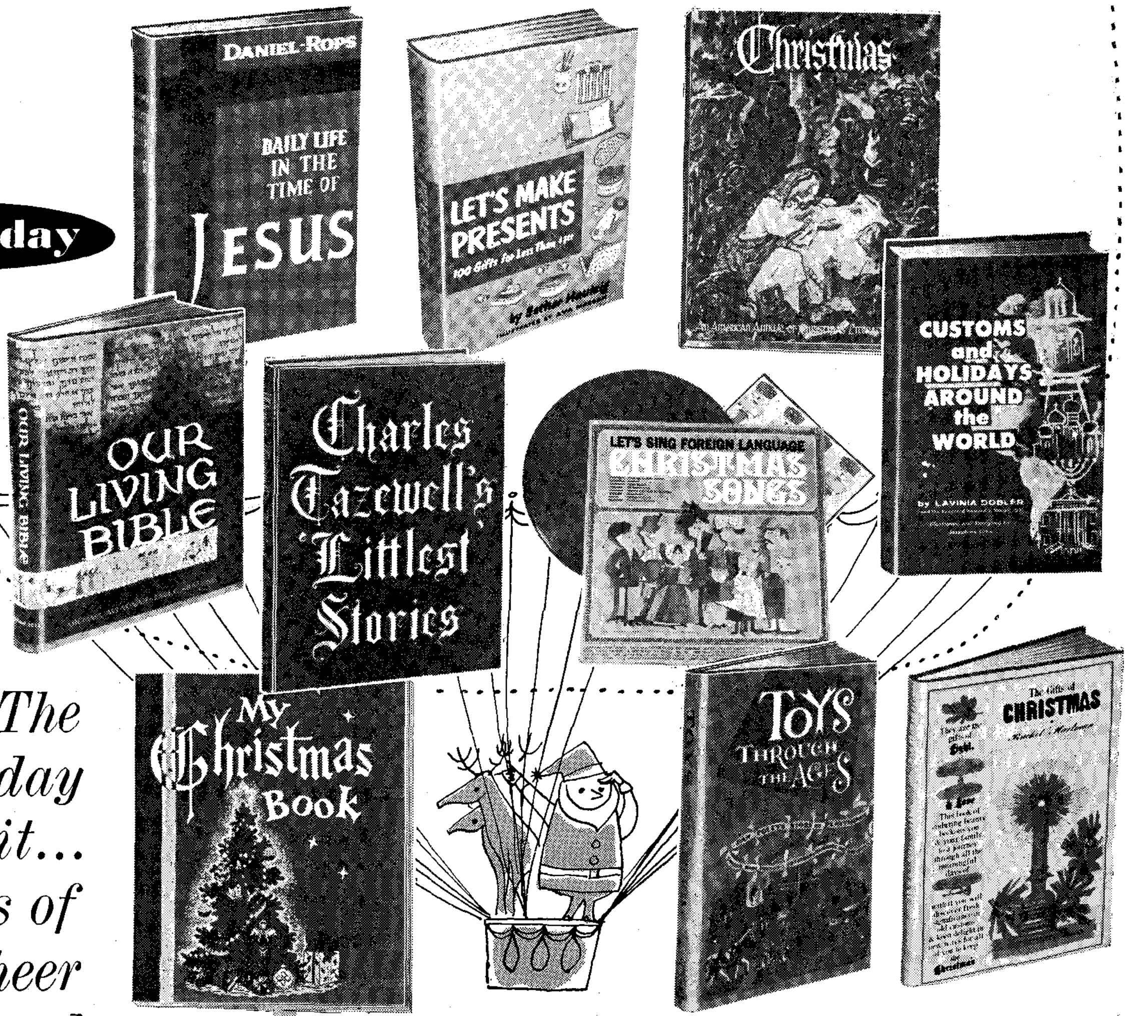
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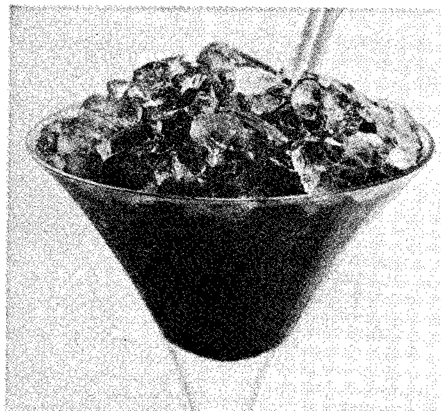
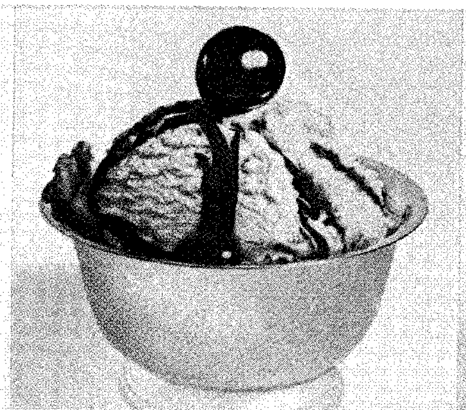
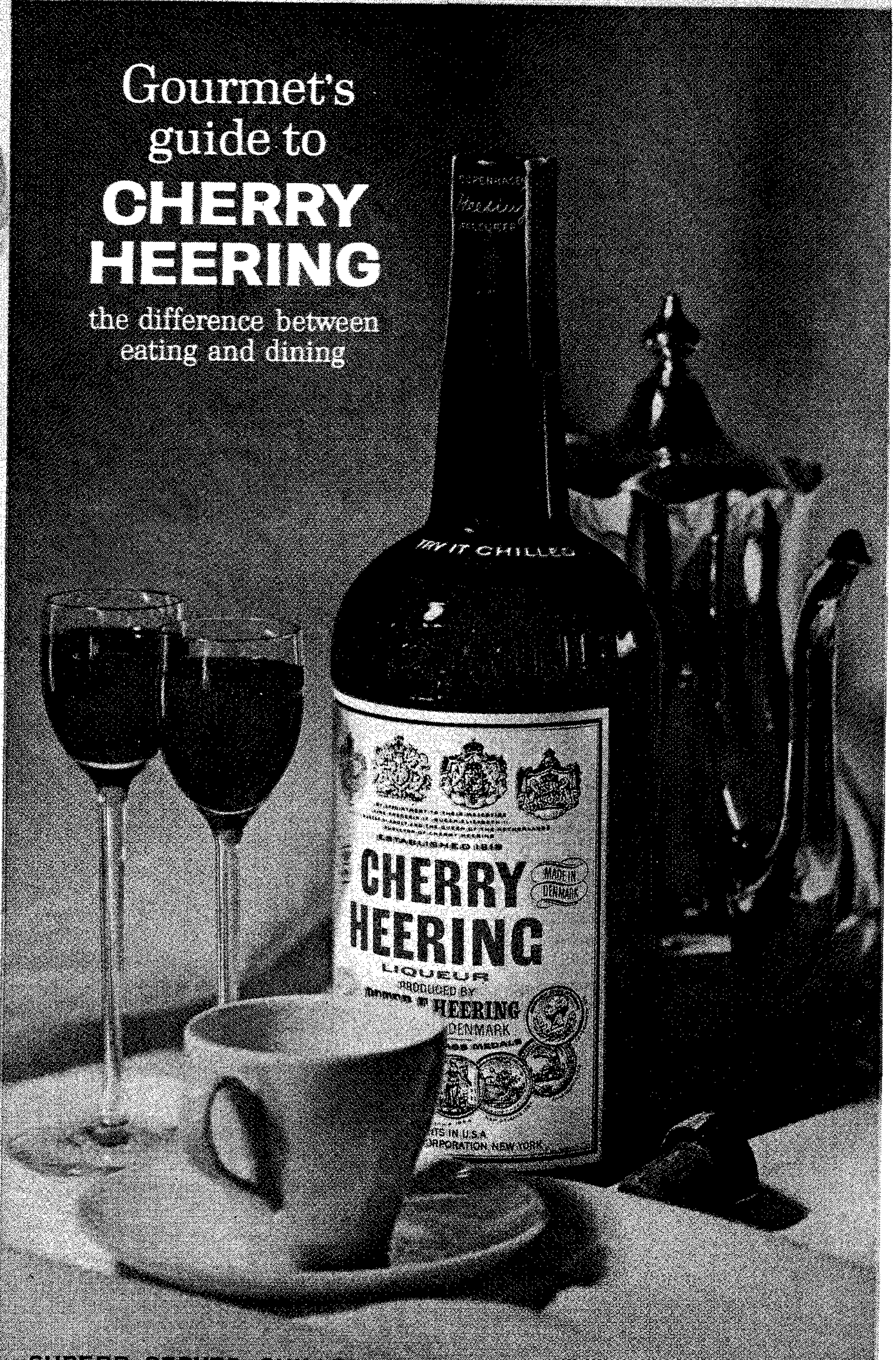


CHERRY HEERING FRAPPE: Pour 2 oz. Cherry Heering Liqueur over shaved ice in a cocktail glass. Serve with short straws.



CHERRY HEERING JUBILEE: Pour 1/2 oz. of Denmark's Liqueur Delight over vanilla ice cream. Top with Bing cherry.

DRY COPENHEERING: Into an Old-Fashioned glass: 1 or 2 ice cubes, 1/2 oz. Cherry Heering, 1 oz. gin or vodka, juice of 1/4 lime. Stir to chill.



Gourmet's guide to CHERRY HEERING

the difference between eating and dining

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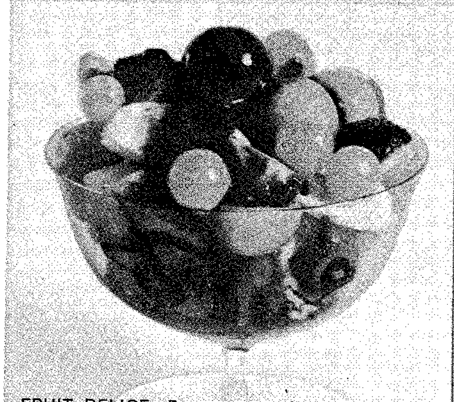

FRUIT DELICE: Prepare your favorite fruit cup recipe. Chill one hour, spoon into dessert cups. Glorify each portion with 1/2 oz. of Cherry Heering.

KING PETER COCKTAIL: To an Old-Fashioned glass with ice add: 3/4 oz. Cherry Heering and juice of 1/4 lime. Fill with tonic water. Stir.

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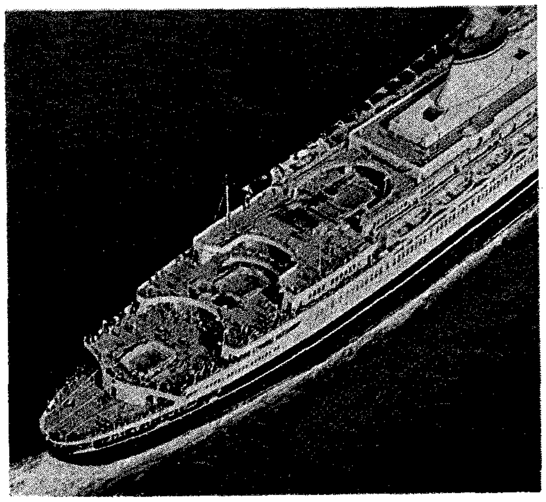

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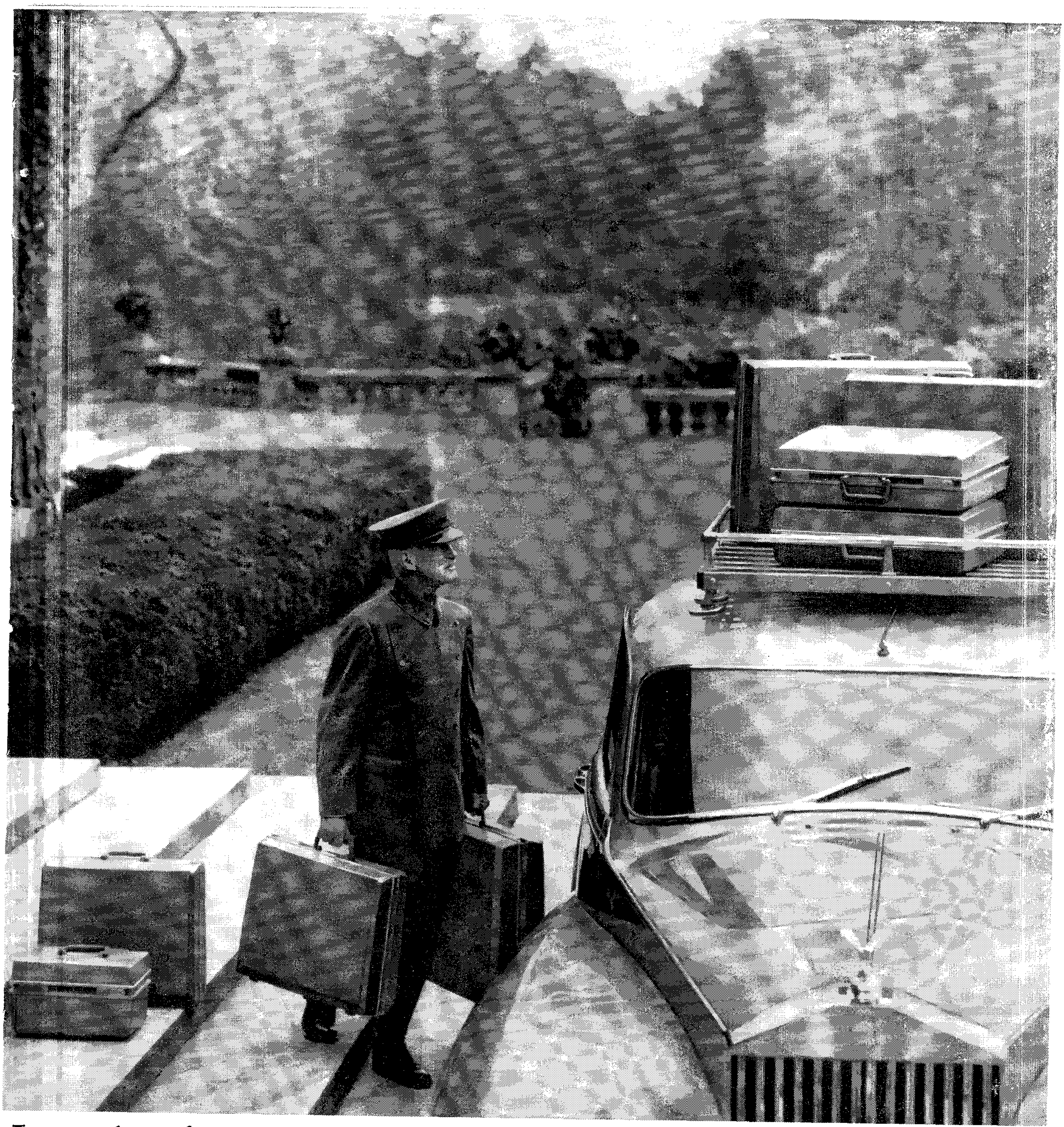

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have received an exceptionally brief message from our friend the long-winded lady, and wish to pass it along:

"I wanted one of those plain glass orange squeezers that generally cost about twenty-nine cents, and the nearest place I could think of where I could be sure of finding one was an enormous five-and-ten-cent store in midtown, so I went there, and down into the basement, where the kitchen things are. The basement is arranged in the usual, practical five-and-ten-cent-store fashion, with long counters separated by aisles, and when you walk about there you notice that there are no windows, and that the ceiling seems low and the lights glare, and you can imagine that you are in a very busy all-night bazaar, where everyone is hurrying to get what he wants and get away out of that heavy subterranean air. It is a feverish, nervous place. I found the orange squeezer without much trouble, and while I was waiting for change I glanced across at the bird department, one counter away from me, against the wall. I generally manage to forget those birds, but the orange squeezer had brought me too close to them, and I went over and looked into the cages. Three cages held birds. There was quite a large cage with a few parakeets, a small cage with three tiny birds in chalky browns and grays, and an equally small cage crowded with tiny bright-colored birds, orange and black and yellow and red. I counted them, and there were fourteen, in a cage meant for one or two, and when I had finished counting I saw that they had no water. There was some question about who was in charge of the birds, but finally she came, and I saw their minute water container filled, and then I left. The sign near them said 'Imported Finches,' and I wondered what country they had been brought from. I keep trying to think about the ordinary city birds, the pigeons and sparrows and so on, that fly around freely and seem able to find a living, but I cannot get those tortured finches out of my mind. The next time I want an orange squeezer, I will do my best to remember where the nearest hardware store is. A short walk out of my way seems a small price to pay for the privilege of avoiding reality."

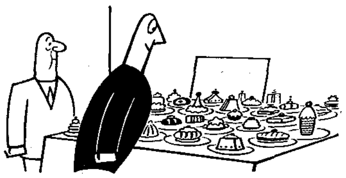
Hotel Show

SOME events are so gigantic that it's hard for the historian to know where to begin. For example, the recent National Hotel Exposition, at the Coliseum, with six hundred and fifty-four exhibitors, had us buffaloed at first. But as we were wandering, in a daze, from booth to booth, whom should we providentially run into at one of them—the booth of DeBragga & Spitler, purveyors of meats, poultry, game, and other provisions—but an old friend, Mr. Paul A. Spitler, founder and leading spirit of the American branch of the Confrérie de la Chaîne des Rôtisseurs, a globe-encircling, French-based meat-eating society, whose venison and baby-turkey dinners we have occasionally attended! "Come to the Salon of Culinary Art," he said, and we followed him into a partitioned chamber the size of a hotel ballroom, where we were at once struck by a display for the Lutèce Restaurant that featured a harp against a floral background.

"*Pastillage* and drawn sugar," Mr. Spitler said. "Everything here has to be edible."

"One of my chefs worked three months on this, and it didn't get a prize," said Mr. André Surmain, proprietor of the Lutèce, who had joined us. "I'm ready to blow my top. He's *blown* his top."

We pressed on to a crowded Hotel Biltmore table, placarded "A Feast of the Nile" and dominated by a plasterlike Sphinx, which we decided not to taste. After admiring such Egyptian delicacies as roast beef with okra, we gained an exhibit of French pastries supplied by the Pasquale De Rosa Pastry Shop. "Some of this pastry is very delicate," Mr. Spitler said. "Possibly a Swiss chef had a hand in it. In sugarwork, the Swiss and the Hungarians are the best. The French lean a little too much toward the artificial."

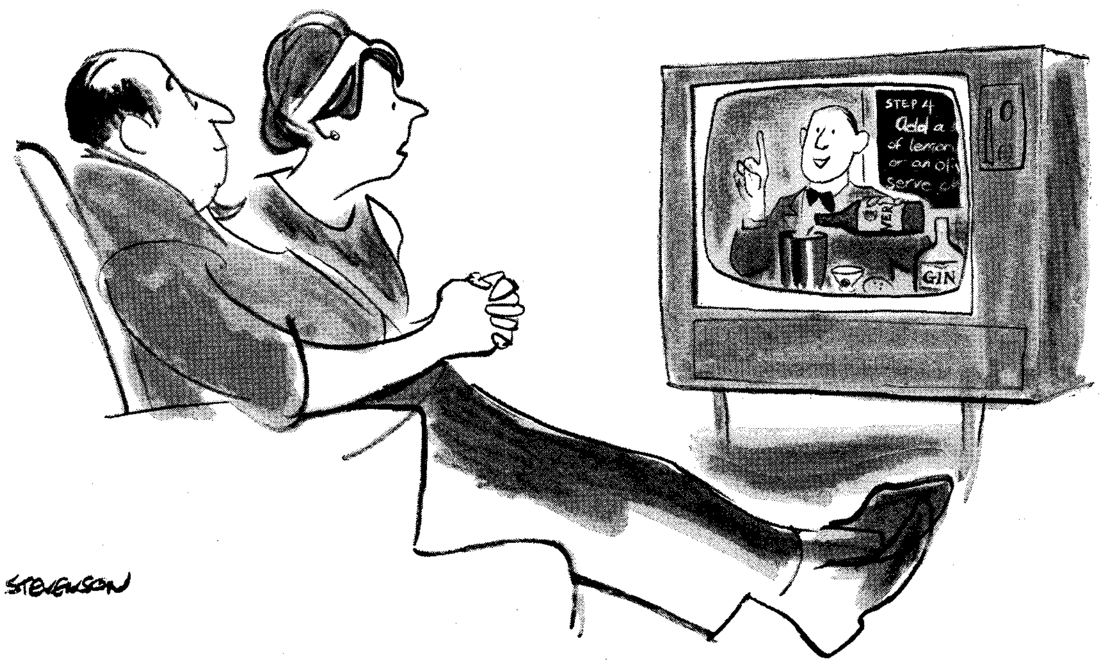


Mr. Spitler introduced us to Mr. Louis Bartenbach, chairman of the Salon and experimental chef for General Foods, who guided us to a portrait of President Kennedy painted in cocoa and labelled "President John F. Kennedy is seen here as he addressed the U.N. General Assembly, September 25, 1961. Germaine Catering, Long Island City." We next marvelled at a galantine of capon in jelly, with truffles, from the Culinary Institute of America; at a mother swan and four little ones, all made out of braided bread by students at the New York City Community College; and at a light-colored figure of a discus thrower on one of several tables devoted to the art of the Sheraton-East.

"Edible?" we asked.

"It depends on what you like to eat," Mr. Bartenbach said. "Tallow and virgin beeswax. Let me show you an eagle made out of eighty pounds of raw chocolate."

He did, and Mr. Spitler, remarking that we might enjoy a change of pace, whisked us to another floor and an ex-



"Are you sure this is Channel 13?"

• •

hibit of the Legion Utensils Company, of Long Island City. There, Mr. Victor K. Scavullo, Legion's vice-president, called our attention to a brand-new utensil, the Multi-Egg Fryer, which, he said, solves the breakfast-egg problem for hotels. This comes in various models, of which the grandest is a tray with twelve stainless-steel cups, each large enough to hold two eggs and capable of being tilted, with a flick of the finger, so as to place its contents gently on a grill. "By using sixteen fryers on eight standard grills, three hundred and eighty-four eggs can be fried in two minutes," Mr. Scavullo said. "Two thousand three hundred and four perfectly fried eggs can be prepared in twenty-three minutes."

We asked what kind of emergency might call for this.

"Why, Communion breakfasts," he said. "Heretofore, no hotel has been able to feature fried eggs for them. Communion breakfasts can now get away from scrambled eggs, which are sometimes watery. The first man to put out fried eggs in volume has the jump on everyone else."

Mr. Spitler jumped back to his post at DeBragga & Spitler, and we carried on, guideless, past Neptune Lobster Tanks, Thermowave Microwave Ovens, Kraeft Trimatic silver washers and burnishers, Aerohot food conveyers, and Super-Sturdy coffee-break trucks, coming at last to a booth inhabited by the Encyclopædia Britannica. We asked its custodian what this compendium was doing at a hotel show, and he said, "People who are in the hotel business can still read, can't they?"

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (TEXAS-CUM-SINOPHILIAC DIVISION): Neiman-Marcus, of Dallas, can provide, among other knickknacks for Christmas, an authentic Chinese junk, thirty feet long, with teakwood decks, mahogany planking, three sails, and a thirty-horsepower motor. If you have eleven thousand five hundred dollars to plunk down for it, it will be delivered within six months, F.O.B. Houston.

Lehman Collection

IN a recent article on Mr. John Crawford and the loan exhibition of his paintings at the Morgan Library, we noted that few really large-scale art collectors were able to look at more than a fraction of their treasures in their homes at any one time. We've since had a session with a comfortable exception to this rule—Robert Lehman, the investment banker, who has a fine collection of pictures, sculptures, porcelains, and other objets d'art in an apartment on Park Avenue, where he lives, and a great many *more* in a five-story white stone house that he owns at 7 West Fifty-fourth Street. Is it fair to call this a home? Mr. Lehman, who was brought up in the house, inherited it from his father, Philip (one of eleven Lehmans who have been partners in Lehman Brothers since it was founded, in 1850), and he now maintains it solely as a repository for art, but its kitchen is intact, its butler's pantry is being renovated, and Mr. and Mrs. Lehman plan to give occasional dinners there. A home away from home, perhaps. In any case, it will be opened to the public, for the first time (at fifty dollars a person), on eight evenings between November 27th and December 6th, for the benefit of the Institute of Fine Arts of New York University, of which university Mr. Lehman is a trustee. In his knowledgeable company, we were privileged to visit the house late the other Sunday afternoon.

"Father built the house in 1900," Mr. Lehman told us during the taxi ride from his apartment to his house. "The architect was John H. Duncan, who also built Grant's Tomb, but I hope the atmosphere is more cheerful. Father and Mother went to Europe every year and bought pictures, tapestries, and furniture. I was lucky enough to go along with them, when I was a boy, and get indoctrinated. They bought what they liked; they knew what they wanted. We'd visit Berenson in Italy; I remember his accompanying us on a motor trip to the fascinating museums in the hill towns. Once, in Florence, a dealer showed Father and Mother a Sir Thomas Lawrence that they liked. Father asked for a certificate of authenticity, and the dealer offered to procure one from Professor Adolfo Venturi, of the University of Rome. Well, this came, in due course, but it was signed 'Venturini.' Father did a double take, and there was no sale."

Mr. Lehman smiled, and, as we got out at the house, observed that he had started to collect when he was in his teens, beginning with modest drawings and illuminated pages of medieval manuscripts, and that he had since graduated to Old Master drawings, Old Master oils, and paintings by such newer Masters as the French Impressionists, Prendergast, and Utrillo. An armed guard let us into the house. On the ground floor, the walls were covered with olive-green velvet, and Mr. Lehman told us that the entire place had been redecorated during the past year by Serge Royaux, a French interior designer, who in 1957 and 1959, respectively, had redecorated the Musée de l'Orangerie, a branch of the Louvre, in Paris, and the Cincinnati Art Museum, when, respectively, two hundred and ninety-eight and five hundred and fifty-eight Lehman pictures and examples of the decorative arts were shown in those buildings. Mr. Lehman led us through two rooms of Sienese and other early Italian paintings; one contained two great cases of majolica. "This was made for Pope Julius the Second," he said, indicating a handsome early-sixteenth-century bowl. "I bought many of these pieces at Gimbel's, when the store was handling Hearst Collection items that had once belonged to either J. P. Morgan or Clarence Mackay. Funny place to get things like these, isn't it? I'm a director of it."

Mr. Lehman went on to say that pottery was often named after the towns in whose factories it was made, and sometimes after the families for whom it was made. "This is a Pucci vase, for instance, named after the Pucci family," he said. "I understand that ladies can now get Pucci pants in shops all over, and you can buy Pucci ties at Lord & Taylor. I'm wearing one, as it happens."

We admired his tie, and followed him up a black-marble-banistered staircase to the second floor. There, in a succession of comfortably furnished parlors, among them one panelled in sixteenth-century red velvet, we gazed at a Botticelli "Annunciation," a Bellini "Madonna and Child," a Velázquez, two Rembrandt portraits, two El Grecos—"Christ Bearing the Cross" and "St. Jerome as Cardinal"—and a Goya "Countess Altamira and Her Daughter." "Kleinberger, the Paris dealer, offered Mr. Frick the Goya before showing it to my father," Mr. Lehman said, of the last, "but Frick turned it down—because, I've heard, he thought it wasn't expensive enough to be a Goya. Goya's '*Count* Altamira' is in the Bank of Spain, in Madrid. Knoedler's sent Mr. Frick the Velázquez"—a portrait of the Infanta Maria Theresa—"and he bought it and then, I'm told, returned it as being too small. The late Charles Carstairs, of Knoedler's, thereupon called up Father, downtown, and said he had something interesting for him to look at. I was working in the firm then, so Father and I came uptown together, and got to Knoedler's around six. Upon seeing the picture, Father bought it. Frick called up the gallery the next morning and said he had changed his mind. He subsequently offered Father three times the price he had paid for it. He was unsuccessful, as you see."

On the third floor, the Flemish school was represented by, among other items, a Memling "Annunciation" and a Petrus Christus "Legend of Sts. Eligius and Godeberta." We learned that the Memling had been brought out of Russia during the Revolution, by a Princess Radziwill, and that the Petrus Christus had been acquired, by Mr. Lehman's father, from a German dealer, who had bought it near the end of the First World War from a member of the Oppenheim banking family in Cologne. "The unfortunate dealer had to convert the proceeds into marks during the period of wild inflation, and thus realized practically nothing," Mr. L. said, and he went on to show us a great variety of nineteenth-century and twentieth-century French paintings—among them a little Signac, of which he said he himself had painted a copy, for his office. He also showed us a number of brass and copper objects, sculptured in the form of animals and people, and equipped with faucets. He identified them as examples of *dinanderie* known as aquaemanalia. "Ecclesiastical utensils, used, from around 1150 on, for throwing water on the hands of priests," he said.

To conclude our tour, we climbed to the fourth floor (the fifth is given over to storage), passing a great Canaletto of the Grand Canal on the landing, and inspected two large rooms of drawings—one of moderns, the other of Old Masters. We admired a self-portrait of Dürer, and asked its owner what he did to prevent his drawings from fading. "We never leave the lights on in this room for any length of time," said Mr. Lehman, who had been turning batteries of lights on and off as we went along. "I hope I haven't given you the idea that Mr. Frick was the only collector who had his troubles. I didn't offer enough at first for the Ugolino da Siena 'Last Supper' that you saw on the ground floor, and ended up paying four times the original asking price for it."

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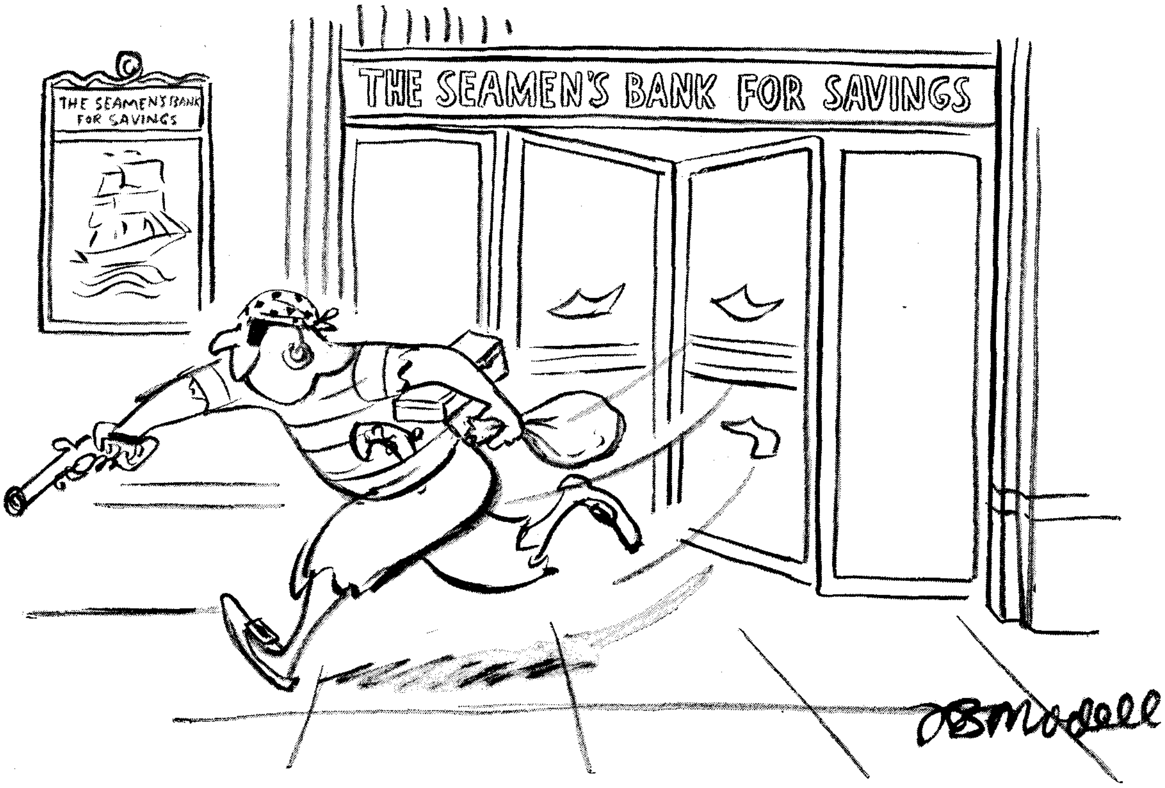
NOTE from a very youthful pupil at the Little Red School House to himself: "Charles, remember to find out how to spell the name in your book report that you didn't do."

Forum

ABOUT a month ago, the producers of "The Affair," the dramatization of C. P. Snow's novel now playing at the Henry Miller Theatre, inaugurated a series of audience-participation forums on Thursday evenings, after the performance, the sponsors' stated purpose being "a sincere desire to stimulate discussion in the theatre on today's problems." Their public spirit has not gone unrewarded, for


THE SEAMEN'S BANK FOR SAVINGS
THE SEAMEN'S BANK FOR SAVINGS

the after-curtain performance, which features two guests and a moderator, has also stimulated activity at the box office, as we discovered upon attending the play on a recent Thursday. The theatre was full, and a majority of the audience—including Senator Javits and his wife—stayed for at least part of the nightcap, which was presided over by Donald Seawell, a well-dressed theatrical attorney and one of the producers of "The Affair." He appeared on the stage as soon as the house lights went up, escorting the evening's two guests, June Havoc and Millard Lampell, who sat at stage left and stage right, respectively, while Mr. Seawell explained that they would lead a discussion of the topic "The Theatre as a Forum for Ideas."

"We know that many of you have trains to catch, so please feel free to leave at any time," Mr. Seawell said. "We'll understand." He then introduced Miss Havoc as "a distinguished star, an author of a best-seller, an ambassadress who has just completed a State Department-sponsored tour of fifty foreign cities in productions of 'The Skin of Our Teeth,' 'The Miracle Worker,' and 'The Glass Menagerie,' and an actress who has proved irrevocably and for all time that brains and beauty are not necessarily incompatible."

"Thank you," said Miss Havoc, who was looking trim in a brown wool dress and high-heeled slippers. She rose, and continued, "I'm curious. Will all members of the audience who are working theatrical people please raise their hands? My goodness! Practically all civilians! I don't pretend to know a great deal about politics, but I do have opinions on life and love, men and women, and quite a few other things. And I do think I know something about the theatre. That has been my life, though it's true I didn't start to work in the theatre until I was two. In the years since then, this is the first time I've actually been able to see you. Before, the audience has been just a sound and a presence. Now you're people. It's kind of scary, but I love being here, and I'll do my best." (Applause)

The
Juncella
Alcyonaria

The moderator then introduced Mr. Lampell, who looked confident and casual in a sports jacket, slacks, and a green tie, as "a dramatist, novelist, and poet, who was out front on the first night of these forums and asked the most provocative questions," adding, "He now has an opportunity to utter any sentiments he didn't have a chance to get off his chest then."

"If I were on the stage of 'Mr. President'—that monument to banality—I might say some things that would provoke the members of that audience," Mr. Lampell began.

"They're pretty provoked at just being there," Miss Havoc put in. (Laughter and applause)

Mr. Lampell, continuing, explained that there are several kinds of theatre. "One kind I call Live Movies," he said. "For example, 'Come Blow Your Horn.' That kind doesn't belong on the stage. You can just as well wait until it's a movie and see it at the neighborhoods. Then there is what I call the Chinese Restaurant Theatre. When you get out, you're still hungry." (Laughter) Becoming serious, he said, "The only place where the writer can tell the truth is in the theatre. Albee tells the truth—his truth—when he says man is a cannibal and lives in a cannibalistic environment. Tennessee Williams tells the truth—his truth—when he says that man is doomed to solitary confinement inside his own skin. Even Paddy Chayefsky tells the truth—his truth—when he says that everything will be all right if the fellow can just find himself a nice Jewish girl." (Laughter) Mr. Lampell went on to discuss the economics of the theatre and many other facets of the performing arts. "Every great play is a statement for survival," he concluded. (Applause)

The moderator announced that the forum was now open for questions from the audience.

A dark-haired young man wearing glasses and a red bow tie, who was sitting in the rear of the house, said he had one for Mr. Lampell. "I listened carefully to your speech, and you speak well, but I wonder if you're thinking while you're speaking," he began. "I am referring particularly to your remarks about Paddy Chayefsky. Have you seen 'Gideon'?"

Mr. Lampell said that he had not—that he had been out of the country.

"For a playwright to talk about another playwright without seeing his work is unprofessional," the man in the red bow tie said. This earned him a certain amount of hissing from the audience, but he went on to take issue with more of Mr. Lampell's ideas until the moderator asked for another question.

A woman wearing a white beret rose and said, also addressing Mr. Lampell, "Americans have not been speaking out freely in recent years. Think of those who used to. Think of Lillian Hellman. She used to speak out, but she hasn't been heard from in years. What is the matter?"

As Mr. Lampell sought an answer, quite a few members of the audience departed, presumably to catch trains.

"May I add one small thing?" Miss Havoc said when Mr. Lampell had finished. Once started, she added several things, including her opinion of the State Department's overseas cultural program. "They send people like Helen Hayes and myself out with plays to foreign cities, and then they forget about us," she said. "They tell you, the taxpayers, nothing about what we're doing. I came back after a year, and hardly anybody knew where I'd been. And don't think we were getting rich. Good grief—no! We paid all our own expenses. I mean, all that the government paid was our travelling expenses, and we paid everything else. If I play summer stock, I get more than that. But as far as you people are concerned, you never knew that we were away. That's because the government doesn't believe in publicity."

"Well, what I would like to know is what the State Department did wrong," said a man in the orchestra. "In other words, what are you complaining about except that you didn't get any publicity?"

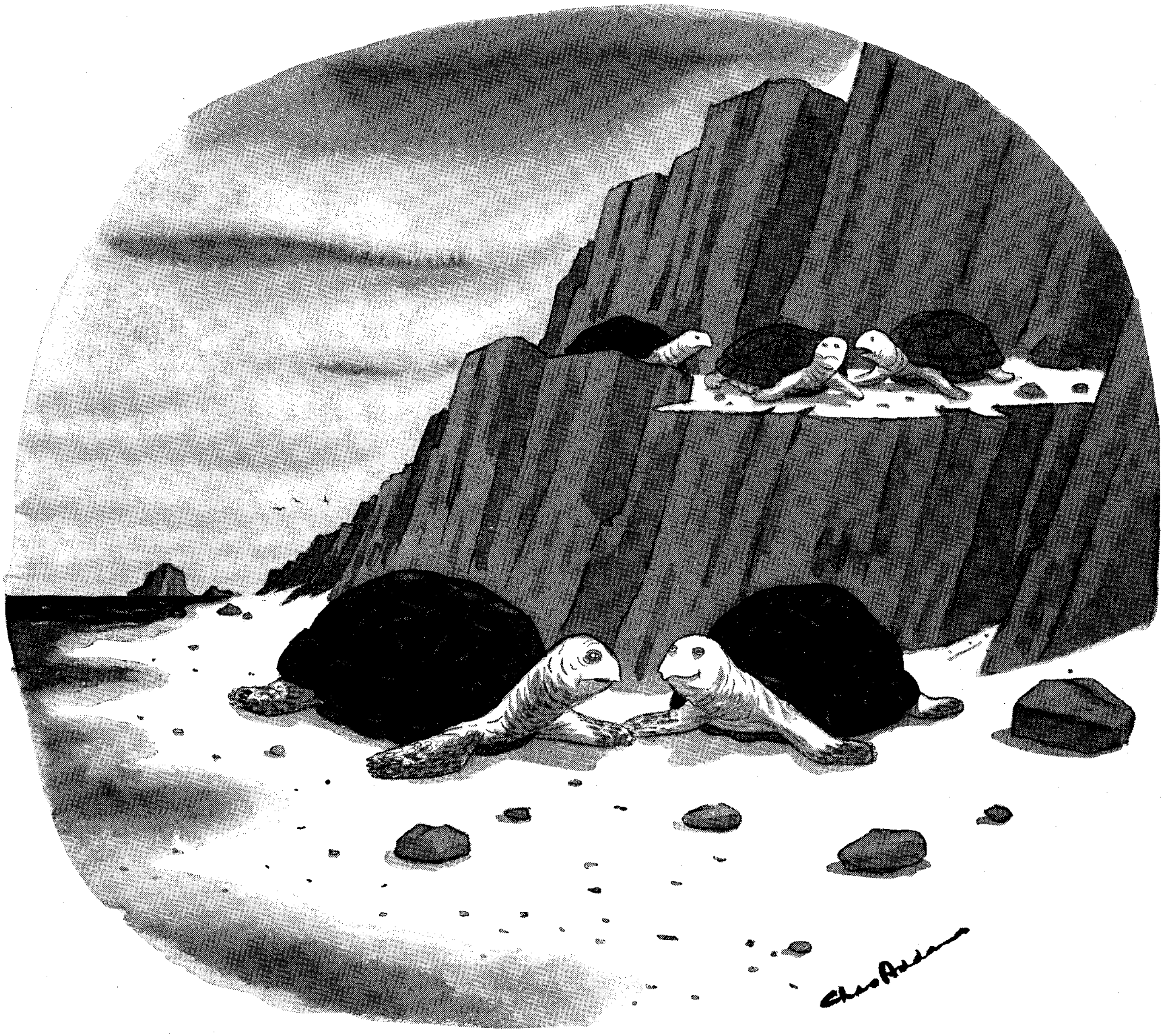
"'Publicity' isn't the word," Miss Havoc replied. "The word is 'information.' I just got the feeling that you had no word about the work we were doing abroad, and therefore that you people got cheated out of a thrill."

"I can't see how we got cheated because a touring company didn't get enough publicity," the man in the orchestra said.

"Twenty-eight curtain calls in Belgrade, a very dark city, and you, dear taxpayers, never heard a word about it," said Miss Havoc. "It's just a passé policy."

The moderator took over for a brief commercial. "The management feels that this play is one of the greatest indictments of Communism, and that it makes a great plea for understanding and tolerance," he said. "I am sure you will be glad to know that it is scheduled to be produced in Warsaw and Moscow."

The man in the red bow tie was instantly on his feet. "Will it be produced in Russian in Moscow?" he asked. Assured that it would be, he sat down.



"The difference may not seem so great right now, but when he's a hundred and fifty, she'll only be ninety."

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The moderator recognized a gray-haired woman in the fourth row. "I'm not going to condemn the theatre or talk politics," she said. "I would like to ask a question about this play we have all just seen. Why, in God's name, does a play have to be so wordy and so short on action?"

Mr. Lampell fielded this one with some observations on the occasional wordiness of Shakespeare, after which Miss Havoc remarked that she would like to add another small thing. "In this country, we suffer from preconceived-itis," she said, getting to her feet. "We're label-buyers. I don't know why this is, but we sure are ill with it. Good grief! Just look at 'Mr. President'! It will run for three years on its advance. Whose fault is it? It's yours. Everything that's wrong with the theatre, you did it. When you stop being the mob and start being individuals, we'll have a better theatre." (Applause)

As Miss Havoc sat down, the man in the red bow tie got up. "Good heavens, here comes Public Enemy Number One again!" said a lady on our right.

"Miss Havoc, knowing what you do about the way the State Department handles theatrical troupes abroad, why don't you go to Equity and get them to straighten out the State Department?" said the red bow tie.

"Good grief!" said Miss Havoc. "I wish Equity could be here to catch that!"

"Miss Havoc, do you think the people of the theatre should express themselves more in public?" a woman in the mezzanine called out.

"It depends on who is expressing himself," Miss Havoc replied. "We have many people who should express themselves more, and we also have many big mouths who should express themselves less."

The red bow tie was on his feet again, with another contribution to the discussion of today's problems. By this time, we were beginning to feel overstimulated, and we left to catch a train.

Warning

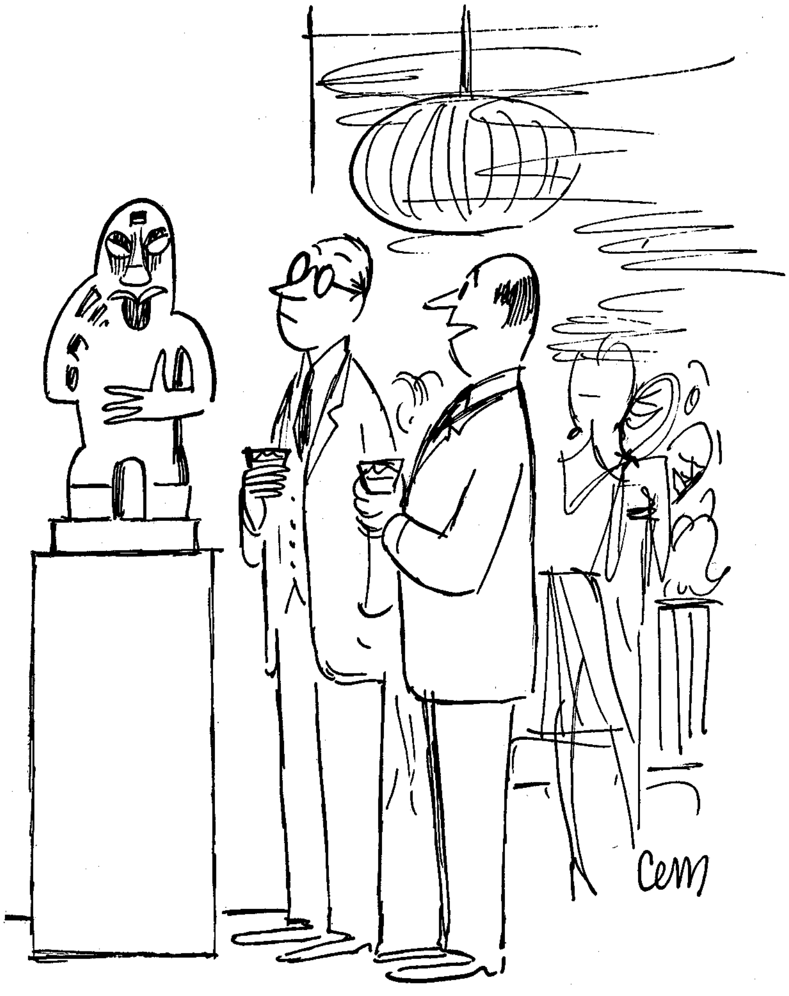
PASSING one of the doors of the First National store at Eighty-ninth Street and Lexington Avenue the other day, we noticed a sign that read, "Do Not Open Door. Alarm Will Sound. Keep Closed at All Times. Emergency Exit Only." The door was open.

ROD-ISLAND IS REAL, BUT I'LL NEVER BELIEVE IN WISCONSIN

PASSENGERS on Air France flights from Paris to London are sometimes mildly surprised to find that, as far as the airline is concerned, their destination is the city of Londres. This Londres turns out to be on a river called the Tamise and about sixty miles inland from the white cliffs of the port of Douvres, where Douvres sole comes from. The whole thing sounds suspiciously Gallic. Transfer to a ship of the Italian Line and these same places at once appear to be surrounded by olive groves and Vespa factories. The capital of Great Britain is Londra, and the Channel port is sometimes Douvra. Over in Ireland stands exotic Dublino. To the north lies the bustling Scottish city of Edimburgo.

What these transformations mean is very simple. London, Dover, and so forth, are real and familiar places to Frenchmen and Italians—as Liverpool, say, is not. Liverpool is called just that by Frenchmen and Italians. If they really believed the city was there, they would take the trouble to get its name a little wrong. This may be stated more formally as the First Law of Geographical Reality: The places in any country that seem authentic to the people of any other country may be determined by observing which place names the other country changes. If you find that Americans call the Dutch city of 's Hertogenbosch by its proper name (as we do), you conclude that 's Hertogenbosch does not exist for Americans. On the other hand, if you find that the Dutch city of 's Gravenhage has had its name much twisted on American tongues, you conclude that the place is real and substantial to us; if it weren't, we wouldn't bother to call it The Hague.

The working out of the First Law of Geographical Reality in the United States is rather more complex. The question of our reality has to be studied in sections. Partly because it took our country three centuries to reach its present dimensions, and partly because those dimensions are so gross—"too large for any human convenience," said Henry James, and he was writing before we acquired the Virgin Islands—no foreigner is able to believe in the entire United States, and a study of American reality must begin not with cities but with a definition of borders. The United States that a foreigner can believe in is, at most, a quarter the size of the actual country. (The average foreigner seems arbitrarily to pick a small region about the size of his own country to believe in, and just to pretend the rest isn't there.) One must first make clear which quarter most of them pick. It can be shown something like this. Take a plain white outline map of the United States, with just the state boundaries marked on it, such as schoolchildren use when they're learning geography. Start with Pennsylvania, and circle the whole state. Then write in the name of Philadelphia in good big letters. Philadelphia is the one city in America that virtually the whole world believes in—not as one believes in Timbuctoo or fabled Cathay but as a real, known, and visitable place.



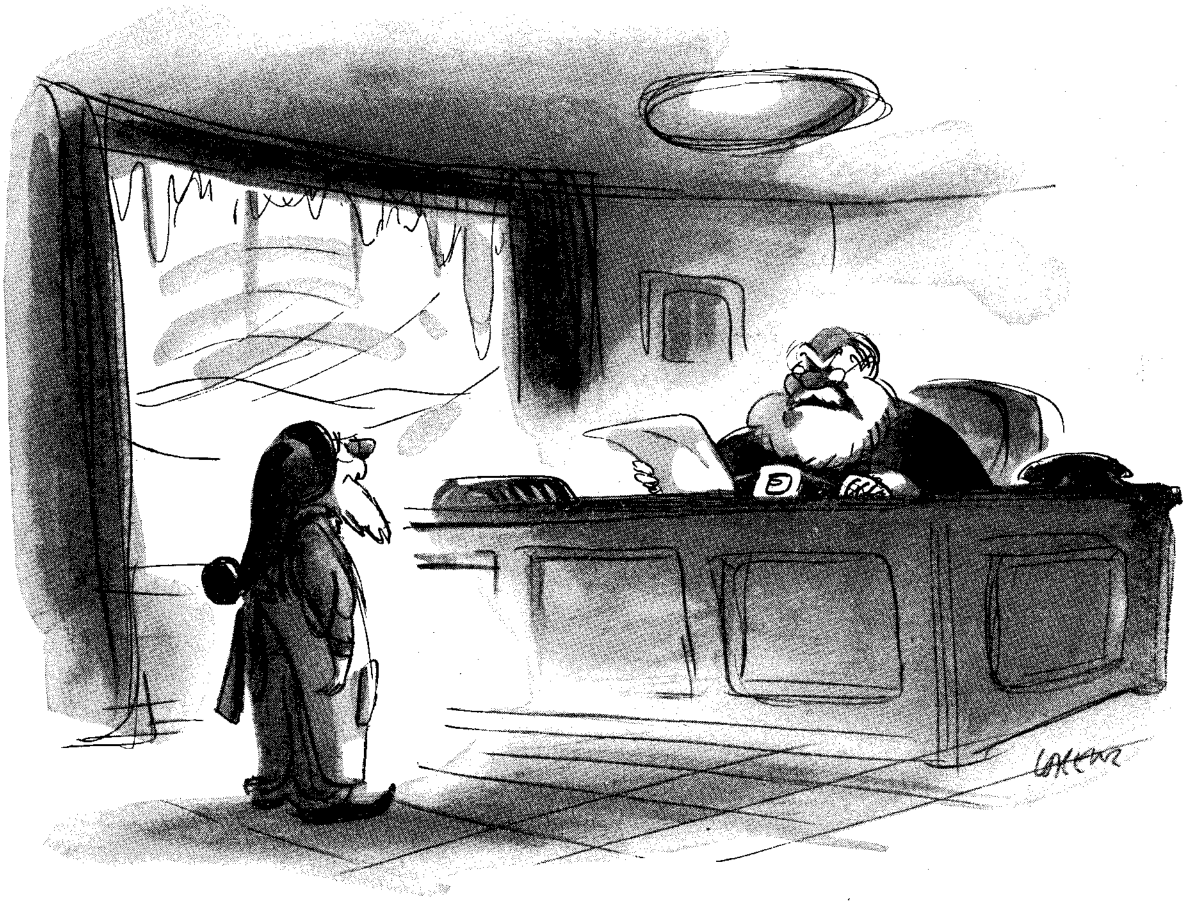
"It's a conversation piece. Say something."

So much for the heartland. From Pennsylvania, draw a line along the Atlantic coast south to Florida and about as far west as West Virginia, and then stop. (Looking in a 1959 French atlas, I once found a mountain peak identified as Spruce Knob, Virginie Occidentale. It is perhaps a hundred miles inside reality.) Going the other way from Pennsylvania, New Jersey is seven-eighths a blank, and New York exists chiefly in a tiny strip up and down the Hudson. Lower New England, though not so real as it used to be, nevertheless does still exist, Rhode Island a bit more definitely than Connecticut. Circle them. Massachusetts is blank, and all north of it up to the Canadian border, at which point most of lower Canada, and the St. Lawrence River in particular, become almost as believed in as Pennsylvania.

This is our geographically real mainland. Outside of it there exist only a few isolated patches—the Great Lakes (but not the states bordering them), Louisiana, California, New Mexico, a couple of Midwestern cities, and the part of Utah right around Salt Lake. The rest of the United States might as well be an extension of Disneyland, as far as the world's belief in it is concerned.

NOW to show the First Law in operation. It's time to see how we actually appear to half a dozen other countries. As France is our oldest ally and the first country ever to look at us officially (she performed this helpful act in February, 1778, when we were still a bunch of rebellious colonies), I'll start with her view.

If you examine current French maps of the United States, keeping the First Law in mind, the place you immediately notice is, naturally, Philadelphie. In fact, among all cities it has only one rival: Nouvelle Orléans. As to states, there are ten:



"For some time now, Nifbrilskin, we've been dissatisfied with your sugarplums."

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Pennsylvanie, Virginie, Caroline du Nord, Caroline du Sud, Georgie, Floride, Virginie Occidentale, Louisiane, Nouveau Mexique, and Californie. The other forty are blank and improbable places such as New York and Alabama, though far to the west there is a quite real Reserve Indienne, which seems to occupy most of Colorado, Utah, and Arizona. The only other believable things are two pieces of the landscape—the Montagnes Rocheuses and the Saint-Laurent River. This is the real United States as it appears to Frenchmen in 1962. Once, it was slightly larger, before cartography became a science. Up until about 1760 there were three other authentic cities: La Providence, New Yorc, and Londres, which is in Connecticut, opposite L'Ile Longue. (Boston was plain Boston, and unreal to Frenchmen even then.) There were a few semi-believable counties scattered about—the Comté d'Ulster in New Yorc, the Comté d'York, which occupied the full territory of what is now Maine, and so forth. There were one or two small towns, such as Kats Kill, New Yorc. And finally, as late as 1800, there were several more strikingly real states, genuine even as to gender. A "Renvoi des Etats Unis d'Amérique," taken from the official French Navy maps used in the Revolution, runs like this:

1. New-Hampshire
2. Massachusetts-Bay
3. Rhodisland
4. Conneticut
5. New-Yorck
6. New-Jersey
7. La Pensilvanie
8. La Delaware
9. Le Maryland
10. La Virginie
11. Le North Caroline
12. Le South Caroline
13. La Georgie

The authentic area of the country has shrunk slightly since, but Philadelphie remains the capital.

An Italian's United States is somewhat similar. It starts, of course, with Filadelfia. (The Italian language doesn't normally use "ph," to be sure, but it copes handily with Phoenix, Arizona, and Memphis, Tennessee.) The one other city that all Italians find believable is Baltimora. Three more cities are on the fringes of reality, which is to say that some Italian maps change their names and some do not. These, when real, are Nuova York; San Luigi, Missouri; and Città del Lago Salato, in Utah. Elisabetta, New Jersey, once belonged to the group, but it lost its credibility about 1790. There are no real states in the Italian mind, except occasionally Luigiana and Nuovo Messico, but there are two authentic mountain ranges—the Monti Neri, in the Dakotas, and the Montagne Rocciose. Well to the east of them, Lago Superiore gleams quietly near Lago Michigan, and both, of course, feed eventually into the San Lorenzo River. Two other bits of the landscape once had a dim reality for Italians: Cape Look om and Cape Atteras, both off North Carolina.

A current Polish map of the United States shows a family resemblance to French and Italian maps, but with one difference. This time there are four cities with equal claims under the First Law: Nowy Jork, Filadelfia, Waszyngton, and Nowy Orlean. No other—not New Bedford, or Nashville, or even Chicago—has the faintest reality. The usual states are real: Pensylwania, Nowy Jork, Wirginia, the Karolinas, Luizjana, Nowy Meksyk, and Kalifornia. One other, Kolorado, gets a semblance of reality out of mere parallelism, but proves nothing thereby; there is no Wiskonsin or Konnetikut, just as there is not a Nowy Hampshire or a Newada. Lake Superior exists vividly on Polish maps as Jezioro Górne, and the Św. Wawrzyńca River flows as usual out of Jezioro Ontario. No other river, not the Mississippi and not the St. Joseph or the St. Johns, even begins to exist for Poles.

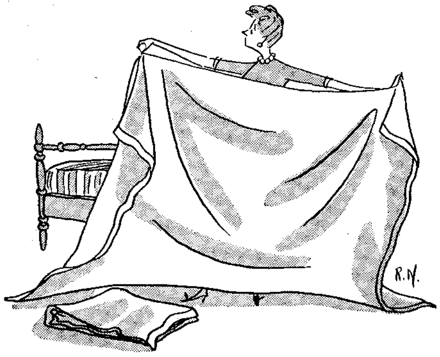
German maps, which come next, are practically blank. Neu-Schottland, Neu-Fundland, and Neu Braunschweig are real enough, up there in Kanada, but to Germans there is not a believable state out of our fifty, and of cities only two have traces of credibility—San Franzisko and Salzseestadt. Even they appear on a minority of maps. The only fixed realities in the whole country are the five Great Lakes (Oberersee, Huronsee, etc.) and the St. Lorenz Strom, flowing out of Ontariosee. If you look into the past, though, you find a very few places possessed of a kind of afterglow. As late as 1820, when C. F. Weiland, of Weimar, drafted his big map of Nord America, Pensilwanien and Virginien had a shadowy existence. The other twenty-one states of that period were dark and unreal, as they have always been for Germans. Similarly, the city (not the state) of Neu York had a marginal life in 1820, and one island off the east coast lived rather richly—Martha's Weinberg.

Dutch maps of the United States need only a brief mention, since the views of Netherlanders are so close to those of Germans. Pennsylvanië and Virginië are real for Dutchmen to this day, and so are West Virginië, Georgië, Californië, and Nieuw Mexico. New York, New Jersey, Indiana, and the rest are not. The waters of Boven Meer flow through Ontario Meer and into the St. Laurens Stroom. All Dutchmen, hypnotized as they are by salt water, believe firmly that the Gr. Zout Meer lies in Utah. They have, however, never heard of Salt Lake City, or, since the days of Nieuw Amsterdam, of any other American city.

As for the Swiss, scenic-minded people that *they* are, they believe only in Niágarafälle, Panama-Kanal, and the lone state of Kalifornien. It's probably a combination of the gold rush and Italian Swiss Colony wine that makes it believable to them.

The maps that Spaniards make of us deserve more than a mention. The present Spanish view of America is fairly circumscribed, to be sure, consisting chiefly of Filadelfia and Nueva York, with the occasional addition of S. Luis, Missouri, and S. Pablo, Minnesota—and, of course, the San Lorenzo River, up there by Lago Ontario. But there was a time, such as on April 21, 1778, when Don Juan de Surville finished his map of our newly independent country, that real places were spotted all around. In the Spanish mind, we were authentic right up from Nueva Georgia past the Skuylikll River of Pensilvania and even on into Nueva Ynglaterra. In fact, in those days, second only to Filadelfia was Providencia, Rod-Island. Providencia and its plantations were clearly our northern center. And so unreal were New Hampshire and Massachusetts even then that Cabo Cold, Bahía de Buzards, marthas Winyard, and Portsmouth, all of which did exist for Spanish mariners, were quietly pushed together and placed in an enlarged Rod-Island. Don Juan showed the same sure instinct for which states are real and which aren't when he took Newark out of New Jersey (which he admittedly once did call Nueva Gersey) and put it firmly into Nueva York, giving it a nice harbor on Long Island Sound.

The final map of all shows what of us is authentic to Brazilians in 1962—or, at least, what was in 1952, when the "Atlas de Geografia Moderna" was published in Rio de Janeiro. It can surprise no one that Filadelfia is solidly real, and that Memphis, Phoenix, and the little town of Phillipsburg, New Jersey, are not. But the Brazilian belief in Pennsylvania goes further than that. Lynchburg and Petersburg, Virginia; St. Petersburg, Florida; Spartanburg, South Carolina—all these lie dark and empty on a Brazilian map. On the other hand, Pittsburgo and Harrisburgo, Pennsylvania, are as real as you please, authentic places, bursting with life. In all the rest of the country, only the cities of Nova York and S. Paulo, Minnesota, can claim as much. Not even the Great Lakes seem particularly genuine to Brazilians—just their famous drain the S. Lourenco River. (There are also two smaller bodies of water that command a measure of belief: the Rio Vermelho, down in Louisiana and Texas, and the well-known Gr. Lago Salgado.)



A report like this, pleasurable as it is to Easterners like myself, and smugly as it may make citizens of Pensilwanien reflect that though technically the capital of the United States changed from Philadelphie to Waszyngton in the year 1800, practically no one abroad has been fooled, is bound to irritate and perhaps even dismay Westerners. What

THE DIAL TONE

A moment of silence first, then there it is;
But not as though it only now began
Because of my attention; rather, this:
That I begin at one point on its span
Brief kinship with its endless going on.

Between society and self it poses
Neutrality perceptible to sense,
Being a no man's land the lawyer uses
Much as the lover does. Charged innocence,
It sits on its own electrified fence,

Is neither pleased nor hurt by race results,
Or by the nasty thing John said to Jane,
Is merely interrupted by insults,
Devotions, lecheries; after the sane
And mad hang up at once, it will remain.

Suppose that, in God, a black bumblebee
Or colorless hummingbird buzzed all night,
Dividing the abyss up equally,
And carried its neither sweetness nor its light
Across impossible eternity.

Now take this hummingbird, this bee, away;
And, like the Cheshire smile without its cat,
The remnant hum continues on its way,
Unwinged, able at once to move and wait,
An endless freight train on an endless flat.

Something like that, some loneliest of powers
That never has confessed its secret name.
I do not doubt that if you gave it hours,
And then lost patience, it would be the same
After you left that it was before you came.

—Howard Nemerov

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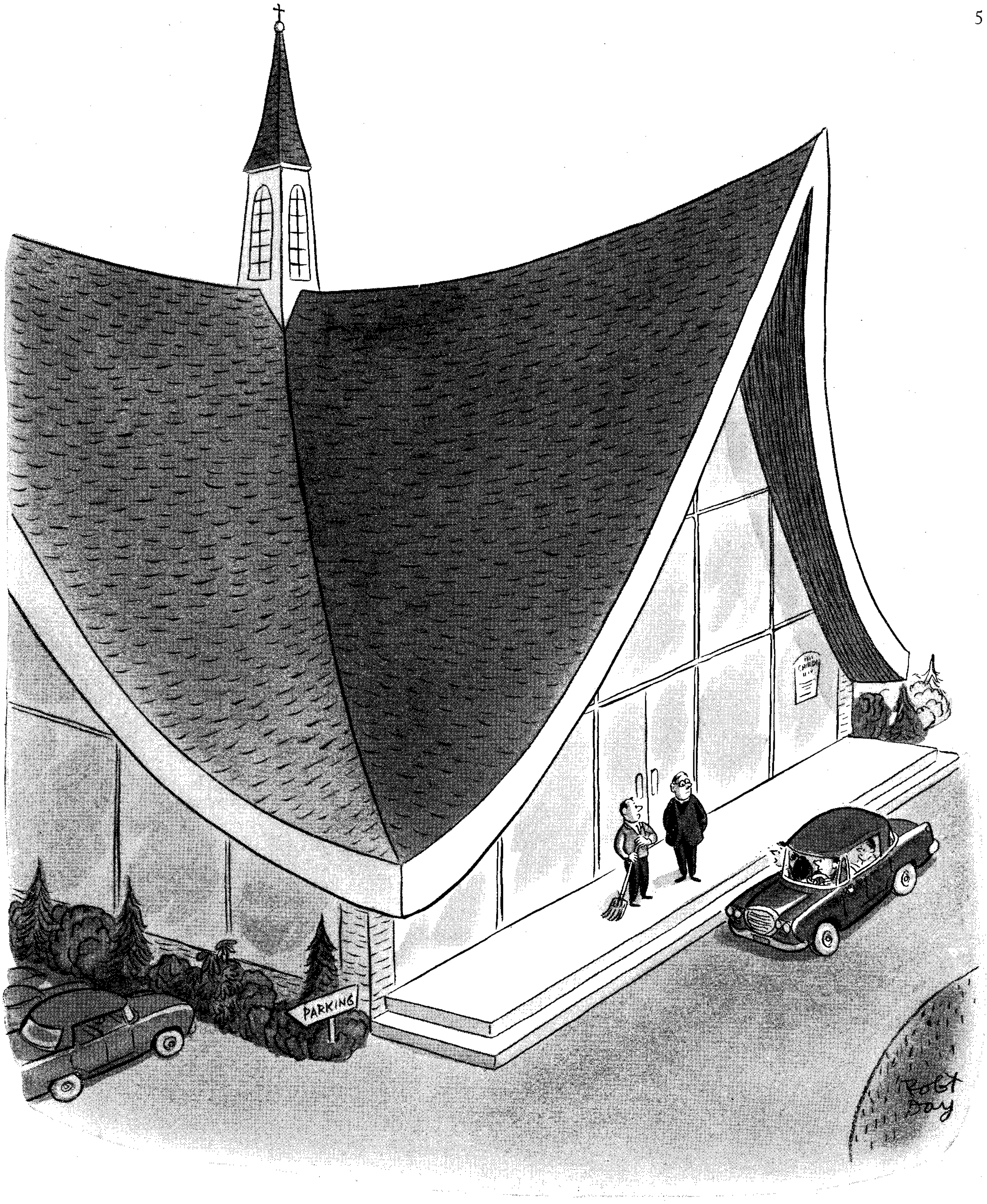


"Gracious! We thought you were a Howard Johnson's!"

* * *

does the West have to do, they may well think, in order to become believable to other countries? For such people I have a crumb of comfort. All the West has to do is wait another hundred years. Already there is one little piece of handwriting on the map. It occurs in the "Atlas Semesta Dunia" ("Atlas of the Whole World"), published in Indonesia about ten years ago. That atlas contains hardly any reality at all. The map of the United States, like most of the other maps, is entirely filled with untransposed, meaningless names: Philadelphia, Lake Superior, the St. Lawrence River, the state of Virginia, and so on. Then suddenly the eye is caught by one little gleam of actuality, reflected in the waves of the Pacific Ocean. Indonesians do not call the entrance to San Francisco Bay by any such name as Golden Gate; it is a real place to them, and they call it Pintu Emas.

—NOEL PERRIN

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

ON a wet February afternoon in the eighth winter of the Algerian war, two young Algerians sat at the window table of a café behind Montparnasse station. Between them, facing the quiet street, was a European girl. The men were dressed alike in the dark suits and maroon ties they wore once a week, on Sunday. Their leather jackets lay on the fourth chair. The girl was also dressed for an important day. Her taffeta dress and crocheted collar were new; the coat with its matching taffeta lining looked home-sewn. She had thrown back the coat so that the lining could be seen, but held the skirt around her knees. She was an innocent from an inland place—Switzerland, Austria perhaps. The slight thickness of her throat above the crocheted collar might have been the start of a goitre. She turned a gentle, stupid face to each of the men in turn, trying to find a common language. Presently one of the men stood up and the girl, without his help, pulled on her coat. These two left the café together. The abandoned North African sat passively with three empty coffee cups and a heaped ashtray before him. He had either been told to wait or had nothing better to do. The street lamps went on. The rain turned to snow.

Watching the three people in the café across the street had kept Veronica Baines occupied much of the afternoon. Like the Algerian sitting alone, she had nothing more interesting to do. She left the window to start a phonograph record over again. She looked for matches, and lit a Gitane cigarette. It was late in the day, but she wore a dressing gown that was much too large and that did not belong to her, and last summer's sandals. Three plastic curlers along her brow held the locks that, released, would become a bouffant fringe. Her hair, which was light brown, straight, and recently washed, hung to her shoulders. She was nineteen, and a Londoner, and had lived in Paris about a year. She stood, pushing back the curtain with one shoulder, a hand flat on the pane. She seldom read the boring part of newspapers, but she knew there was, or there had been, a curfew for North Africans. She left the window for a moment, and when she came back she was not surprised to find the second Algerian gone.

She wanted to say something about the scene to the two men in the room behind her. Surely it meant something—the Algerian boys and the ignorant girl? She held still. One of the men in the room was Tunisian and very touchy. He watched for signs of prejudice. When he thought he saw them, he was pleased and cold. He could be rude when he wanted to be; he had been educated in Paris and was schooled in the cold attack.

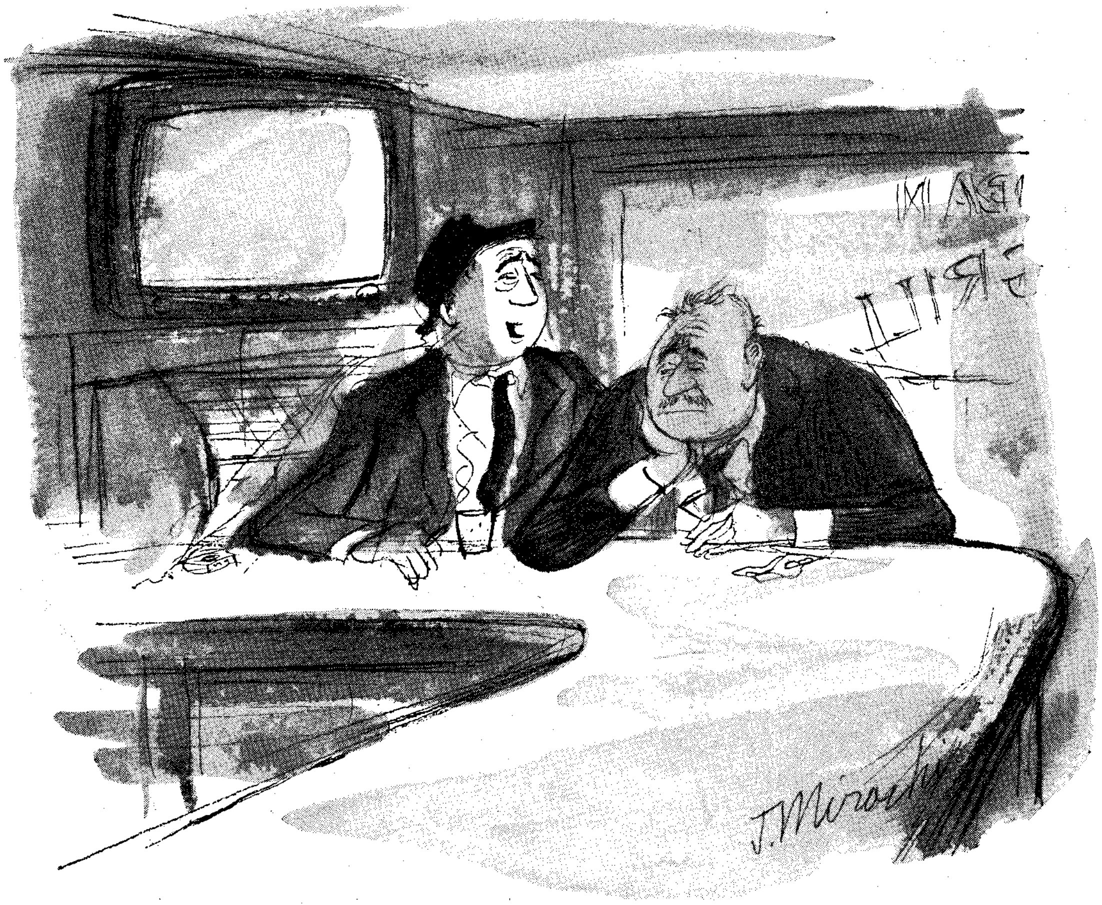
Jim Bertrand, whose flat this was, and Ahmed had not stopped talking about politics since lunch. Their talk was a wall. It shut out young girls and girlish questions. For instance, Veronica could have asked if there was a curfew, and if it applied to Ahmed as well as the nameless and faceless North Africans you saw selling flowers or digging up the streets; but Ahmed might consider it a racial question. She never knew just where he drew his own personal line.

"I am not interested in theories," she had taught herself to say, for fear of being invaded by something other than a dream. But she was not certain what she meant, and not sure that it was true.

Jim turned on a light. The brief afternoon became, abruptly, a winter night. The window was a black mirror. She saw how the room must appear to anyone watching from across the street. But no one peeped at them. Up and down the street, persiennes were latched, curtains tightly drawn. The shops were a line of iron shutters broken only by the Arab café, from which spilled a brownish and hideous light. The curb was lined with cars; Paris was like a garage. Shivering at the cold, and the dead cold of the lined-up automobiles, she turned to the room. She imagined a garden filled with gardenias and a striped umbrella. Veronica was a London girl. At first her dreams had been of Paris, but now they were about a south she had not yet seen.

She moved across the room, scuffling her old sandals, dressed in Jim's dressing gown. She dropped her cigarette on the marble hearth, stepped on it, and kicked it under the gas heater in the fireplace. Then she knelt and lifted the arm of the record-player on the floor, starting again the Bach concerto she had been playing most of the day. Now she read the name of it for the first time: *Concerto Italien en Fa Majeur BWV 971*. She had played it until it was nothing more than a mosquito to the ear, and now that she was nearly through with it, about to discard it for something newer, she wanted to know what it had been called. Still kneeling, leaning on her fingertips, she reread the front page of a Sunday paper. Is Princess Paola sorry she has married a Belgian and has to live so far north? Deeply interested, Veronica examined the Princess's face, trying to read contentment or regret. Princess Paola, Farah of Iran, Grace of Monaco, and Princess Margaret were the objects of Veronica's solemn attention. Their beauty, their position, their attentive husbands should have been enough. According to *France Dimanche*, anonymous letters might still come in with the morning post. Their confidences went astray. None of them could say "Pass the salt" without wondering how far it would go.

When Jim and Ahmed talked on Sunday afternoon, Veronica was a shadow. If Prin-



"But, Joe, the Book-of-the-Month Club is perfectly happy as long as you buy the books. I'm sure they don't care whether or not you get around to reading them."

• •

cess Paola herself had lifted the coffeepot from the table between them, they would have taken no more notice than they now did of her. She picked up the empty pot and carried it to the kitchen. She saw herself in the looking glass over the sink: curlers, bathrobe—what a sight! Behind her was the music, the gas heater roaring away, and the drone of the men's talk.

Everything Jim had to say was eager and sounded as if it must be truthful. "Yes, I know," he would begin, "but *look*." He was too eager; he stammered. His Tunisian friend took over the idea, stated it, and demolished it. Ahmed was Paris-trained; he could be explicit about anything. He made sense.

"Sense out of hot air," said Veronica in the kitchen. "Perfect sense out of perfect hot air."

She took the coffeepot apart and knocked the wet grounds into the rest of the rubbish in the sink. She ran cold water over the pot and rinsed and filled it again; then she sat down on the low stepladder that was the only seat in the kitchen and ground new coffee, holding the grinder between her knees. At lunch the men had dragged chairs into the kitchen and stopped talking politics. But the instant the meal was finished they wanted her away; she sensed it. If only she could be dismissed, turned out to prowl like a kitten, even in the rain! But she lived here, with Jim; he had brought her here in November, four months ago, and she had no other home.

"I'm too young to remember," she heard Ahmed say, "and you weren't in Europe."

The coffeepot was Italian and composed of four aluminum parts that looked as if they never would fit one inside the other. Jim had written instructions for her, and tacked the instructions above the stove, but she was as frightened by the four strange shapes as she had been at the start. Somehow she got them together and set the pot on the gas flame. She put it on upside down, which was the right way. When the water began to boil, you turned the pot right way up, and the boiling water dripped through the coffee. You knew when the water was boiling because a thread of steam emerged from the upside-down spout. That was the most important moment.

Afraid of missing the moment, the girl leaned on the edge of the table, which was crowded with luncheon dishes; pushed together, behind her, were the remains of the rice-and-tomato, the bones and fat of the mutton chops. The Camembert dried in the kitchen air; the bread was already stale. She did not take her eyes from the spout of the coffeepot. She might have been dreaming of love.

"You still haven't answered me," said Jim in the next room. "Will Algeria go Communist? Yes or no."

"Tunisia didn't."

"You had different leaders."

"The Algerians are religious—the opposite of materialists."

"They could use a little materialism in Algeria," said Jim. "I've never been there, but you've only got to read. I've got a book here . . ."

Those two could talk poverty the whole day and never weary. They thought they knew what it was. Jim had never taken her to a decent restaurant—not even at the beginning, when he was courting her. He looked at the menu posted outside the door and if the prices seemed more than he thought simple working-class couples could pay he turned away. He wanted everyone in the world to have enough to eat, but he did not want them to enjoy what they were eating—that was how it seemed to Veronica. Ahmed lived in a cold room on the sixth floor of an old building, but he needn't have. His father was a fashionable doctor in Tunis. Ahmed said there was no difference between one North African and another, between Ahmed talking of sacrifice and the nameless flower seller whose existence was a sacrifice—that is to say, whose life appears to have no meaning; whose faith makes it possible; of whom one thinks he might as well be dead. All Veronica knew was that Ahmed's father was better off than her father had ever been. "I'm going to be an important personality," she had said to herself at the age of seventeen or so. Soon after, she ran away and came to Paris; someone got a job for her in a photographer's studio—a tidying-up sort of job, and not modelling, as she had hoped. In the office next to the studio, a drawer was open. She saw 100 Nouveaux Francs, a clean bill, on which the face of young Napoleon dared her, said, "Take it." She bought a pair of summer shoes for seventy francs and spent the rest on silly presents for friends. Walking in the shoes, she was new. She would never be the same unimportant Veronica again. The shoes were beige linen, and when she wore them in the rain they had to be thrown away. The friend who had got her the job made up the loss when it was discovered, but the story went round, and no photographer would have her again.

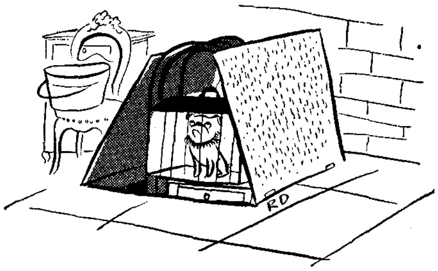
THE coffeepot spitting water brought Jim to the kitchen. He got to the stove before Veronica knew what he was doing there. "I'm sorry," she said. "I was thinking about shoes."

"You need shoes?" He looked at her, as if trying to remember why he had loved her and what she had been like. His glasses were thumb-printed and steamed; all his talk was fog. He looked at her beautiful ankles and the scuffed sandals on her feet. He had come from America to Paris because he had a year to spend—just like that. Imagine spending a whole year of life, when every minute mattered! He had to be sure about everything before he was twenty-six; it was the limit he had set. But Veronica was going to be a great personality, and it might happen any day. She wanted to be a great something, and she wanted to begin, but not like Jim—reading and thinking—and not like that girl in taffeta, starting *her* experience with the two Algerians.

"I think I could be nearly anything, you know." That was what Veronica had said five months ago, when Jim asked what she was doing, sitting in a sour café with ashes and bent straws around her feet. She was prettier than any of the girls at the other tables. She had spoken first; he would never have dared. Her wrists were chapped where her navy-blue coat had rubbed the skin. That was the first thing he saw when he fell in love with her. That was what he had forgotten when he looked at her so vaguely in the kitchen, trying to remember what he had loved.

When he met her, she was homeless. It was a cause-and-effect she had not foreseen. She knew that when you run away from home you are brave—braver than anyone; but then you have nowhere to live. Until Jim found her, fell in love with her, brought her here, she spent hours on the telephone, ringing up any casual person who might give her a bed for the night. She borrowed money for bus tickets, and borrowed a raincoat because she lost hers—left it in a cinema—and she borrowed books and forgot who belonged to the name on the flyleaf. She sold the borrowed books and felt businesslike and proud.

She stole without noticing she was stealing, at first. Walking with Jim, she strolled out of a bookshop with something in her hand. "You're at the Camus age," he said, thinking it was a book she had paid for. She saw she was holding "La Chute," which she had never read, and never would. They moved in the river of people down the Boulevard Saint-Michel, and he put his arm round her so she would not be carried away. The Boul'Mich was like a North African bazaar now; it was not the Latin Quarter of Baudelaire. Jim had been here three months and was homesick.



"It's wonderful to speak English," he said.

"You should practice your French." They agreed to talk French. "*Vous êtes bon,*" she said, gravely.

"*Mais je ne suis pas beau.*" It was

SIRE

Here comes the shadow not looking where it is going,
And the whole night will fall; it is time.
Here comes the little wind which the hour
Drags with it everywhere like an empty wagon through leaves.
Here comes my ignorance shuffling after them
Asking them what they are doing.

Standing still, I can hear my footsteps
Come up behind me and go on
Ahead of me and come up behind me and
With different keys clinking in the pockets,
And still I do not move. Here comes
The white-haired thistle seed stumbling past through the branches
Like a paper lantern carried by a blind man.
I believe it is the lost wisdom of my grandfather
Whose ways were his own and who died before I could ask.

Forerunner, I would like to say, silent pilot,
Little dry death, future,
Your indirections are as strange to me
As my own. I know so little that anything
You might tell me would be a revelation.

Sir, I would like to say,
It is hard to think of the good woman
Presenting you with children, like cakes,
Granting you the eye of her needle,
Standing in doorways, flinging after you
Little endearments, like rocks, or her silence
Like a whole Sunday of bells. Instead, tell me:
Which of my many incomprehensions
Did you bequeath me, and where did they take you? Standing
In the shoes of indecision, I hear them
Come up behind me and go on ahead of me
Wearing boots, on crutches, barefoot; they could never
Get together on any doorsill or destination—
The one with the assortment of smiles, the one
Jailed in himself like a forest, the one who comes
Back at evening drunk with despair and turns
Into the wrong night as though he owned it—oh small
Deaf disappearance in the dusk, in which of their shoes
Will I find myself tomorrow?

—W. S. Merwin

"This has been fun. Let's do it again next year."

• •

true, and that was the end of the French.

They held hands on the Pont des Arts and looked down at the black water. He wanted to take her home, to an apartment he had rented in Montparnasse. It was a step for him; it was an event. He had to discuss it: love, honesty, the present, the past.

Yes, but be quick, I am dying of hunger and cold, she wanted to say.

She knew more about men than he did about women, and had more patience. She understood his need to talk about a situation without making any part of the situation clear.

"You ought to get a job," he said, when she had been living with him a month. He thought working would be good for her. He believed she should be working or studying—preparing for life. He thought life began only after it was prepared, but Veronica thought it had to start with a miracle. That was the difference between them, and why the lovely beginning couldn't last, and why he couldn't remember what he had loved. One day she said she had found work selling magazine subscriptions. He had never heard of that in France; he started to say so, but she interrupted him: "I used to sell the *Herald Tribune* on the street."

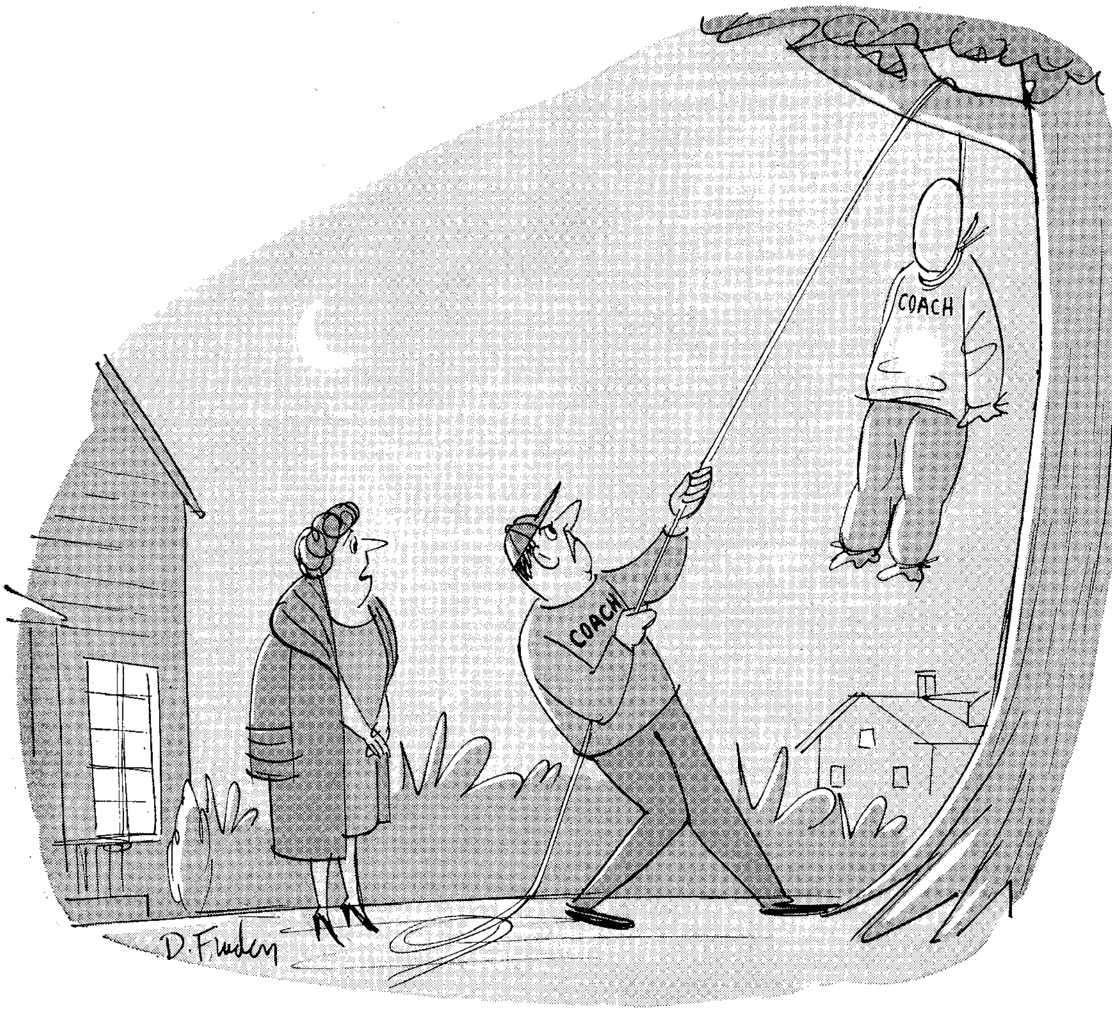
Soon after that, Jim met Ahmed, and every Sunday Ahmed came to talk. Jim wondered why he had been so hurt and confused by love. He discovered that it was easier to talk than read, and that men were better company than girls. After Jim met Ahmed, and after Veronica began selling magazine subscriptions, Jim and Veronica were happier. It was never as lovely as it had been at the beginning; that never came back. But Veronica had a handbag, strings of beads, a pink sweater, and a velvet ribbon for her hair. Perhaps that was all she wanted—a ribbon or so, the symbols of love that he should have provided. Now she gave them to herself. Sometimes she came home with a treasure; once it was a jar of caviar for him. It was a mistake—the kind of extravagance he abhorred.

"You shouldn't spend that way," he said. "Not on me."

"What does it matter? We're together, aren't we? As good as married?" she said sadly.

If they had been married, he would never have let her sell magazine subscriptions. They both knew it. She was not his wife but a girl in Paris. She was a girl, and although he would not have let her know it, almost his first. He was not attractive to women. His ugliness was unpleasant; it was the kind of ugliness that can make women sadistic. Veronica was the first girl pretty enough for Jim to want and desperate enough to have him. He had never met desperation at home, although he supposed it must exist. She was the homeless, desperate girl in Paris against whom he might secretly measure, one future day, a plain but confident wife.

"WHAT'S the good of saving money? If they come, they'll shoot me. If they don't shoot me, I shall wait for their old-age pensions. Appar-



"Why must you always be so hard on yourself, Chester?"

ently they have these gorgeous pensions." That was Veronica on the Russians. She said this now, putting the hot coffeepot down on a folded newspaper between the two men.

For Ahmed this was why women existed: to come occasionally with fresh coffee, to say pretty, harmless things. Bach sent spirals of music around the room, music that to the Tunisian still sounded like a coffee grinder. His idea of Paris was nearly just this—couples in winter rooms; coffee and coffee-grinder music on Sunday afternoon. Records half out of their colored jackets lay on the floor where Veronica had scattered them. She treated them as if they were toys, and he saw that she loved her toys best dented and scratched. "Come next Sunday," Jim said to Ahmed every week. Nearly every childless marriage has a bachelor friend. Veronica and Jim lived as though they were married, and Ahmed was the Sunday friend. Ahmed and Jim had met at the Bibliothèque Nationale. They talked every Sunday that winter. Ahmed lay back in the iron-and-canvas garden chair, and Jim was straight as a judge in a hard Empire armchair, the seat of which was covered with plastic cloth. The flat had always been let to foreigners, and traces of other couples and their passage remained—the canvas chair from Switzerland, the American pink bathmat in the ridiculous bathroom, the railway posters of skiing in the Alps.

Ahmed liked talking to Jim, but he was uneasy with liberals. He liked the way Jim carefully said "*Ak*med," having learned that was how it was pronounced; and he was almost touched by his questions. What did "Ben" mean? Was it the same as the Scottish "Mac"? However, Jim's liberalism brought Ahmed close to his mortal enemies; there were Jews, for instance, who wrote the kindest books possible about North Africa and the Algerian affair. Here was a novel by one of them. On the back of the jacket was the photograph of the author, a pipe-smoking earnest young intellectual—lighting his pipe, looking into the camera over the flame. "Well, yes, but still a Jew," said Ahmed frankly, and he saw the change in Jim—the face pink with embarrassment, the kind mouth opened to protest, to defend.

"I don't feel that way, I'm sorry." Jim brought out the useful answer. In his dismay he turned the book over and hid the author's face. He was sparing Ahmed now at the expense of the unknown writer; but the writer was only a photograph, and he looked an imbecile with that pipe.

Ahmed's attitudes were *not* acquired, like Jim's. They were as much part of him as his ears. He expected intellectual posturing from men but detested clever women. He judged women by merciless, frivolous, secret rules. First, a girl must never be plain.

Veronica was not an intellectual, nor was she plain. She moved like a young snake; like a swan. She put a new pot of coffee down upon the table. She started the same record again, the same coffee-grinder sound. She stretched her arms, sighing, in a bored, frantic gesture. He saw the rents in the dressing gown when she lifted her arms. He could have given her more than Jim; she was not even close to the things she wanted.

Jim knew Ahmed was looking at Veronica. He wondered if he would mind if Ahmed fell in love with her. She was not Jim's; she was free. He had told her so again and again, but it made her cry, and he stopped saying it. He had imagined her free and proud, but when he said "You're free" she just cried. Would the fact that Ahmed was his friend, and a North African, mean a betrayal? It was a useless exercise, as pointless as pacing a room, but it was the kind of problem he exercised his brain with. He thought back and forth for a minute: How would I feel? Hurt? Shocked?

In less than the minute it was played out. Ahmed looked at Veronica and thought she was not worth a quarrel with his friend. "*Pas pour une femme,*" Sartre had said. Jim was too active in his private debate to notice Ahmed's interest withdrawn. Ahmed's look and its meaning were felt only by the girl.

She turned to the window, with her back to the room. Suffering miserably, humiliated, she pressed her hands on the glass. The men had forgotten her. They laughed, as if Ahmed's near betrayal had made them closer friends. Jim poured his friend's coffee and pushed the sugar toward him. She saw the movement in the black glass.

She knew that Jim's being an American and Ahmed a North African made their friendship unusual, but that was apart. She didn't care about politics and color. They had nothing to do with her life. No, the difficulty for Veronica was always the same: when a man was alone he wanted her, but when there were two men she was in the way. The admiration of men, when she was the center of attention, could not make up for their indifference when they had something to say to each other. She resented the indifference more than any amount of notice taken of another woman. She could have made pudding of a rival girl.

"The little things are so awful," said Jim. "Look, I was on the ninety-five bus. The bus stopped because they were changing drivers. There were two Algerians, and without even turning around to see why the bus stopped where it shouldn't, they pulled out their identity papers to show the police. It's automatic. Something unusual—the police."

"It is nearly finished," said Ahmed.

"Do you think so? That part?"

In one of the Sunday papers there was a new way of doing horoscopes. It was complicated and you needed a mathematician's brain, but anything was better than standing before the window with nothing to see. She found a pencil and sat down on the floor. I was born in '43 and Jim in '36. We're both the same month. That makes ten points in common. No, the ten points count against you.

"Ahmed, when were you born?"

"I am a Lion, a Leo, of the year 1939," Ahmed said.

"It'll take a minute to work out."

Presently she straightened up with the paper in her hand and said, "I can't work it out. Ahmed, you're going to travel. Princess Margaret's a Leo and she's going to travel. It must be the same thing."

That made them laugh, and they looked at her. When they looked, she felt brave again. She stood over them, as if she were one of them. "I can't tell if I'm going to have twins or have rheumatism," she said. "I'm given both. Actually, I think *I'll* travel. I've got to think of my future, as Jim says. I don't think Paris is the right place. Summer might be the time to move on. Somewhere like the Riviera."

"What would you do there?" said Ahmed.

"Sell magazine subscriptions," she said, smiling. "Do you know I used to sell the *Herald Tribune*? I really and truly did. I wore one of those ghastly sweaters they make you wear. If I sold something like a hundred and ninety-nine, I could pay for my hotel room. That was before I met Jim. I had to keep walking with the papers because of the law. If you stand still on a street with a pile of newspapers in your arms, you're what's called a kiosk, and you need a special permit. Now I sell magazine subscriptions and I can walk or stand still, just as I choose."

"I've never seen you," said Ahmed.

"She makes a fortune," said Jim. "No one refuses. It's her face."

"I'm not around where you are," said Veronica to Ahmed. "I'm around the Madeleine, where the tourists go."

"I'll come and see you there," said Ahmed. "I'd like to see you selling magazine subscriptions to tourists around the Madeleine."

"I earn enough for my clothes," said Veronica. "Jim needn't dress me."

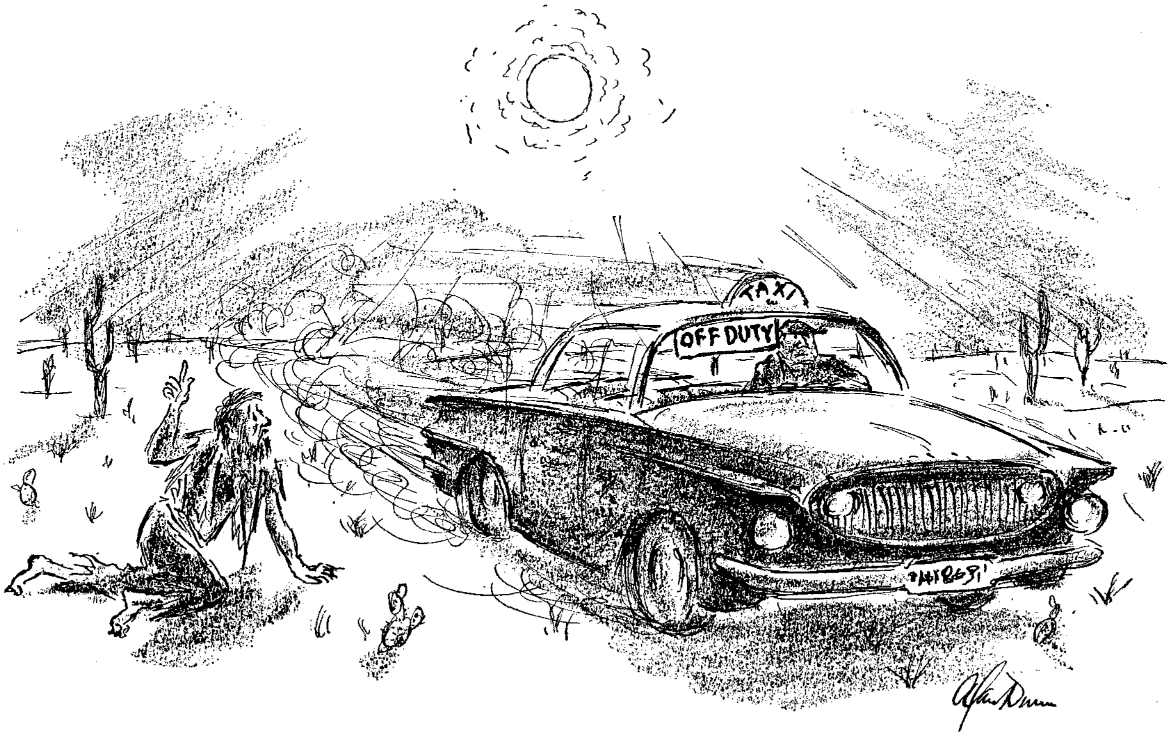
She could not keep off her private grievances. As soon as his friend was attacked, Ahmed turned away. He looked at the books on the shelf over the table where Jim did his thinking and reading. Jim was mute with unhappiness. He tried to remember the beginning. Had either of them said a word about clothes?

She could go on standing there, holding the newspaper and the futures she had been unable to work out. There must be something she could do. In the kitchen, the washing up? The bedroom? She could dress. In the silence she had caused, she thought of questions she might ask: "Ahmed, are you the same as those Algerians in the café?" "Am I any better than that girl?"

They began to talk when Veronica was in the bedroom. Their voices were different. They were glad she was away. She knew it. Veronica thought she heard her name. They wanted her to be someone else. They didn't deserve her as she was. They wanted Brigitte Bardot and Joan of Arc. They want everything, she said to herself. In the bedroom there was nothing but a double bed and pictures of ballet dancers someone had left tacked to the walls.

She returned to them, dressed in a gray skirt and sweater and high-heeled black shoes. She had put her hair up in a neat plait, and her fringe was brushed out so that it nearly touched her eyelashes.

Jim was in the kitchen. He had closed the door. She heard him pulling the



ladder about. He kept books and papers on the top shelf of the kitchen cupboard. She sat down in his chair, primly, and folded her hands.

"You are well dressed these days," said Ahmed, as if their conversation had never stopped.

"I'm not what you think," she said. "You know that. I said 'around the Madeleine' for a joke. I sometimes take things. That's all."

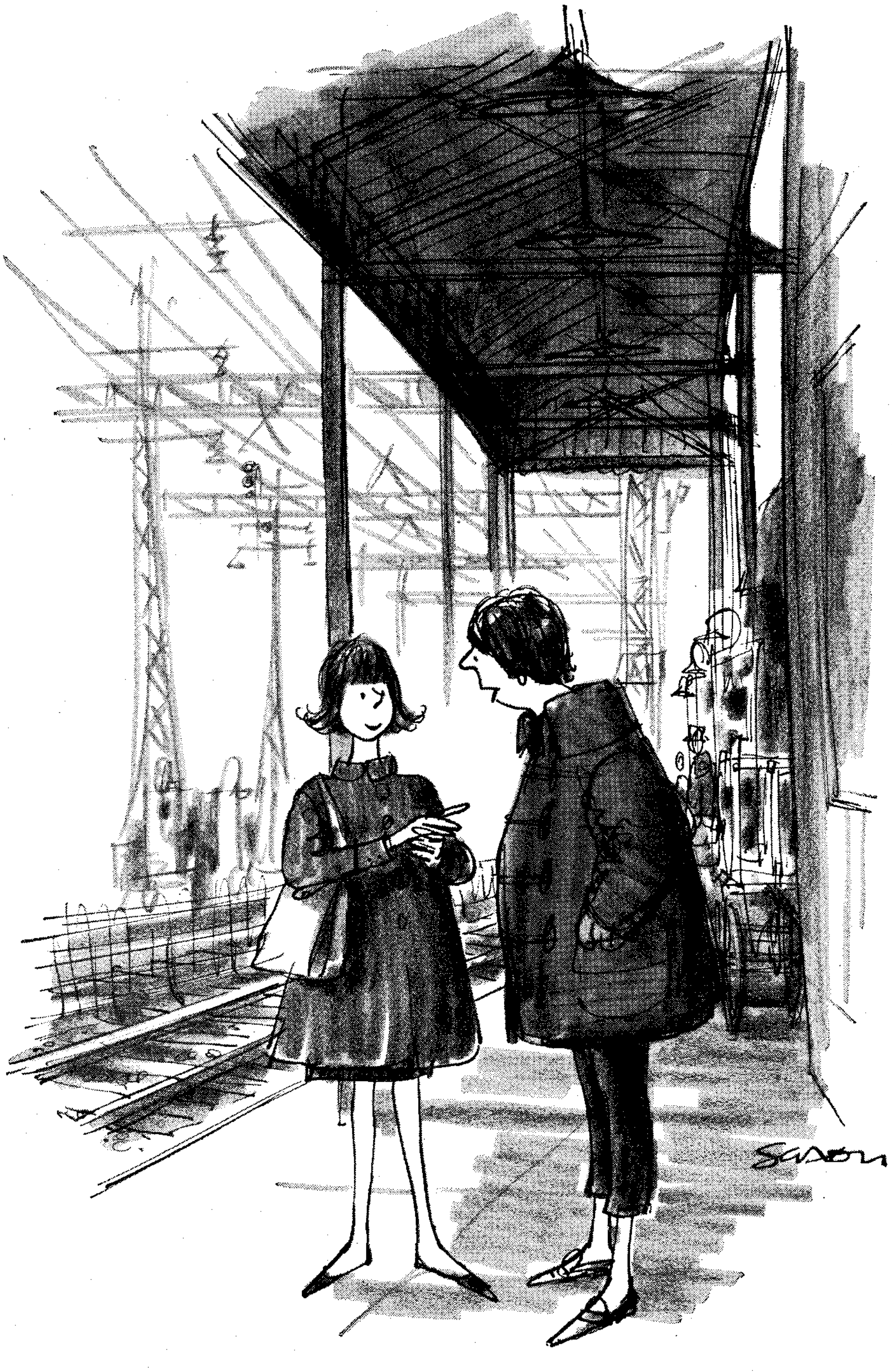
"What things? Money?" He looked at her without moving. His long womanish hands were often idle.

"Where would I ever see money? Not *here*. *He* doesn't leave it around. Nobody does, for that matter. I take little things, in the shops. Clothes, and little things. Once a jar of caviar for Jim, but he didn't want it."

"You'll get into trouble," Ahmed said.

"It's all here, all safe," said Jim, coming back, smiling. "I'm like an old maid, you know, and I hate keeping money in the house, especially an amount like this."

He put the paper package on the table. It was the size of a pound of coffee. They looked at it and she understood. She was older than she had ever been, even picking Jim up in a café. There it is: money. It makes no difference to them. It is life and death for me.



"Let me see if you remember now. Tell me the directions to get from Grand Central to Lord & Taylor."

"What is it, Jim?" she said carefully, pressing her hands together. "What is it for? Is it for politics?" She remembered the two men in the café and the girl with the thick innocent throat. "Is it about politics? Is it for the Algerians? Was it in the kitchen a long time?" Slowly, carefully, she said, "What wouldn't you do for other people! Jim never spends anything. He needs a reason, and I'm not a reason. Ahmed, is it yours?"

"It isn't mine," said Ahmed.

"Why didn't you tell me it was here, Jim? Don't you trust me?"

"You can see we trust you," said Jim. "We're telling you now."

"You didn't tell me you had it here because you thought I'd spend it," she said. She looked at the paper as if it were a stuffed object—a dead animal.

"I never thought of it as money," said Jim. "That's the truth."

"It's anything except the truth," she said, her hands tight. "But it doesn't matter. There's never a moment money isn't money. You'd like me to say 'It isn't money,' but I won't. If I'd known, I'd have spent it. Wouldn't I just! Oh, wouldn't I!"

"It wasn't money," said Jim, as if it had stopped existing. "It was something I was keeping for other people." Collected for a reason, a cause. And hidden.

None of them touched it. Ahmed looked sleepy. This was a married scene in a winter room; the bachelor friend is exposed to this from time to time. He must never take sides.

"You both think you're so clever," said the girl. "You haven't even enough sense to draw the curtains." While they were still listening, she said, "It's not my fault if you don't like me. Both of you. I can't help it if you wish I was something else. Why don't you take better care of me?"

—Mavis Gallant

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UP LIFE'S SOCIAL LADDER WITH EYES WIDE OPEN

[*From a letter received by a man in Washington*]

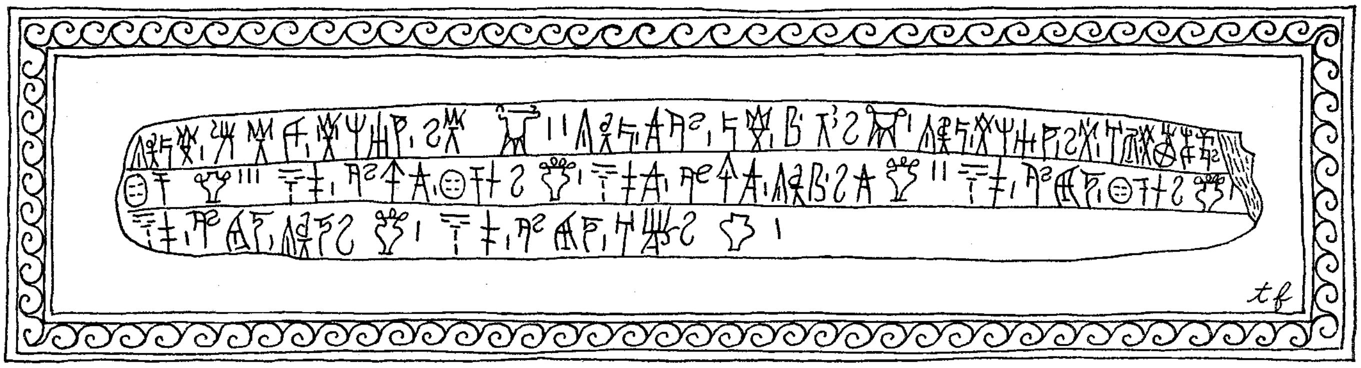
Dear Mr. B——:

Your family has been proposed for possible registration in the next issue of the Social Gentry Register....

The Board of Managers of the Social Gentry Register recognizes that registered social prominence and continuity of social prominence are collectively a dignified way of life and a respected privilege which enhances certain basic principles of morality, integrity, intellect, breeding and responsibilities to their community and nation. The Social Gentry Register by its existence establishes not only recognized registered social prominence, but rigid standards for such prominence.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

A PYLOS BEFORE A PYLOS



IN Greece the past is omnipresent, and in all its epochs. Standing on the hill of Epano Englianos, near the tip of the westernmost finger of the Peloponnesus, you look down over slopes gray-green with olive groves to the blue waters of the Bay of Navarino. In 1827, the destruction of the Turkish fleet in Navarino Bay decided the hard fight for the independence of modern Greece. Beyond lies rocky Sphacteria. On this barren islet, in the seventh year of the Peloponnesian War, the Athenians forced the dreaded heavy infantry of Sparta to lay down its arms for the first time in men's memories. Thucydides tells us that this surrender of Spartan hoplites, who were trained to fight to victory or death, "surprised the Hellenes more than anything else that happened" in the first great war between Western nations. Yet these places, with their historic stories, are less ghost-haunted, less redolent of the long, various past, than the dusty little hill of Epano Englianos itself. Until just the other day, as time is measured in Greece, the hill was known only as far as the next village, and then only for the excellence of the olives from the trees that clothed its summit. But here the dean of American archeologists, Professor Carl W. Blegen, has now uncovered the remains of a splendid, frescoed palace of the Greek Bronze Age. Here, if Blegen is correct, was the capital of Homer's "sandy Pylos." Here old Nestor, King of Pylos and the Polonius of the Iliad, mustered his ninety ships to go to Troy—the largest contingent in the Iliad ship list except for the hundred ships of the war leader of the Greeks, King Agamemnon of Mycenae, "rich in gold." And here, only a couple of generations after Troy had fallen, sudden disaster struck. The palace of Nestor was burned to the ground, and oblivion descended on the hilltop, to endure for just a little more than three thousand years.

I went to Epano Englianos not long ago with Professor Blegen to see the remains of the palace. It seemed to rise before my eyes, and become peopled again, and resume the bustle of a powerful seat of government as he quietly explained the meaning of what he had found. His discovery of the ruined foundations, where he and I poked happily about, was, in fact, only the first of a linked sequence of discoveries. Among the ruins, so to say, was also found the Pylos of more than three thousand years ago, and with such completeness that Professor Blegen talked about Nestor's capital as I might talk about Washington, D.C. And this resurrected Pylos of King Nestor, in turn, revealed the truth about the first great phase of Greek civilization—and hence, of course, about the earliest high period of our own Western civilization. The truth that was thus revealed, it must be added, had its mildly ironic aspect, for Pylos mainly proved that Greek civilization had always been Greek. But since a considerable majority of scholars and historians had believed the precise opposite for more than a century, the proofs that were found by Professor Blegen came as something of a shock.

The irreverent pleasure of seeing the experts confounded is one of the many reasons for being an archeological buff, which I am. In the rather short time since the landscape of the remote past began to be uncovered by the field archeologists' spades, the experts have been confounded with remarkable regularity. The reason is always the same. Modern historians, who pride themselves on being scientific, have all the scientist's suspicion of the traditional and the unproved, and this is often a mistake. Thus, no one doubted the existence, long held by tradition, of China's Shang dynasty, during which Chinese society first took recognizable form, until science-minded Western historians sternly dismissed the Shang rulers as mere creatures of legend. Whereupon the last Shang capital was unearthed at Anyang, on the Yellow River, and the very names that had been preserved in the traditional king lists were found inscribed on oracle bones by the Shang kings' own official scapulimancers. In the same fashion, no one questioned the Rig-Veda's description of the Aryan conquest of India, when Nehru's Indo-European forebears poured down through the Himalayan passes to sack the walled cities of "the black men," until science-minded Western historians condemned the whole account as mere mythical moonshine. Whereupon the wholly unknown pre-Aryan civilization of the Indus River Valley was unearthed at Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa, and these great cities of the forgotten past were found to have perished in just the way the Vedic bards described. In these two cases, the truth was reëstablished by a single swift stroke of discovery. The drama that culminated at Pylos was comparable, but it was also vastly richer both in triumphs and in ironies, and it took more than eighty years to unfold. Since the climactic Pylos chapter is hardly understandable without some understanding of the story's earlier chapters, I shall try to summarize them briefly, hurrying as best I can over the more familiar ground.

The opening chapter's leading actor—the old German Heinrich Schliemann—chose Homer as his private hero in the eighteen-thirties, when he was still a boy in a poor Mecklenburg parsonage. Even as a boy, Schliemann was indignant because, as the late Professor A. J. B. Wace once wrote, "practically no one believed that the world of Homer had any real basis in fact." After accumulating a large fortune as a merchant in Russia, Schliemann set out to justify Homer with the spade. He began to dig at Troy in 1870, and he subsequently excavated Mycenae, Tiryns, and Orchomenus. The gold-and-electrum "treasure of Priam" that he found at Troy made a worldwide sensation, considerably surpassing the later excitement about the tomb of Tutankhamen. The treasure he found at Mycenae was the greatest single hoard of gold, silver, bronze, ivory, and other precious things that was ever discovered anywhere before Tutankhamen's tomb was opened, and the hoard included a golden death mask that Schliemann promptly christened "the mask of Agamemnon."

Poor Schliemann! He had enormous luck, he won enormous fame, and he believed—for a while—that he had fully justified Homer by bringing to light the last mementos of the two most powerful kings of the Iliad. Yet he was wrong about his Priam, although he never knew it, for his gold-and-electrum cups and vases came from the second city buried in the Troy mound, and the second Troy was more than a thousand years older than the seventh city, which King Priam ruled and the Greeks besieged. As for Schliemann's Agamemnon, the wearer of the golden death mask was not the Greeks' war leader against Troy, but he at least belonged to the same line of kings. Although the tall diadems and heavy collars and gold-and-silver-inlaid daggers and other objects in the Mycenae treasure-trove were splendid in themselves, Schliemann's greatest discovery there was not this splendid treasure; it was, rather, the previously unimagined Mycenaean civilization that had produced the treasure, and this discovery Schliemann was later bullied into repudiating. The revelation that this high civilization had flourished in Greece in the Bronze Age, during the second millennium B.C., came as a nasty shock to the leading nineteenth-century Greek scholars, for they had been teaching that the Greeks began to emerge from barbarism only during the Iron Age, sometime after the beginning of the first millennium. The experts ganged up on Schliemann—there is no other way to put it. In the end, Schliemann, who was self-taught and held scholarship in awe, was hectored into agreeing that the fortress of Mycenae, now proved to be "rich in gold," just as Homer said, was nothing more nor less than a trading post planted on a savage shore by the wealthy Phoenicians. The Phoenicians were chosen, of course, because the classical Greek alphabet was borrowed from them. By this transfer of the credit for the first flowering of Greece to the merchants of Tyre and Sidon, the new-found Mycenaean civilization was, in effect, quietly caused to disappear again. It was a fine feat of scholarly legerdemain, while it lasted.

In the next round of this odd contest between rediscovered truth and man-made error, the lead was taken by an Englishman of large means, immense learning, and strong, if somewhat tyrannical, character. Sir Arthur Evans, to give him his later title, was one of the few scholars of the time who never heeded the nonsense about Phoenicians at Mycenae. But he was much troubled by Schliemann's failure to find any traces of writing, for he astutely reasoned that the Mycenaean rulers must have needed to keep records of some sort, if only for their tax rolls. Certain seals of Mediterranean origin inscribed with puzzling hieroglyphics caused Evans to follow the trail to Crete. In 1900, after surmounting many difficulties, he began to excavate the hill of Knossos. There he soon uncovered the huge palace of Minos—the Labyrinth of the story of Theseus. Besides wonderfully gay, life-celebrating frescoes, and remains of superb metalwork and stonework, and much magnificent pottery, and many other marvels, including the world's first flush toilet, Evans found at Knossos precisely what he had set out to find. There was writing in plenty—not only the very early, purely hieroglyphic form that Evans had first noted on those seals but also a different and later script, which Evans called Linear A, and a still later, again different, and very richly represented script, which he called Linear B.

This discovery of still another wholly unsuspected high civilization—enchanting, intensely creative, almost excessively literate, and long antedating the civilization found by Schliemann at Mycenae—earned Evans a unique position among Mediterranean archeologists. His word was law for almost everyone, from his first

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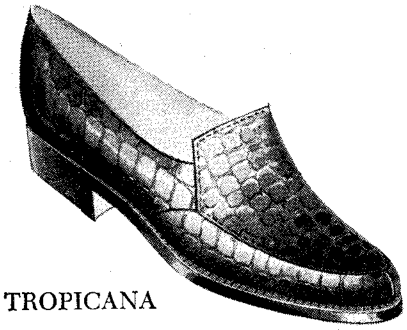

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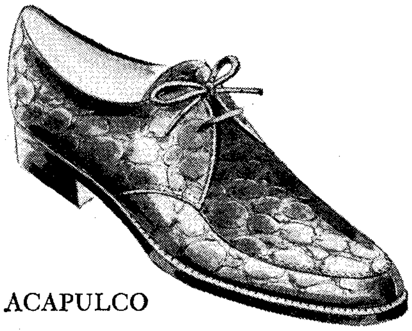

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excavation of the palace of Minos until long after his death, at the age of ninety, in 1941. It cannot be said, however, that Evans always used his awe-inspiring authority with complete wisdom. He was overly possessive about his discoveries, for one thing. The clay tablets bearing the Linear B script composed by far the largest archive found at Knossos, and most of these tablets were unearthed very early, in Evans' first years of digging. But as he uncovered more and more of the huge palace, he became more and more absorbed by the new wonders he was finding. As a result, although he quickly published his hieroglyphic and Linear A inscriptions, he never got around to publishing more than a handful of the Linear B tablets. Nor would he allow anyone else to publish them, and he became majestically angry when a Finnish scholar, Professor Johannes Sundwall, bootlegged copies of a beggarly thirty-eight of the many hundreds of tablets. For half a century, in fact, the learned world had to put up with the frustration of knowing that these epoch-making Linear B tablets existed and being altogether unable to get at the bulk of them. Then, too, besides hoarding his clay tablets, Evans rapidly succumbed to what can only be called Minoan imperialism. The origin of the Minoans, as he chose to name the founders of Knossos, after their legendary King Minos, remains in darkness to this day. Evans was only sure that they had not been Greeks. He further believed that men of this mysterious Minoan race had never ceased to rule at Knossos until a terrible and final catastrophe overtook the palace of Minos, around 1400 B.C. Thinking that Knossos had always been Minoan, and seeing his superb palace as the very navel of the early Mediterranean world, Evans took to downgrading the Greeks. He began calling the civilization that Schliemann had found at Mycenae "Minoan" rather than "Mycenaean." It was, Evans said, no more than "the mainland branch of the Minoan culture." Until the destruction of the palace of Minos, he further maintained, Mycenae, Tiryns, and the other contemporary fortress-palaces in Greece had been under the dominion of Knossos, and their Greek populations had been a subject race, ruled by Minoans. It was the old Phoenician-trading-post theory with a new Minoan-imperial twist. In fact, there is some substance to a highly controversial attack on Evans that has just been published by Leonard R. Palmer, professor of comparative philology at Oxford. At Knossos, says

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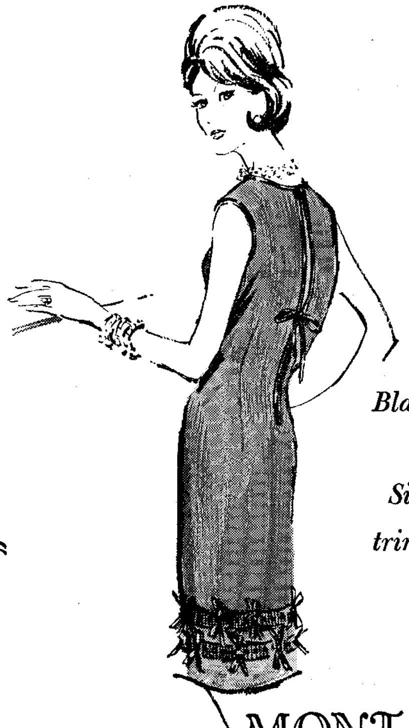

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Palmer, "the spirit of the place entered into Evans; he seemed to put on the mask of the priest-king and seat himself on the gypsum throne."

In Evans' lifetime, however, those who hinted that there might be a mistake somewhere got the shortest possible shrift. In particular, the full force of Evans' wrath was felt by a younger English archeologist, the Professor Wace already quoted. In 1920, Wace had resumed the excavation of Mycenae, with results almost as fruitful as Schliemann's, and his finds there had made him just as pro-Greek as Evans was pro-Minoan. Wace admitted, as was only reasonable, that the earliest Greek beginnings had been much enriched by influences from Crete. But he maintained that the Greek genius predominated in the greatest period of Mycenaean civilization; he insisted that Mycenae had always been wholly independent of Knossos; and he even dared to suggest that mainland Greeks had conquered Knossos itself and had ruled there for a while. This, he said, had happened during the most glittering late period of Knossos—the period of the so-called Palace Style, of which Evans was especially proud. (The Wace theory, which included a subsequent rebellion of the native Cretans, will be familiar to readers of the first of Mary Renault's Theseus novels, "The King Must Die.") The impact of this theory on Sir Arthur Evans may be imagined. In retaliation, he used his immense influence to prevent Wace's reappointment as director of the British School at Athens, and thereby forced Wace to interrupt his digging at Mycenae, which had been sponsored by this great hive of classical studies.

This fairly brutal punishment for heresy might have aroused more indignation if the unfortunate Wace had not been so widely regarded as impudently heretical. In 1939, the prevailing opinion was voiced in J. D. S. Pendlebury's "Archaeology of Crete." "In its relations with mainland Greece and the islands, the influence of Crete [was] overwhelming," wrote Pendlebury of the period when Mycenaean civilization was reaching its first peak. It was, he said, "impossible to avoid the conclusion" that all the rest of the Aegean was "dominated politically" by Knossos, but he admitted that after the Minoan conquest, "as in India, the native princes [of Greece] must have been allowed to continue ruling as vassals." As for the "mainland influence on the Knossian Palace Style" that Wace had discerned, Pendlebury said, in a note,

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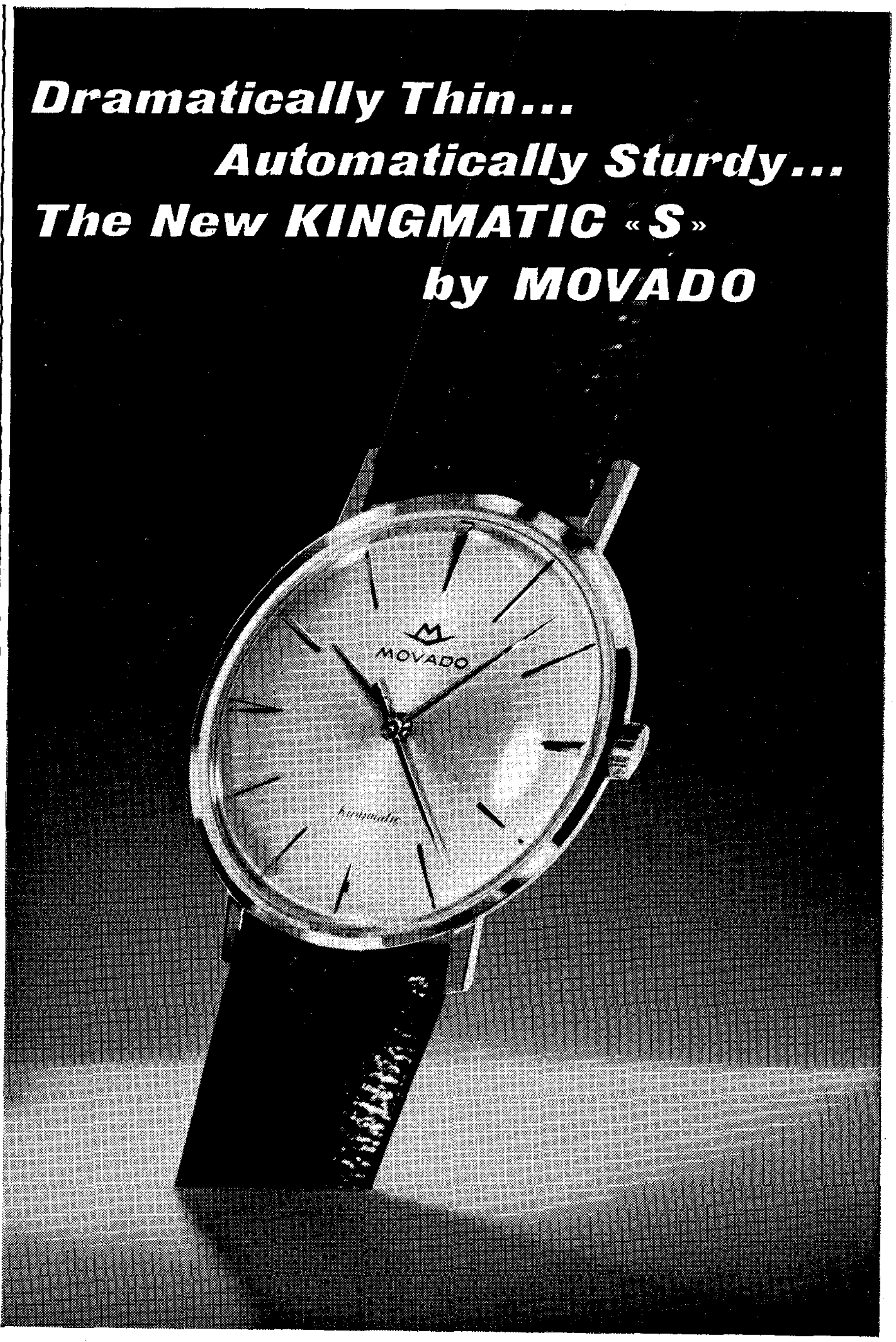
"I would regard [it] as resembling rather the Germanization of palace circles in England after Queen Victoria's marriage." Such, then, was the state of the problem at the moment of the crucial intervention of my companion and leader on the journey to Pylos, Professor Blegen. From the murk that existed before Schliemann, the archeologists' spades had brought into the light palaces and shrines and tombs; jewelry and goldwork and ivory carvings and vessels of bronze and silver and alabaster; a finished ceramic art and frescoes of a haunting loveliness; bronze weapons of every sort; three kinds of writing; and many other things besides. But the writing was still undeciphered. The language or languages concealed behind the signs still had to be identified. The key to the mystery remained to be supplied, and this was done by the American, Blegen.

BLEGEN today, at seventy-five, is a markedly gentle, quiet-spoken man, whose exquisite manners belong to an earlier American era. As a younger man, he must have been just as gently polite, for he always managed to stay on friendly terms with Sir Arthur Evans—no mean feat, since Evans knew that Blegen was one of the few who sympathized with the outcast Wace. Blegen began his classical studies with his father, who was a professor of Greek and Latin at a small Midwestern Lutheran college. He early acquired, and still retains, something of Schliemann's confidence in the historical reliability of Homer. He came out to Greece and began his career in field archeology as a very young man, before the First World War. The first major installment of his towering reputation came from a meticulously scientific reëxcavation of the much dug Troy mound, whose real history had been sadly confused by Schliemann's untrained spadework. In the late nineteen-thirties, being free again, he began prospecting for a new excavating site, and his search resulted in the rediscovery of Pylos, the second Greek city of the Homeric age, as indicated by the Iliad ship list.

Blegen's rediscovery of Pylos was different in character from Schliemann's excavation of Mycenae, for the great Lion Gate of Mycenae had never been lost to the sight of men. In the classical age, to be sure, the Greeks were already somewhat puzzled because the most powerful capital of Homeric Greece had declined to a small country town, able to contribute only seventy-four men to the host that beat the Persians at



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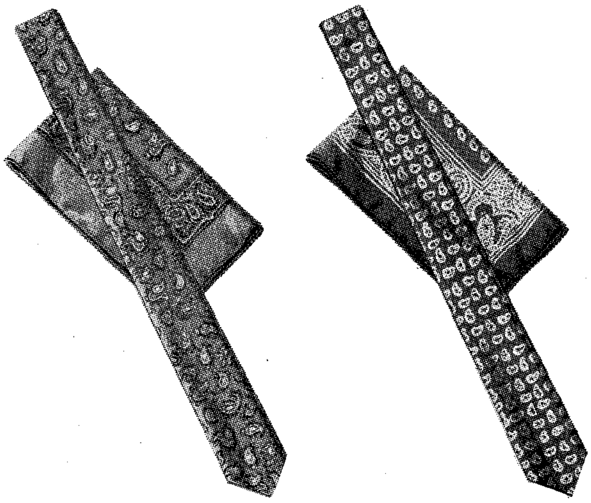

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Plataea. But even when the town had dwindled to a village, and even when the village had been abandoned and the citadel all but buried in the earth, the name Mycenae always clung to the place of the Lion Gate, high among the crags above the Argive plain. The location of Nestor's Pylos, in contrast, had been wholly forgotten even before the texts of the Homeric epics were standardized, by order of the Athenian tyrant Pisistratus, in the sixth century B.C. In classical times, there were existing places called Pylos—just as today there is a little port called Pylos on Navarino Bay—but it was held certain, both in classical times and when Professor Blegen's search began, that the true Pylos of King Nestor was somewhere else. Where it might have been was bitterly debated by the Alexandrian Homer experts—the *Homerikoteroi*—of the Hellenistic period. The bewildering character of the argument is suggested by a surviving Greek epigram with the first line "There is a Pylos before a Pylos, and there is another besides." In Athens, the Pylos mystery was so widely known that Aristophanes used it as a gag in one of his comedies, and the Greco-Roman geographer Strabo also wrestled with the problem at considerable length. Even today, scholars are still bandying quotations from old Nestor's cheerfully garrulous accounts of the glorious cattle raids of his youth, along with other bits and pieces of the Iliad and the Odyssey bearing on the location of Pylos, for a small minority of experts remains unconvinced that the palace found by Professor Blegen really belonged to Nestor.

"Let the future give the answer," Blegen replied tranquilly when I asked him about these doubters. "All I know is that I have found the capital of a rich kingdom, which is just about where Nestor's capital must have been. If someone else, later on, finds an even finer palace in the same general area, then I'll be ready to agree that I've misplaced Nestor's Pylos."

The general area that Professor Blegen here referred to is Messenia, in the western Peloponnesus, which is where Homer places the kingdom of Nestor. After the First World War, several tholos tombs—the beehive-shaped stone vaults in which Greek rulers of the Bronze Age were customarily buried—were spotted in Messenia. Where there had been royal burials, Blegen sensibly reasoned, there was bound to be a royal capital nearby. In 1938 and 1939, therefore, he spent some time spying out the most promising region on foot. It must have been rough work. The Mes-

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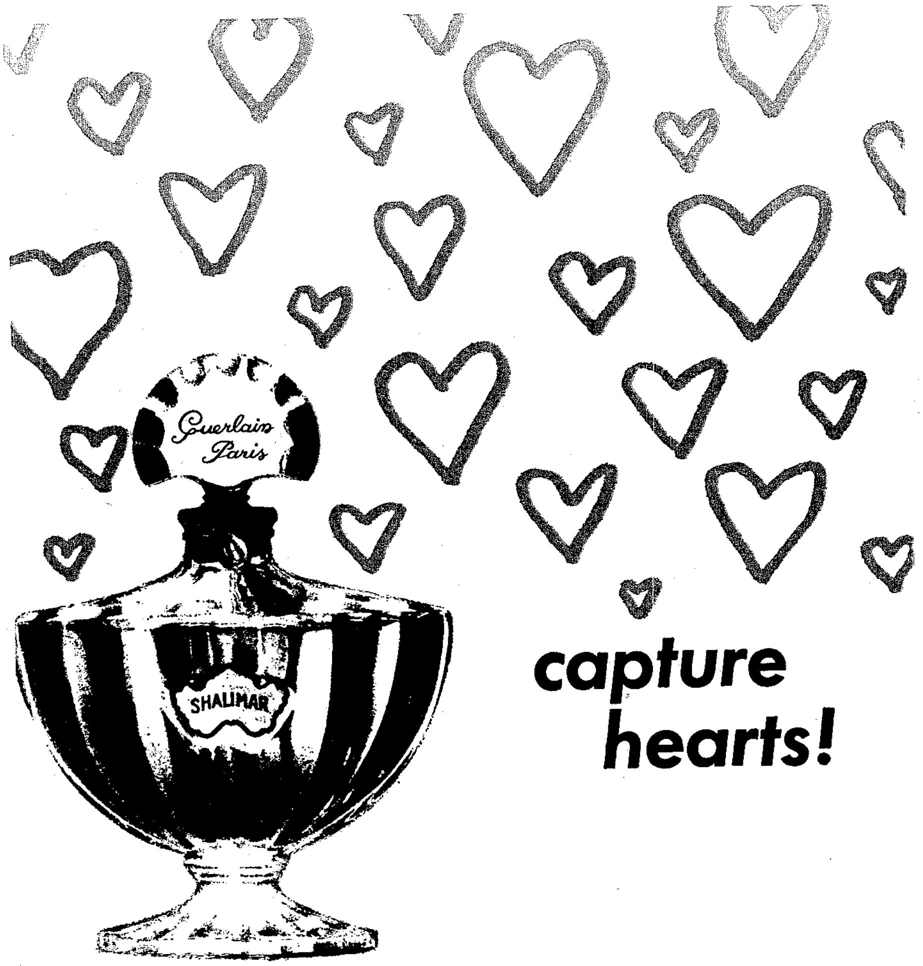
senian countryside, though it is gloriously fertile, smiling and green even in the dry summer season, is a rough tumble of steep-sided hills divided by deep gorges, and the hilltops were the places where Blegen had to look. In the olive grove on the summit of Epano Englianos, in the immediate neighborhood of indications of two tholos tombs, Blegen's attention was attracted by concretelike masses protruding from the ground. His expert eye identified these outcrops as ruins of Bronze Age walls whose bricks and stones had been fused together in a tremendous fire. The decision was made to dig at this site, which is just off the road running between modern Pylos and the big hill village of Chora. He and Mrs. Blegen, who is also an archeologist, organized an excavating team, and on April 4, 1939, they opened their trial trenches. The trenches were primarily laid out to avoid the olive trees, whose value was rising daily in the eyes of their owner. It was sheer luck, therefore, that the very first trench ran straight through the main archive room of a buried palace, almost immediately revealing a deposit of hundreds of clay tablets bearing the same Linear B script that Evans had found at Knossos.

"They were the first Linear B tablets ever found on the Greek mainland—and the first, too, since Evans' finds at Knossos, most of which were made nearly forty years earlier—so you can imagine how we felt," Professor Blegen told me, and his eyes shone at the memory. "It was the time of the spring rains. The ground was very damp, and the tablets were soggy and horribly delicate. W. A. MacDonald, who was with us that year, and I spent day after day on our hands and knees, getting out the tablets one by one. When we dried them on wire screens, they became almost as hard as pottery, but still each tablet had to be cleaned, inch by inch, with toothpicks. We didn't dare use acid then, as we do now. It was a chore, I can tell you—and we enjoyed every minute of it."

From the moment Professor Blegen saw the first tablets lying on the floor of that trench, he never doubted that he had at last located the much disputed capital of King Nestor. He staked out his claim that same year in his first report on the Pylos excavations. In this report, written in the cautious, old-fashioned prose he reserves for such purposes, Professor Blegen also hinted that an archeological-historical revolution was probably in the making. The discovery of the tablets at Pylos, he remarked rather primly, would "necessitate some revision



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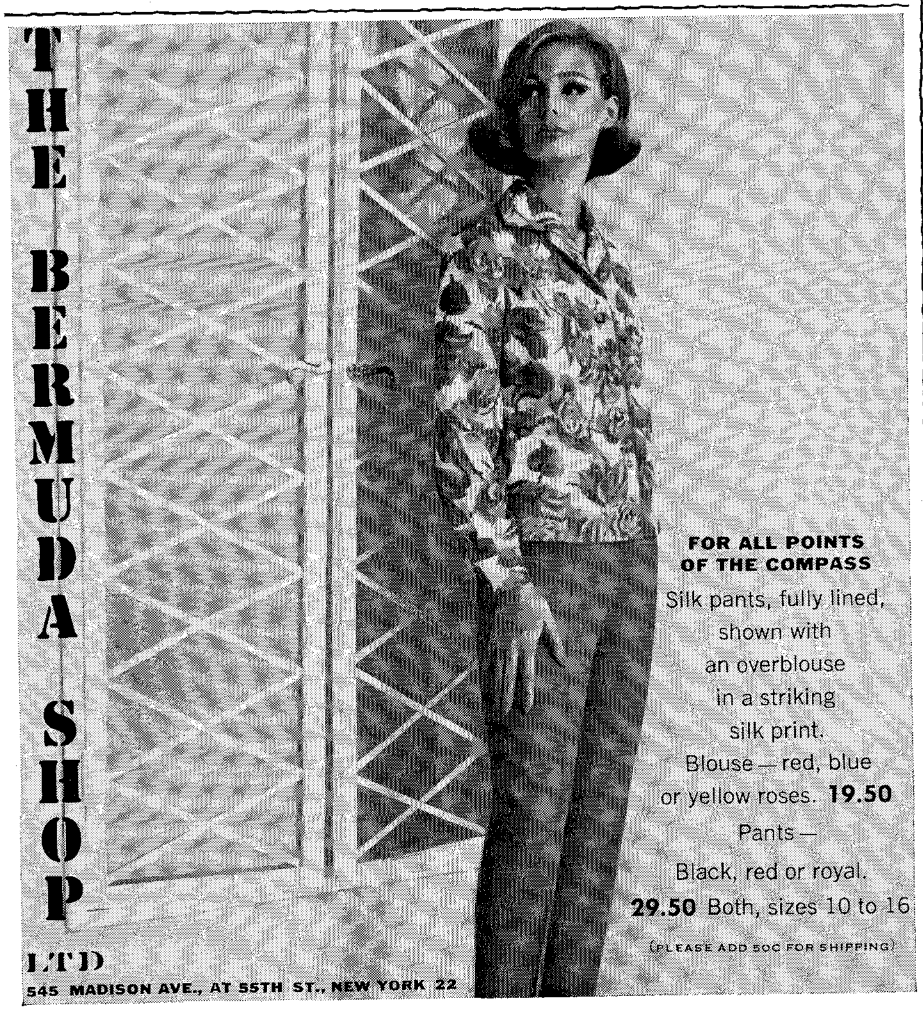

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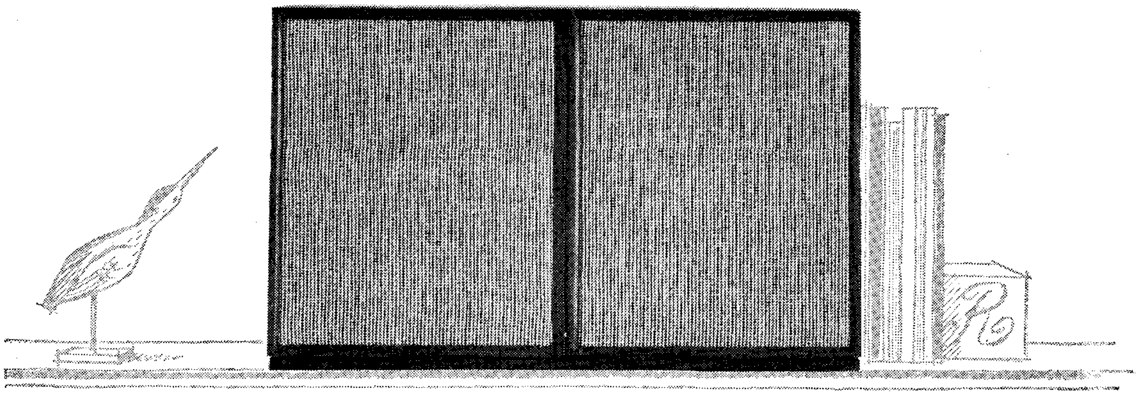

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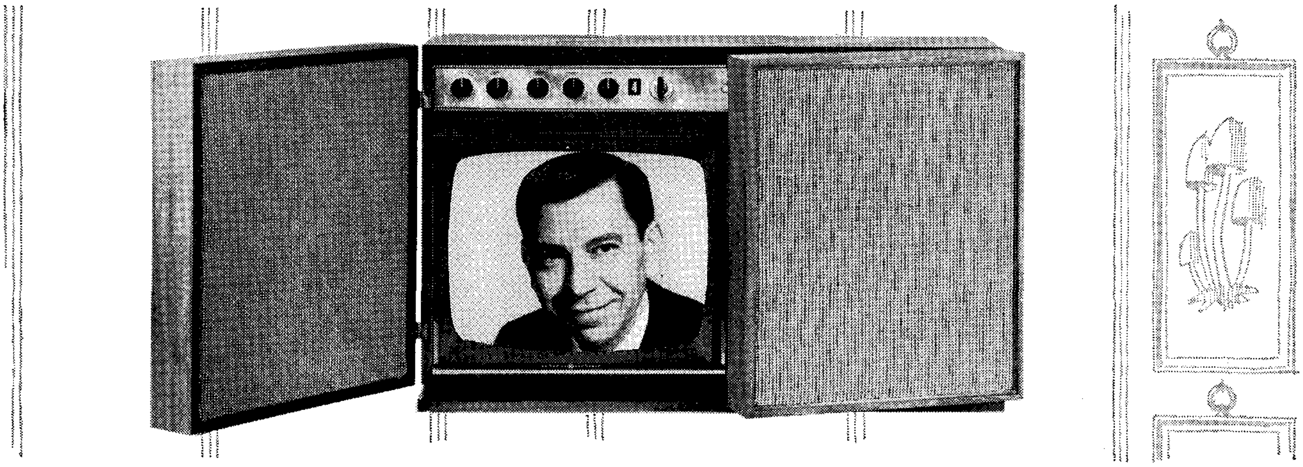

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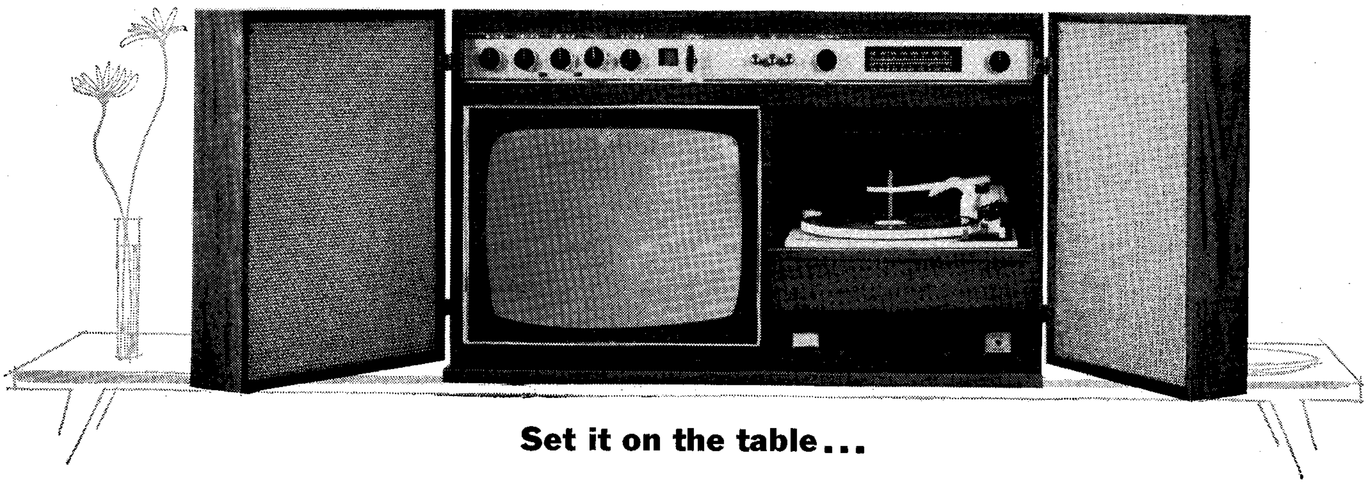

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of current theories [that is, the Evans theories] regarding the state of culture in the late Mycenaean world." To this he added a mild dig at a Scandinavian Evansite, Professor M. P. Nilsson, whose picture of the Mycenaean Greeks "as a body of illiterate adventurers who imposed their domination by a series of Viking raids" was "out of focus" with the "orderly methods of administration so illuminatingly revealed by the tablets from our palace archives."

Unlike Evans, Blegen decided to publish his tablets with the least possible delay; yet a considerable delay was unavoidable, because the work at Pylos was harshly interrupted by the Second World War. Throughout the war years, the first batch of tablets—six hundred of them—lay in the vaults of the Bank of Greece, and no work could be done on them except from photographs. When peace came, Blegen at once entrusted the tablets to a student of his, Professor Emmett L. Bennett, Jr., of the University of Wisconsin, who is now the leading authority on the subject. Bennett brought out his carefully prepared edition of "The Pylos Tablets" in 1951. Only twelve years, including seven empty war years, had thus elapsed from first discovery to final publication, whereas a full fifty years went by from the discovery of the main Knossos archive until Sir Arthur Evans' chosen successor, Sir John Myres, finally published his edition of the Knossos Linear B tablets, in 1952. Myres was then eighty-one, and because of his great age, his work was far from dependable, but it is more important to note that Bennett's work appeared a year earlier. For this quite simple reason, the tablets that Professor Blegen found at Pylos became the key that finally unlocked the mystery.

THE man who found out how to use the key, and thus performed the most elegant and unexpected feat of recent scholarship, was a young English architect, Michael Ventris. Although only a spare-time classicist, Ventris had an unparalleled gift for languages, a deep knowledge of the Mediterranean past, and a remarkably orderly, visually retentive, and penetrating mind. He first heard about the undeciphered scripts that had been used at Knossos when he attended a lecture for schoolboys given by Sir Arthur Evans. He was then only fourteen, but he immediately dedicated himself to deciphering these scripts—which had been one of the chief riddles of the learned world for more than three decades. At eighteen,

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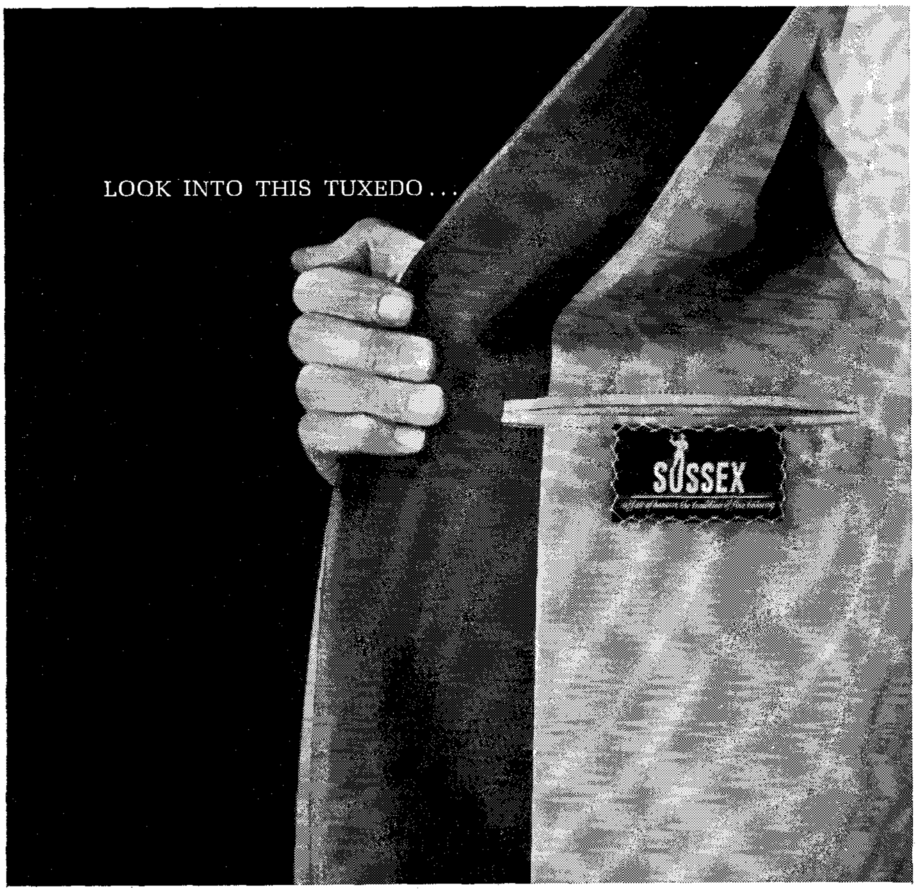

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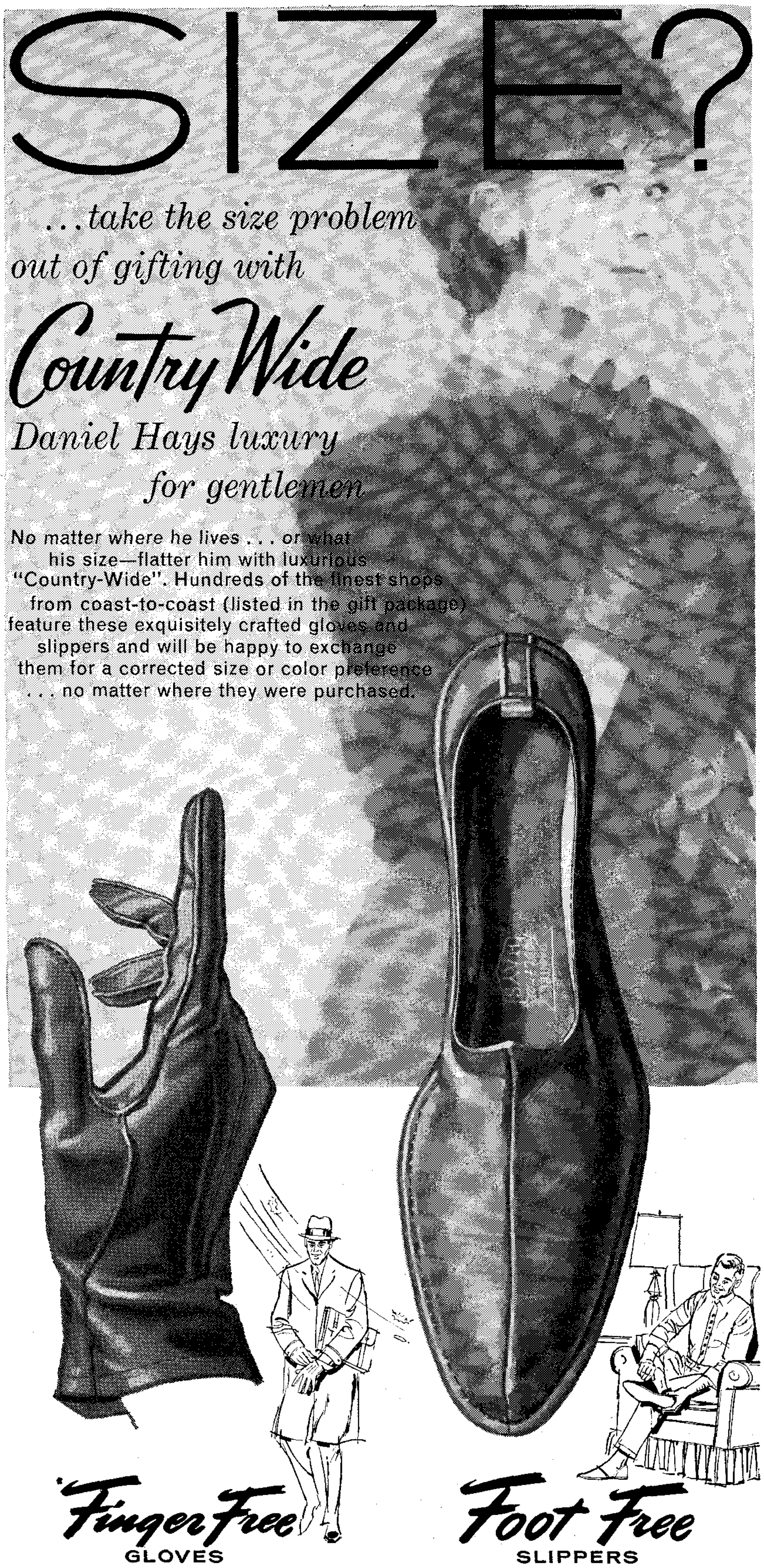

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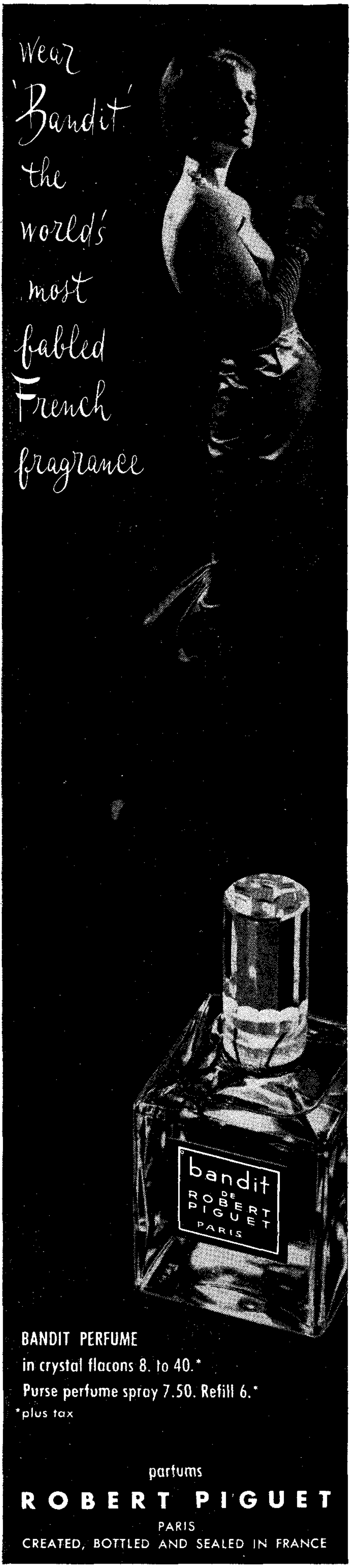

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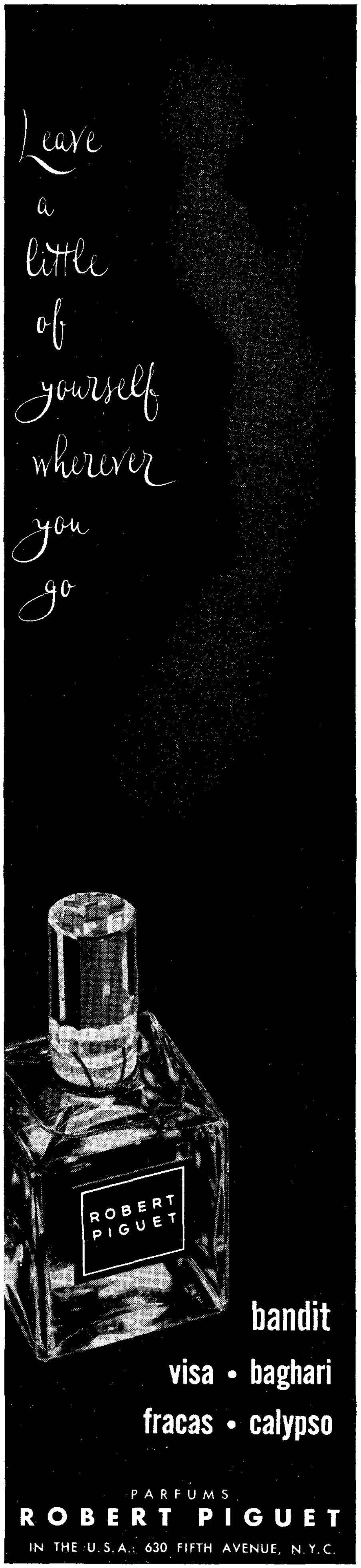
he had a paper on the subject accepted by the august *American Journal of Archaeology*, whose editors might well have been a bit shocked to learn the age of their erudite new contributor. During the war, Ventris served as a bomber-navigator, and after the war he was in active practice as an architect, with a family to take care of as well. Yet he succeeded in his self-imposed task in 1952, when he was barely thirty, and only one year after the publication of "The Pylos Tablets" had at last given him the mass of raw material he needed for a sure analysis. With this help from Pylos, Ventris proved that Evans' Linear B script was a system of syllabic signs that had been used to write an exceedingly archaic form of Greek.

More than one book has been written to explain how Ventris did it. Still another book would be required to describe the clues that Ventris followed, and also the small but significant earlier contributions made by Sir Arthur Evans, Professor Bennett, and other scholars (including the tablet-bootlegger, Professor Sundwall, who spotted the sign meaning "wine"), and the important aid that Ventris received from another young Englishman, the distinguished Greek philologist Dr. John Chadwick. In the last phase, Ventris and Chadwick worked as partners, jointly signing both the preliminary scholarly paper that announced the great discovery and the big, authoritative book, "Documents in Mycenaean Greek," which was published in 1956. Yet Ventris alone accomplished the initial decipherment, as Chadwick is the first to admit, and even today, when a whole dry-as-dust scholarly industry is carrying on where Ventris left off, it is hard not to feel that there was something magical in this young man's solitary feat. Certainly it seemed magical at the time, precisely because it was so totally unexpected. To begin with, no one could have been more surprised than Ventris himself, who had always ruled out a Greek solution until the contrary evidence provided by his "grids" and his other analytic apparatus became overwhelming. (His own candidate for Linear B had been Etruscan—a gloomy choice, since the Italian documents in Etruscan have long since been read but remain incomprehensible because the Etruscan language is still unknown.) As for the rest of the scholarly world, the prevailing viewpoint may be judged from the comments on Professor Blegen's Pylos tablets before Ventris had deciphered them. One authority suggested that the rude Greek King of Pylos must have hired Minoan



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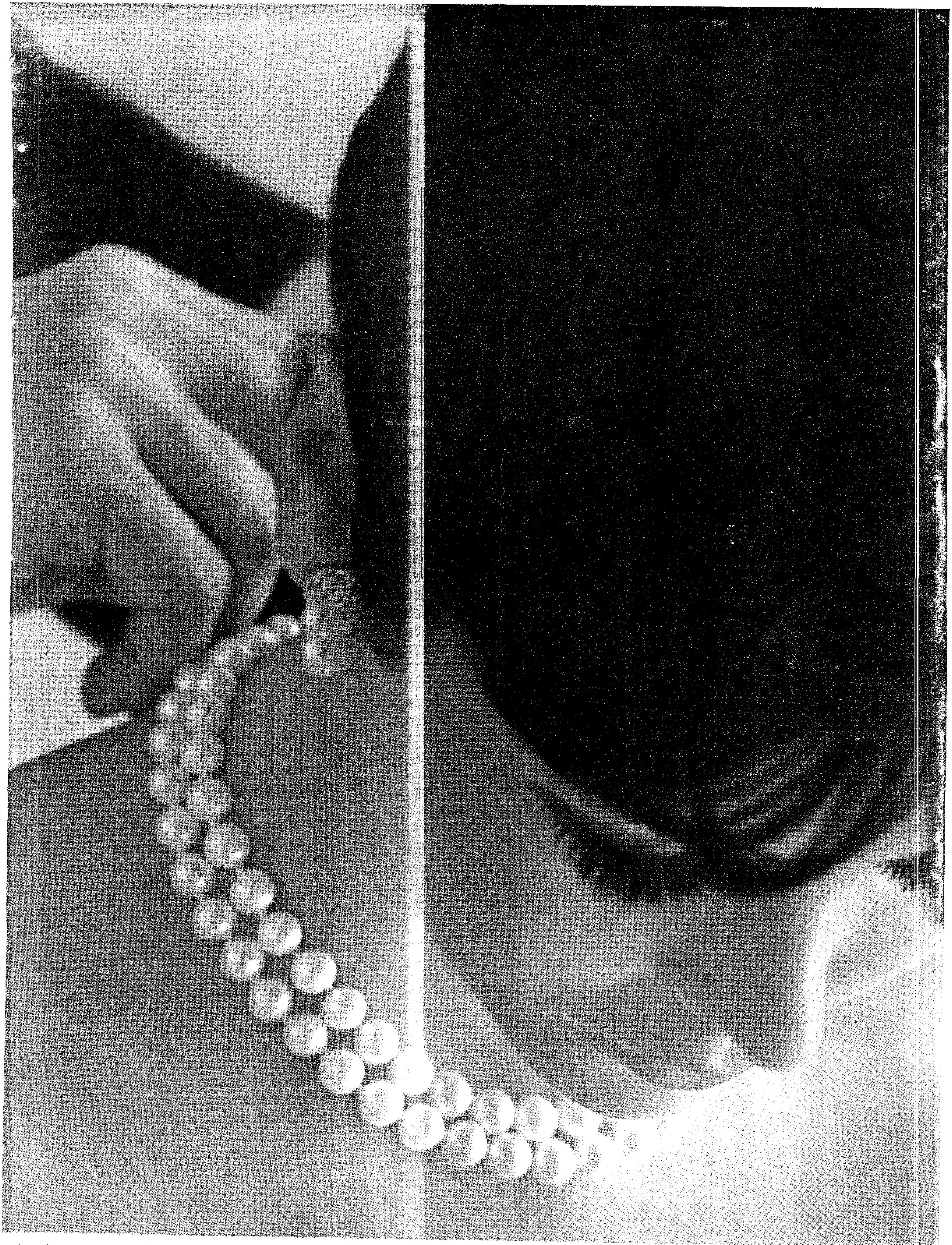

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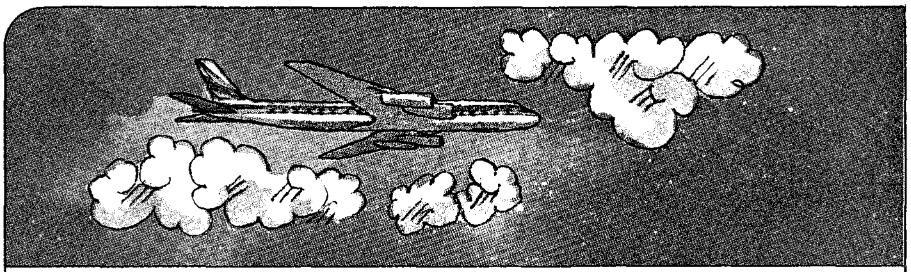

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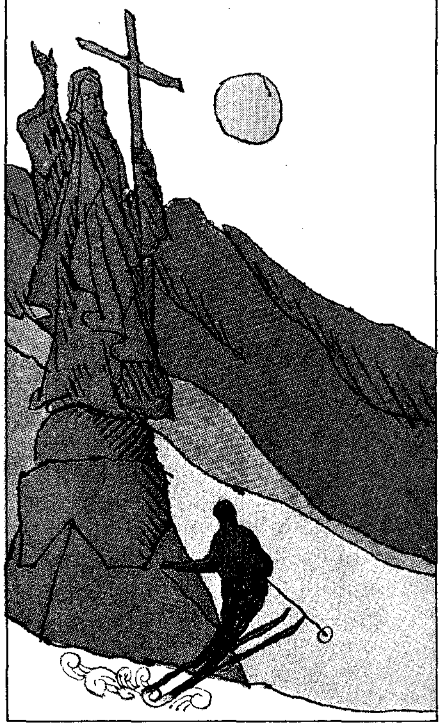

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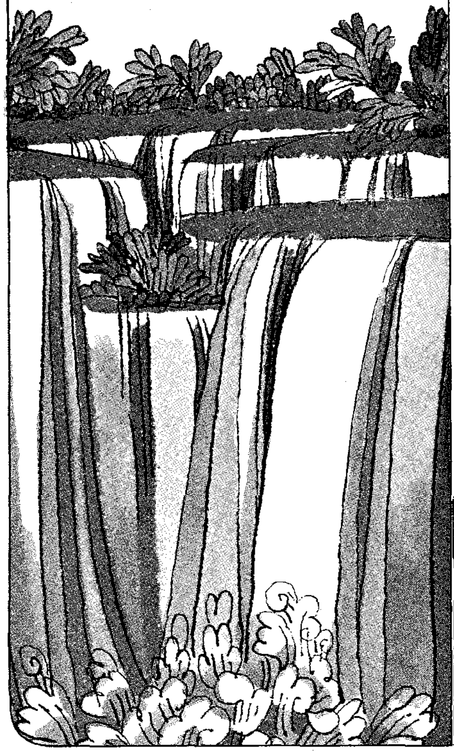

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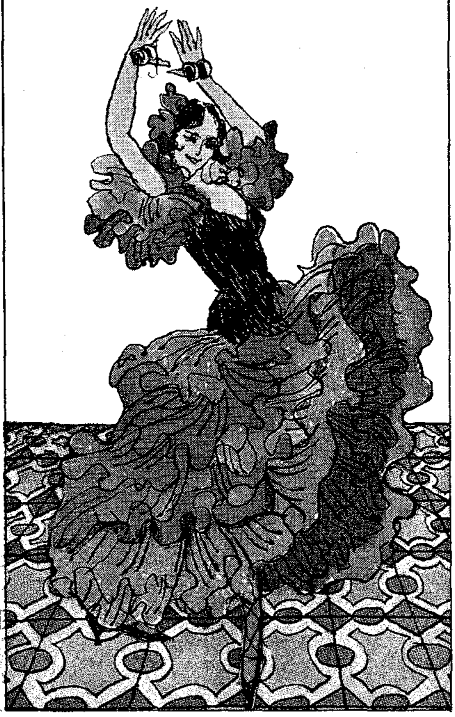

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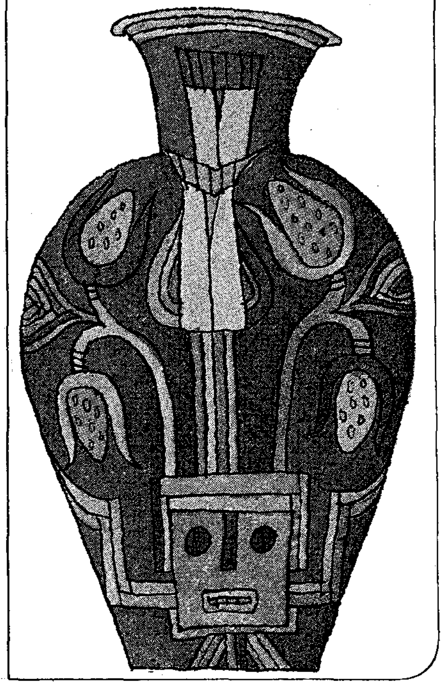
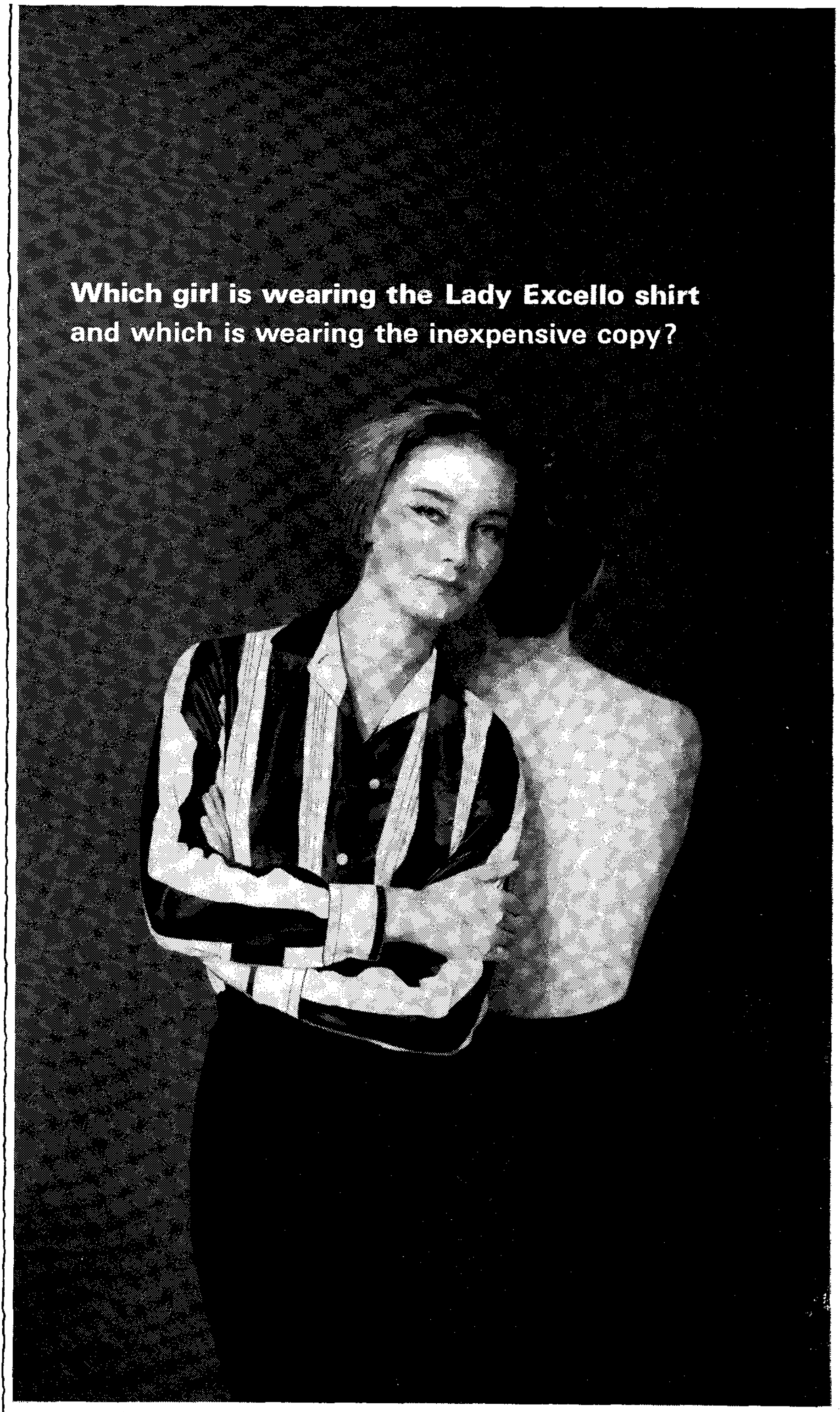


scribes to handle his correspondence and accounts. Mere loot from a wild Greek pirate raid on the civilized shores of Crete was the verdict of another leading scholar, who did not trouble to explain why any pirate in his senses would have pocketed these dingy clay tablets adorned only with lines of hen scratches. Before Ventris, in fact, all but a tiny minority saw the Mediterranean past exclusively in terms of the contrast between civilized Minoan and savage Greek that stemmed from Sir Arthur Evans' Minoan imperialism. Such was the picture that Ventris all but turned upside down.

Ventris's feat did not, of course, diminish the great achievement of the discoverer of Knossos. The earlier hieroglyphic and Linear A scripts that Evans found at Knossos remain undeciphered to this day, but it seems as certain as anything can be that they are not Greek. Hence, just as Evans said, the race that founded Knossos and ruled there for many centuries was not a Greek race. Furthermore, these still mysterious Minoans had already attained a high civilization before the emergence on the stage of history of the first true Greeks—the Greek-speaking peoples who pushed down into Greece from somewhere in northern Eurasia toward the beginning of the second millennium B.C. As the man who rescued the superbly creative Minoans from the darkness of the forgotten past, Evans will always be remembered as a giant of archeology. Ventris's feat clearly proved, however, that Evans had been quite wrong and Wace had been largely right in the bitter dispute that cost Wace his post at Athens. Once Linear B was shown to be Greek, it necessarily followed that Greeks from the mainland must have conquered Knossos, and must have ruled there in the period when the Knossos records were kept in Linear B.

As Wace had suspected, this was the glittering period of the Palace Style, of which Evans was so proud. In consequence, many of the finest Evans finds—the fresco of the slim-waisted cupbearer, the incomparable pottery decorated with sea creatures and partly stylized plants, and perhaps even the amazing stucco bas-relief of the head of a charging bull—were abruptly transmuted from the latest, ripest fruits of the Minoan genius into the earliest masterworks of Greek art. In the same fashion, the Mycenaean civilization, which almost everyone had regarded as Minoan, was instead established as the Greek first flowering. When Ventris announced his decipherment, the crash



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of long-held theories, the abrupt explosion of closely reasoned learned arguments, could be heard around the world. Normally, scholars are even less eager than most people to admit that they have been dead wrong. Yet Ventris's proofs were so elegantly watertight that most scholars accepted them soon after the decipherment was first announced, at the end of 1952, without waiting for the complete evidence provided four years later by "Documents in Mycenaean Greek." It was as well that Ventris was allowed to savor his triumph so soon. While the book was on the press, he was killed in a motor accident, at the age of thirty-four.

THE contest between truth and error had been long and tortuous in its course, and not unmarked by ugly episodes. Yet I confess to being oddly moved by this strange story of astonishing discoveries and equally astonishing misinterpretations, which only reached its climax when Blegen, with his spade at Pylos, and Ventris, with his grids in a London suburb, at last revealed the real geography of the central province of our own remote past. Among all my contemporaries and near-contemporaries whom I have missed knowing, Ventris is one of the half dozen I should most like to have known; by all accounts, he had great charm as well as great gifts. Having followed from afar the story that culminated at Pylos, I was just as eager to know Professor Blegen, and the chance presented itself when a holiday took me to Athens not long ago. After much worrying about being a nuisance, I decided to risk a telephone call to the Professor. When I boldly rang him up, he turned out to be one of those rare scholars (nowadays almost a vanished race) who are pleased when outsiders show serious interest in their subjects. The happy upshot was an agreement to spend a couple of days in Pylos together. "It's a beautiful place," said Blegen simply, as though to explain that he was not conferring an unusual favor by this promise to make a journey with a total stranger. "I haven't seen Pylos since this year's digging season ended, and I'd like to see it again."

On the day named, I picked up the Professor at his quiet house in Athens on Plutarch Street. He turned out to be a short, wiry man, looking much younger than his years, with a fine shock of thick gray hair and a pleasant, humorous face, in which the main features are bright-blue, always observ-

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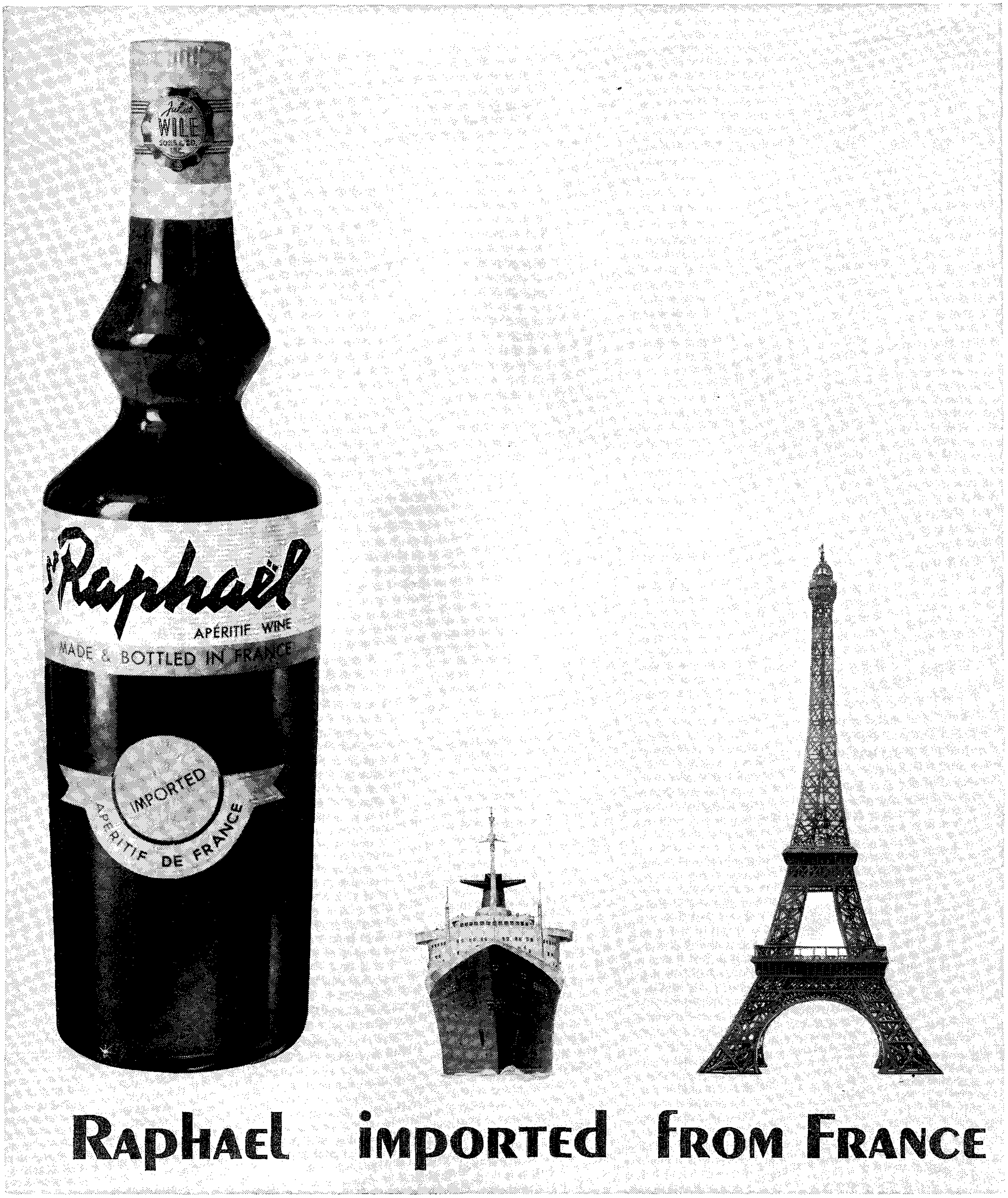
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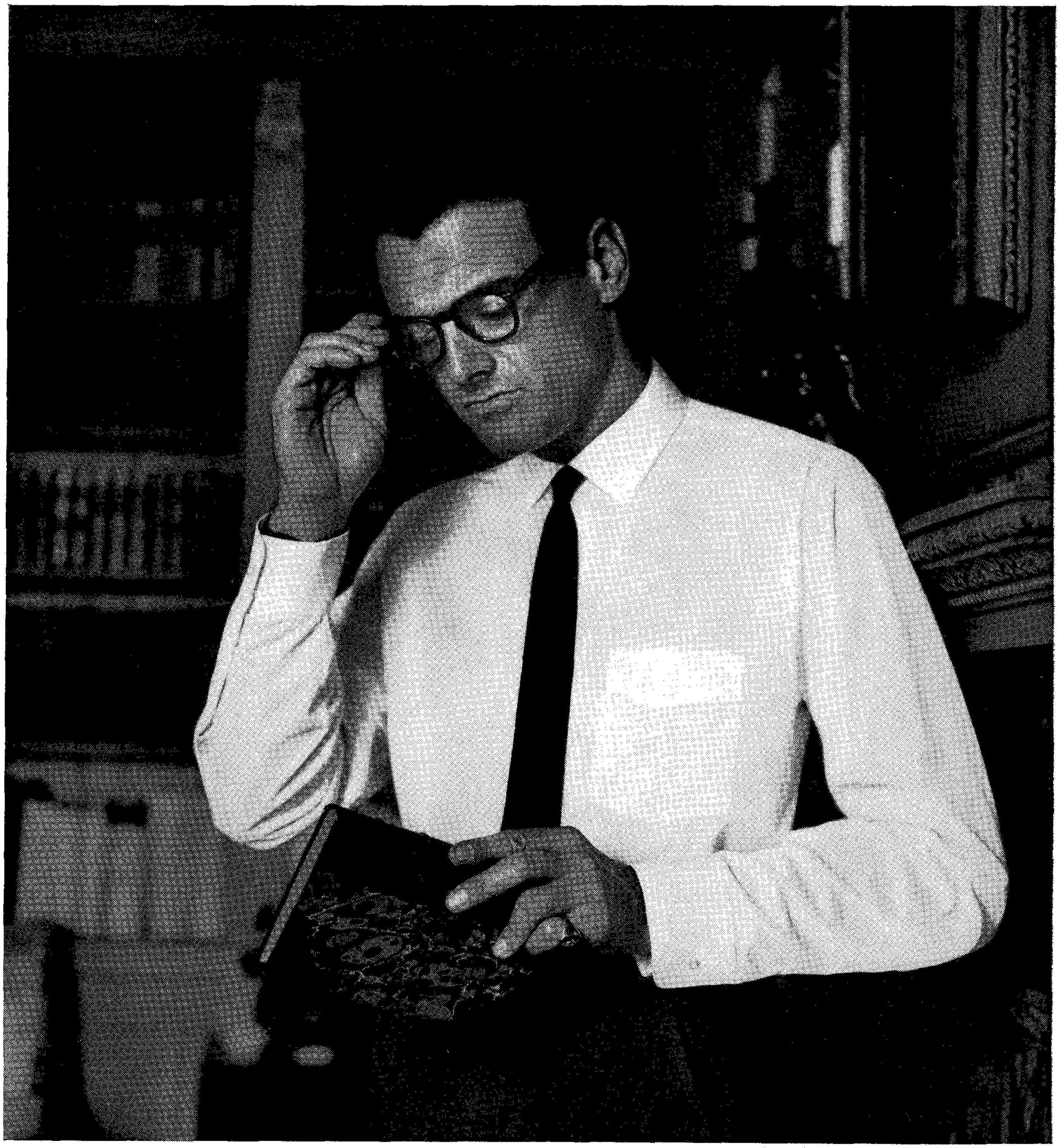
ant eyes. Field archeologists, like the painters who copy pictures in museums, must get used to having strangers blunder in upon them. At any rate, Professor Blegen seemed to take me as much for granted as though I had arrived with a full complement of letters of introduction from the trustees of the University of Cincinnati, where he held his professorial appointment until he retired from teaching.

On the somewhat asthmatic airplane to Kalamata, which is the airport for Pylos, we talked about the development of archeological techniques since Schliemann's day. Schliemann has been charged with being a mere treasure seeker—which is unjust, for illuminating the past was his true motive. The method Schliemann used, however, was to dig for objects—preferably valuable objects—and he dug with such abandon that, as Professor Blegen remarked, "he may well have found the Linear B archive of the palace at Mycenae and thrown it away again without noticing that the tablets were not quite ordinary lumps of dirt." Nowadays, archeologists dig for history with infinite care, sometimes using brushes instead of spades, and they are aided in their work by the fact that human beings lay down their debris as oceans do, in distinguishable strata. At Troy, for instance, where Schliemann had gone straight down to the level of the second city like a bulldozer, Professor Blegen found clear evidence of no fewer than forty-six successive layers of occupation, beginning in the time before men could work metal and ending with the ninth successive city on the site. "It's sometimes hard for people who aren't trained to see the differences," he told me, with a quiet twinkle. "But *we* can see them. I remember we took a zoologist to Troy one season because we had collected so many animal bones, which we had



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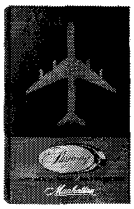

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kept carefully separated, stratum by stratum. When our zoologist had worked through the earliest boxes of bones, from Troy I, he was much disturbed. 'No horses,' he said. 'How can there be no horses?' I told him to be patient, and to wait until he came to the boxes from Troy VI, but he was not *very* patient. So when he finally reached the boxes from Troy VI—that was the city destroyed by an earthquake and rebuilt as King Priam's Troy, or the seventh city, which the Greeks destroyed—we almost had another earthquake. He came running to Mrs. Blegen and me after one look at the new bones, shouting 'Horses! Horses! I've found lots of horses!' He even accused me of having snooped among the boxes before I gave them to him. 'How did you know it otherwise?' he asked me. But it really wasn't very hard to foresee when horse bones would turn up. There were close links between the culture of Troy in this period and the Mycenaean culture in Greece. The Trojan War was almost like a war between cousins. There's very little doubt that horses were introduced into Greece by the first Greek-speaking invaders; in fact, they may well have won Greece *because* they were horsemen. In the same way, and at about the same time, a new people destroyed the fifth Troy and built Troy VI, so it was natural for horses to turn up in the Troy VI levels."

I could not resist asking the Professor why he was so sure that the seventh Troy was the unlucky city of King Priam, and he replied confidently that there were four excellent reasons for the identification. First, this Troy's date was right. Second, this Troy had been put to the torch. Third, unburied human bones had been found in this Troy's streets. ("You'd never have that except in a city that was sacked.") And, fourth, most of this Troy's houses had been small, hastily built, much crowded together, and equipped with large numbers of huge storage jars sunk into their floors. ("The people, you see, must have crowded inside the city walls for protection and laid in extensive food stocks to withstand the Greek siege.") There was more talk of the same sort, which gave one the feeling of listening to a great detective discoursing on clues. Very soon, however, the airplane reached Kalamata, and Troy was instantly forgotten in favor of Pylos.

I all but expected the Professor to recite, "My foot is on my native heath," as he greeted the chauffeur of the waiting car, who was an old friend, and shook hands with the airport man-

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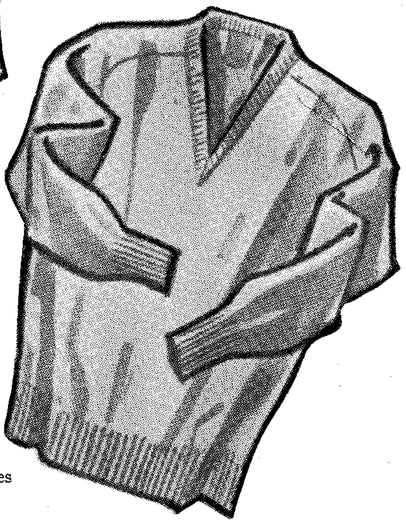

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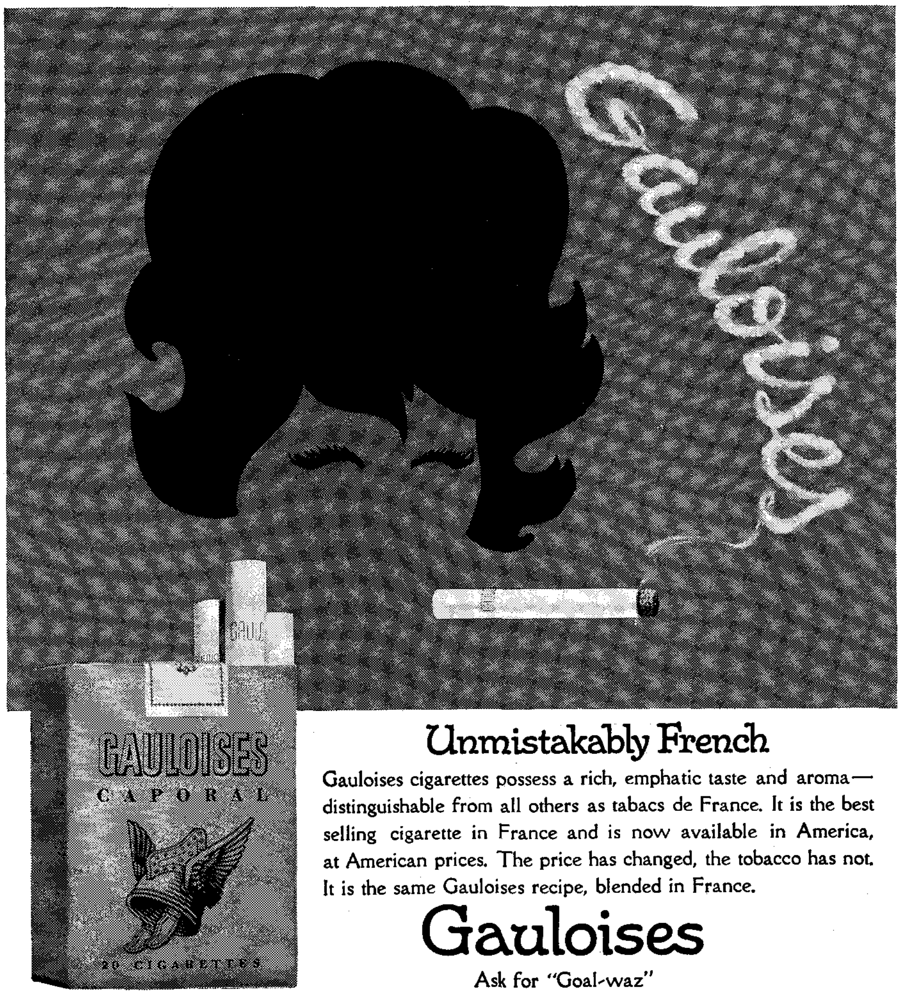

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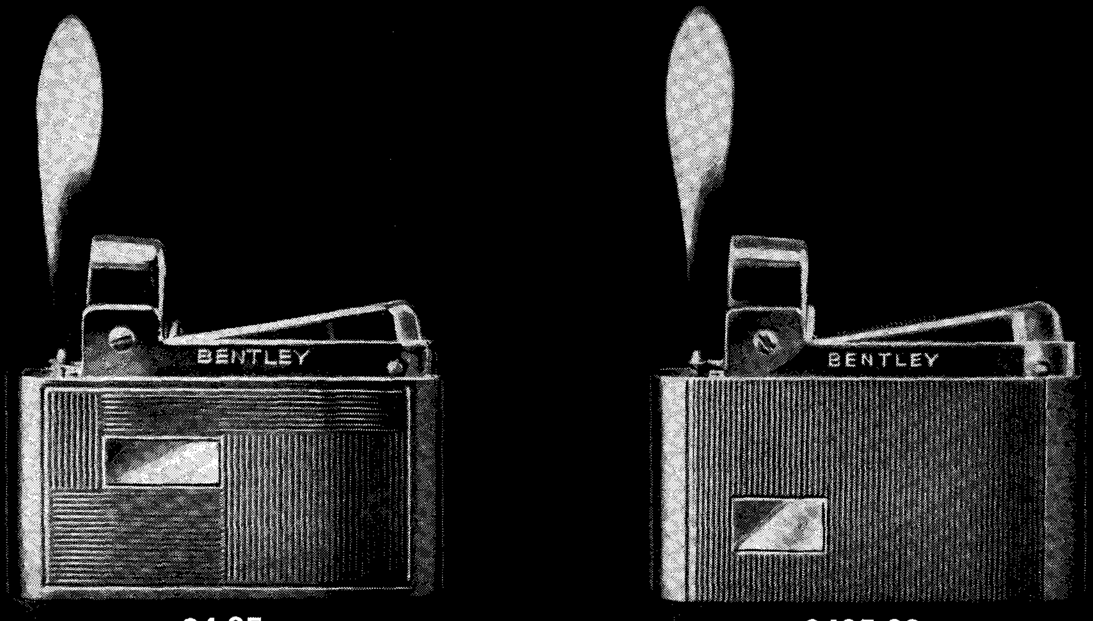

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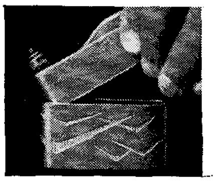

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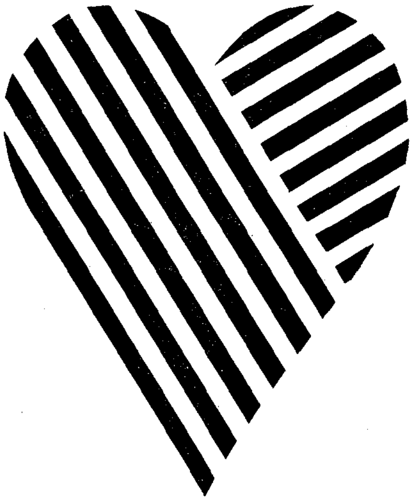

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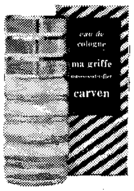

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ager, another old friend, and eagerly ordered the chauffeur to "drive straight to the palace"—for he wanted to see his ruins much more than he wanted an early luncheon, which I had timidly suggested. Once in the car, I soon discovered two quite novel traits in my companion. However deep in talk he might be, those blue eyes never ceased to survey the passing landscape. "Venetian work—they ruled here, too," he would say suddenly as a small aqueduct showed up ahead, around one of the breathtaking hairpin curves that characterize the Messenian roads. Or, pointing to a seemingly undistinguished hill just coming into view: "Mycenaean remains up there—a small settlement. The whole countryside was dotted with them." Or, pointing to a village house remarkable in my eyes only for the luxuriant pink-flowered, tree-sized begonias growing in gasoline tins in its front yard: "Built in Turkish times, no doubt; not many of them left." All this made me feel a bit like a spectator at a tennis match, swivelling his head back and forth in order to follow the play. But here the feat was more difficult, for I was continually glancing forward and backward—first at the immediate, real landscape whenever Professor Blegen found something worth pointing out, and then at the landscape of the past that he quietly but quite wonderfully conjured up in the intervals. His power to make the past real was the second Blegen trait that struck me. The conjuring trick began with that Mycenaean hilltop settlement. "The remains there are not very promising, but they date from before the period of the palace," the Professor remarked. And with that he was off, at the archeological equivalent of a hand gallop.

The first Greeks, he said, probably came into this rich Messenia at the time of the general movement of the first Greek-speaking tribes into Greece. Long before Nestor's Pylos, there were other, pettier kingdoms—or perhaps one should call them baronies—each with its hilltop fortress, its tholos tombs for the ruling family, and its fighting men and artisans and peasants. This was the state of Messenia until very late in the Bronze Age. Then, according to a legend that Professor Blegen accepts as probably representing the truth in a broad way, most of Messenia was united into a single kingdom by Neleus, the father of Nestor and a prince of Thessaly by birth. The legend does not indicate how Neleus came down from northern Greece and won his Messenian kingdom, but some of the smaller

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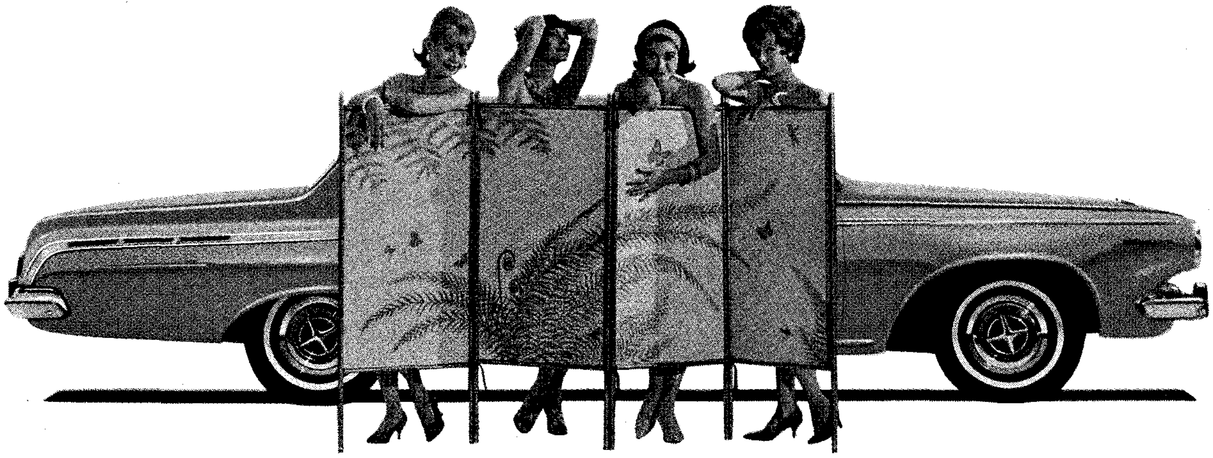

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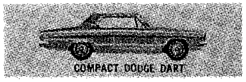

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and earlier settlements, including one on the hilltop of Epano Englianos, were burned to the ground at around the time the first part of the palace of Pylos was built by Neleus. Other settlements, in contrast, survived intact until Nestor's palace also went up in flames. So one may imagine some of the hill barons making their peace with Neleus and giving him their fealty, while others resisted Neleus and his Thessalian war band, and suffered the consequences. As the site of his seat of government, Neleus chose the hilltop of Epano Englianos. Perhaps he made this choice because the hilltop was already a fairly major center; at any rate, those handsome royal tombs that helped lead Professor Blegen to Nestor's palace turned out, when excavated, to belong to a time before Neleus and Nestor, which suggests that the earlier rulers on Epano Englianos were also prosperous and strong. Certainly Neleus was exceptionally confident of the peace he had established. He never troubled to rebuild the walls of the old settlement; instead, unlike most of his kingly contemporaries of the Mycenaean age, he was content with a handsome but wholly unfortified palace. (This is why the memory of Pylos was lost for so long; the great defensive walls of Mycenae and Tiryns—built by giants, the Greeks believed—were what preserved the memory of those cities.) Neleus's palace was constructed about 1300 B.C., and here, presumably, Nestor was born—to rule, as Homer says, "through three generations of men," to enlarge the palace of his father, and to be succeeded by others of his line until the final disaster struck.

Talking of these matters, we had crossed the range that separates Kalamata from the Bay of Navarino, had cut across the bay's rich coastal plain, with its banana trees and citrus plantations, and had wound upward again, in the direction of Mount Aigaleon, whose great crag lords it over the local hills. Olive groves, fig orchards, and vineyards in full fruit alternated on the hillsides, and since this was the time of the grape harvest, every hillside was strangely but beautifully ornamented with patterns, sometimes circular and sometimes rectangular, of the deepest, most velvety brownish-purple—drying floors, where the newly plucked currant-grapes were being turned into raisins by long days in the sun. Quite abruptly, after a last, fairly horrifying series of hairpin turns, we were confronted by a wire fence surrounding a steep-sided, table-shaped hilltop that looked like a much smaller,

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less stony version of the Acropolis at Athens. "Here we are; I'm glad to be back," said Professor Blegen, positively leaping from the car and all but embracing the foreman of his excavating crew, Dionysios Androutsakis, who serves as palace guardian between digging seasons.

I have to confess that I was not well prepared for the first sight of the palace of Nestor. To protect the uncovered ruins from the weather, the Greek government has put up an enormous steel structure. Girders seemingly borrowed from a giant Meccano set support what appears to be a quarter of an acre of corrugated-iron roof. Like most ruins, the ruins of Nestor's palace are low and dusty-looking, and the immediate impact of these stumps of walls and bits of floors, lying under their protective corrugated iron, is the very opposite of romantic, haunting, and beautiful. The visitor to the palace of Nestor who depends exclusively on the pleasures of the eye must be content with the view over the surrounding hills and down to the sea, which is incomparable. But I was lucky enough to have Professor Blegen there to give me another kind of view of the palace in its greatest days, with the helmeted sentries at the gates, and the subjects of King Nestor coming and going to pay their taxes or present their petitions, and the King himself in his high hall.

Nestor's hall was not at all like Versailles. Bronze Age Greek kingdoms were not grandiose nation-states. The whole area of Messenia ruled by King Nestor probably did not stretch more than a hundred kilometres along the coast or more than fifty kilometres inland. His entire armed forces probably did not number more than a few thousand men, together, of course, with those ninety ships that went to Troy. Bronze, it must be remembered, was a rare, almost semi-precious metal. So long as it was the only metal of military value, very small numbers of bronze-possessing fighting men could dominate rather considerable subject populations, but no Greek Bronze Age kingdom was on a really big scale. For Greece of the Bronze Age, Nestor's palace was very grand indeed, with main buildings irregularly covering an area approximately a hundred and eighty feet long and a hundred and fifty feet wide. It was built on the plan that still prevails on the Greek islands, with most of the living rooms on the more airy second floor, and the ground floor given over to storerooms, offices, and the like—except that the state rooms and some of the royal

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apartments were also on the ground floor, for easy public access. The ruins uncovered by Professor Blegen naturally show only the ground-floor plan, and since there were dozens of storerooms and offices, mostly very small, the ruins struck me as an unreadable maze on first inspection. Seeing me a bit cast down, Professor Blegen took over in his kindly way.

"We're standing where the road ended that led from the town below to the palace on the hill," he said encouragingly. "The whole hilltop was cleared by Neleus and reserved for the palace alone. There"—pointing to a large circular depression in the pavement—"is the foundation of the big column that held up the entrance portico. Look—you can see that it was fluted from the impressions left by the flutings in that plaster molding, which decorated the base of the column. There"—pointing to a square, very massive foundation to the right of the portico pavement—"was the great gate tower. There"—pointing to a stone platform on the left—"was the post of the sentry at the gate. All the other sentry posts were to the right of the doors they guarded, but this sentry had another door to guard besides the main entrance of the palace, for there"—pointing to another stone foundation, to the left of the sentry's post—"were the offices of the Collector of Internal Revenue, where we found the first tablets."

It was difficult to believe, for a moment, that the small, square chamber defined by the low foundation walls was the famous Pylos archive room, where the key to so much truth about our remote beginnings had lain hidden for so long in the quiet earth. But there it was, with a low stucco bench running around the cramped walls to serve as a shelf on which the presiding palace official kept his baskets and boxes of clay-tablet records. And there, in the slightly larger anteroom, was the base on which once stood a gigantic pottery jar, into which King Nestor's subjects poured their tax oil. The people of Bronze Age Messenia paid their taxes in kind—in olive oil and other things—to the King first of all, and then to the lesser lords in the smaller hilltop strongholds and to the temples of the gods, who owned land and slaves just as the King and his lords did. To this very fact of payment in kind we partly owe the preservation of most of the Pylos tablets, of which a total of a thousand were finally unearthed in the archive room and its anteroom.

"If the tax oil hadn't been there when the palace was destroyed, ready to

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burst into the hottest flames and to cook the tablets thoroughly, most of them would probably have disintegrated before we came along," Professor Blegen explained cheerfully. The tablets, in truth, were not the permanent records of Nestor's scribes—or of the scribes of Knossos, or of Mycenae, where a few tablets were found by none other than Professor Wace when he began to dig there again after the Second World War. Permanent records, if any, were kept on parchment, or perhaps on papyrus traded out of Egypt, and they have long since disappeared. The tablets were temporary records—the accounts of each year, most probably—and clay was used because it was cheap and because the tablets were not required to last for more than a year or so. They range from notebook size to the page size of a large book. The scribes patted the finely purified clay into the desired shapes (leaving fingerprints that are now being studied to determine whether individual scribes had their own accounting specialties). The damp tablets were then smoothed on one side to receive the Linear B hen scratches, and, after being inscribed, were simply left to dry, which made them hard enough to last the required time. When a building containing them was burned, however, the tablets, being made of clay, were baked into a sort of quasi terra cotta. Palace-burnings saved the palace records; in death, and only by death, the scribes of the tablets left their story behind them.

Many scribes were needed—Professor Bennett has tentatively identified the handwritings of more than fifty among the Pylos tablets—because Bronze Age kingdoms like Nestor's were highly centralized and bureaucratically controlled. One reason for this centralization became apparent when Professor Blegen led the way from the tax collector's office to a long series of storerooms for pottery and oil and wine. The truth is that Nestor's kingdom was also a major commercial enterprise, engaged in a far-flung trade that was mingled, very probably, with occasional bouts of piracy, so Nestor's palace was also—at least in part—a large commercial warehouse. The quantities of pottery stored in the palace were downright staggering; a single small pantry contained the fragments of 2,853 drinking cups, all shaped like champagne glasses with handles. A good many scholars therefore believe that Nestor dealt in pottery as well as in other goods, but Professor Blegen, who prefers to think of Nestor as a great gen-

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tleman, much dislikes this part of the theory about Nestor the merchant.

"I just don't believe that the King traded in anything as petty as pots," he told me as we looked at the ruins of the wine-cup pantry. "I'm inclined to suspect that they needed such a lot of wine cups because on grand occasions they used to break them after drinking from them, as was done with wineglasses in some officers' messes in the nineteenth century. I know we found mountains of fragments on the slopes of the hill. But there's no doubt at all that oil was exported, both in crude form and after processing, and I think many other commodities were also traded."

The oil-storage rooms are the most extensive of the workaday areas of the palace of Nestor, with row upon row of huge amphorae, into which, no doubt, the tax oil was transferred whenever the gigantic jar in the tax collector's office reached the brimming-over point. In these rooms, too, was found a major clue to another archeological puzzle. For decades, scholars had been arguing about the universal prevalence among Bronze Age pottery remains in the Mediterranean of a most impractical-looking narrow-necked, narrow-mouthed type of pitcher, which the experts, for their own strange reasons, like to call a stirrup jar. In one of the Pylos oil rooms, a few stirrup jars were found in association with clay tablets recording the issuance of aromatics and other substances to "the unguent boilers." This is thought to greatly strengthen a previously made suggestion that the stirrup jars, which had the virtue of being easy to stopper, were the standard commercial oil containers, and it is further agreed that a major luxury export of the Greek Bronze Age kingdoms was probably the perfumed oil produced by those "unguent boilers." All the Mediterranean peoples of the Bronze Age had a taste for slathering themselves with perfumed oil. At Egyptian dinner parties, as

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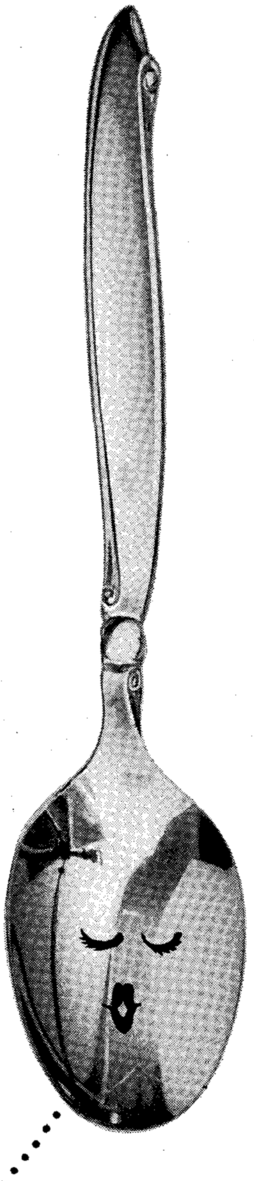

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not in
the pantry...
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tomb pictures show, the guests even put cones of scented ointment on their heads and let the greasy stuff melt and run down over their bodies as the evening's festivities progressed. Greece and Crete were, and are, the principal olive-oil-producing regions of the eastern Mediterranean, and every Greek hillside is odorous with aromatic herbs. The evidence for a large oil trade at Nestor's Pylos is reinforced by similar evidence from Agamemnon's Mycenae, where stirrup jars were also unearthed in an oil context. Most of the tablets that Professor Wace found at Mycenae had to do with oil. He even called one of the structures he excavated outside the citadel walls "the house of the oil merchant." (But this designation is also criticized, because many scholars believe that the oil trade, along with all other commerce, was a royal monopoly in the Bronze Age Greek kingdoms, and this rules out the existence of a free-enterprise oil merchant.) In oil exports, at any rate, and particularly in exports of costly perfumed oils, we now have at least part of the explanation of the vast quantities of gold found at Mycenae, and of the amber beads from the far-away Baltic, and the fragments of gold and silver and niellowork, and the bits of amethyst and carnelian and ivory found at Pylos, which indicate that the palace of Nestor was very magnificent indeed before it was sacked and burned.

"The Iliad tells us that Nestor's drinking cup was gold-studded and so heavy that only the King himself could lift it and drink from it," remarked Professor Blegen. "That must have been a bit hard on him as he got on in years. But it suggests that if we ever have the luck to find a royal tomb intact here in Pylos, which I don't think likely, the treasures will compare with the Mycenae treasures, all of which came from the tombs."

We had now made the circuit of the pottery pantries and the oil-storage rooms. These were the outer rooms of the main palace building, of which the state rooms formed the core. Our circuit had all but brought us back to our starting point in the tax collector's office, so we began again, passing the gateway sentry post, crossing the threshold where the great gates once stood, and entering the court of honor, with its traces of broad, columned porches. "Suppose we were calling on the King, to pay our respects or for some other reason," said Professor Blegen, smiling as though in mild mockery of his own make-believe. "Then we should have been led

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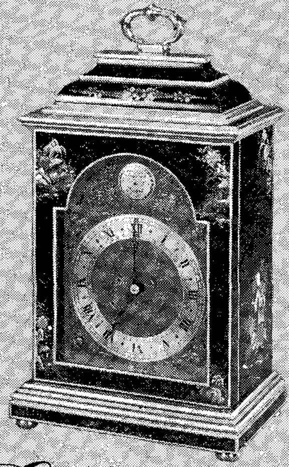

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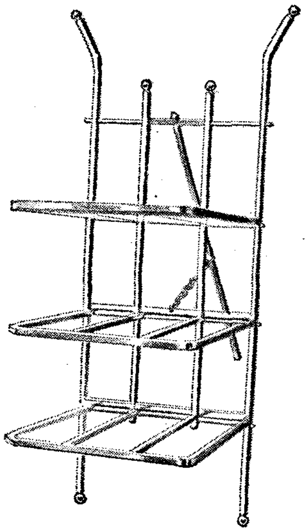

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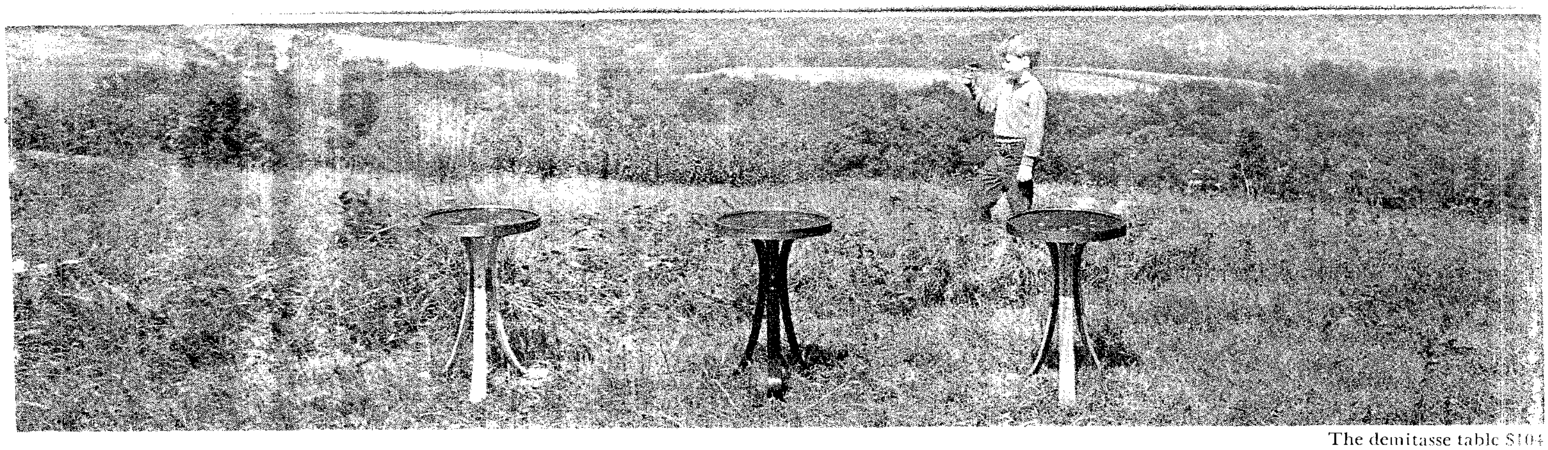

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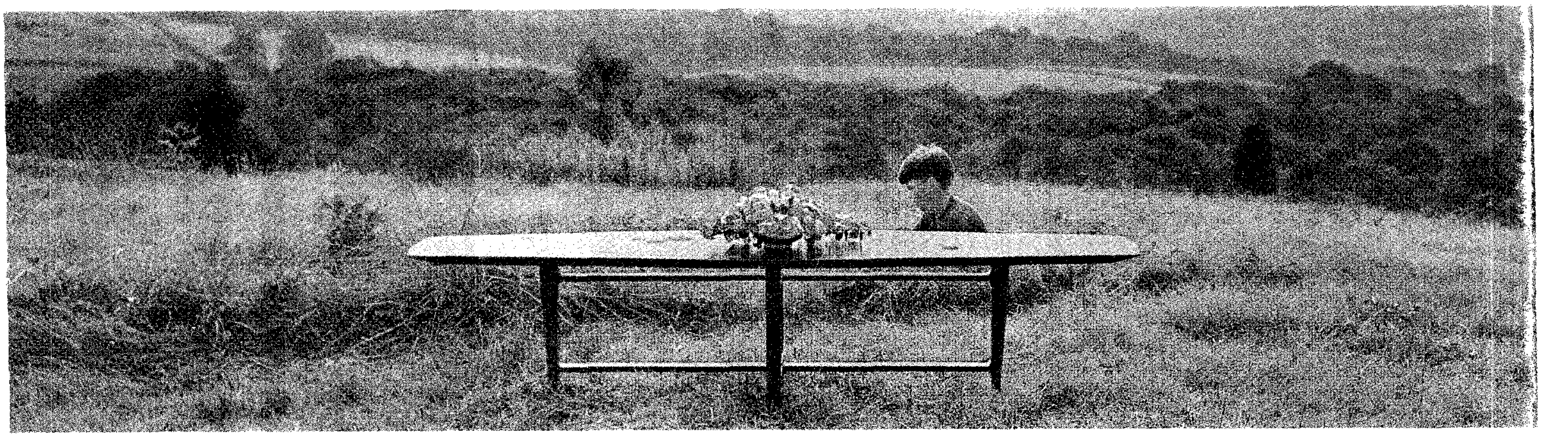

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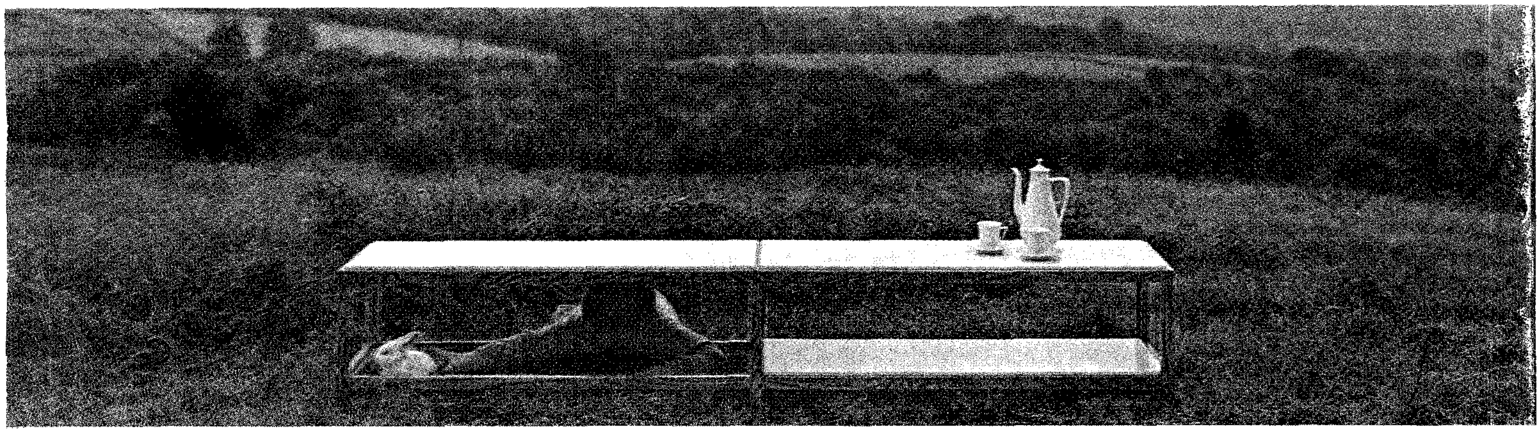

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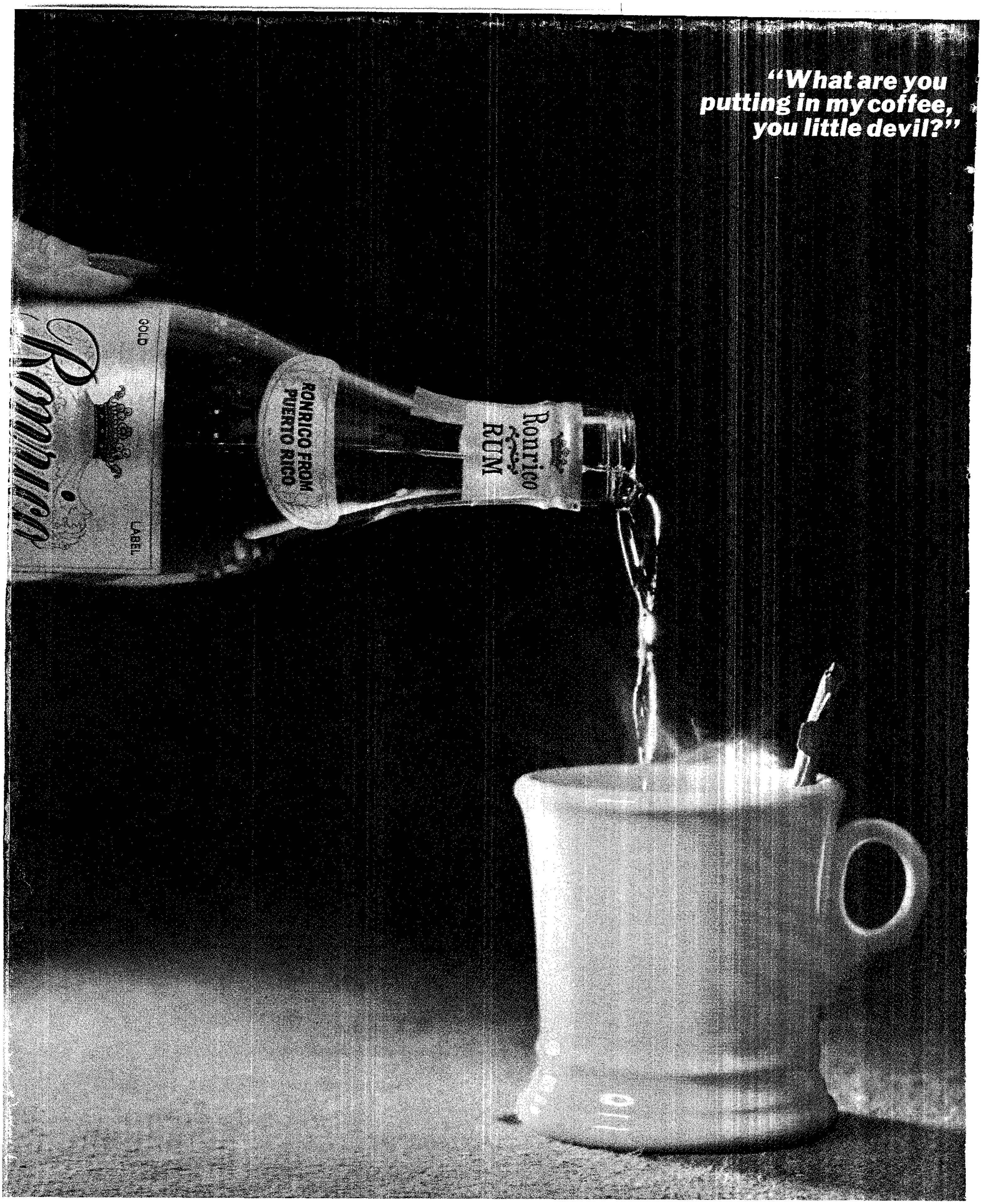

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in here to wait our turn." "Here" was a suite of two small waiting rooms to the left of the court of honor. One room was provided with a neatly stuccoed bench, and it also had a large stand in one corner. "The world's oldest surviving bar, as far as I can recall," said the Professor. "Wine jars stood there, and one must suppose that guests were offered a drink while they waited on the bench for the King to receive them. The wine cups were kept in the next room; you can see them on the floor." And there they were indeed, in a broken mass calcined together by fire. Nestor's palace had been ready to receive guests until its last hour, but its last guests were bitterly unwelcome.

Thinking of that final scene of ruin and pillage and arson, we returned to the court of honor, as the more welcome guests of Nestor must have done when called to the royal presence, and, just as they had done, we passed another threshold, with a sentry's post to the right of it. This brought us into a long anteroom or hall. At either end there had been doors opening onto staircases that led to the upper story of the palace. In the center of the hall had been the door of honor, guarded by still another sentry. Going through, we stood at last in Nestor's throne room.

"Over there," said Professor Blegen, pointing to a place in the center of the right-hand wall, "was where the throne stood. We have no part of it, for it was not of stone, like the great throne at Knossos. It would have been like the descriptions of very richly ornamented chairs that we have found in the tablets." Marked out only by low foundations, the throne room did not seem large, but in its heyday, as Professor Blegen vividly described it, it must have been a very fine room indeed. It was close to square—forty-three feet long and thirty-seven feet wide, to be exact. In the center of the pavement was a great circular ceremonial hearth, thirteen feet in diameter, with a raised border. Around the hearth four huge fluted columns had once stood, and these had supported a large, square cupola, or clerestory. Windows around the sides of this cupola were the throne room's source of light, and in the center of its roof there was an immense terra-cotta chimney to carry off the smoke from the hearth—the first such chimney ever found in a Bronze Age palace. The cupola's roof must have been twenty or thirty feet above the smoking embers of the hearth, for the throne room was high-ceilinged, and the cupola, of course, was higher

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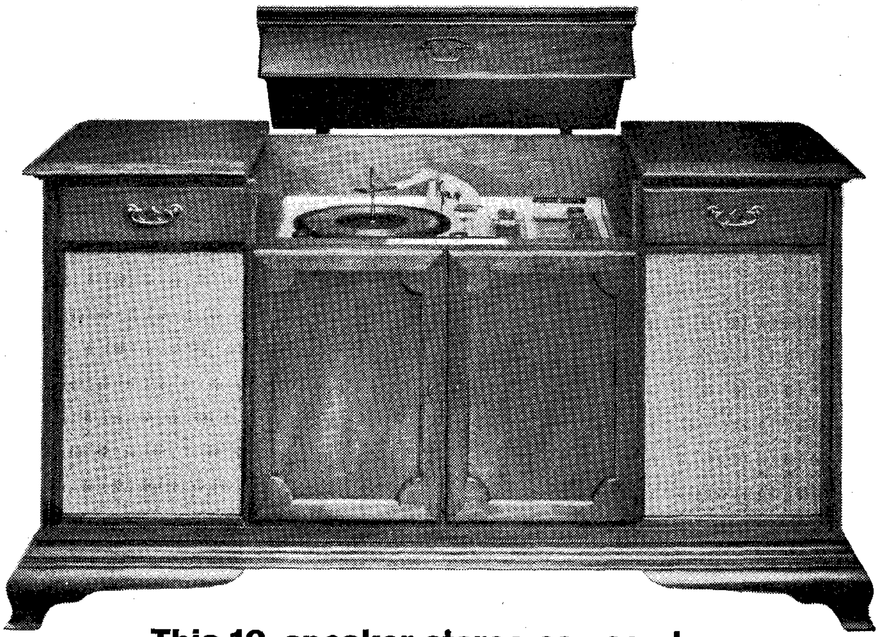

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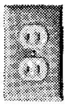

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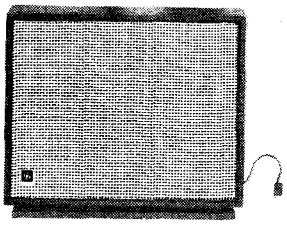

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still. This whole high, wide space, moreover, had been brilliantly colored—the floors stuccoed, the walls frescoed, and (this one cannot prove but cannot doubt) the wood of the columns and the doors and the wainscoting and the ceiling beams all bright-painted. The whole palace, except for the workrooms and storerooms, had been decorated in this manner, but the throne room, rather naturally, had received special attention. The stuccoed pavement was laid out in squares, with extremely intricate geometric patterns in red, yellow, blue, black, and white, and there was a fine naturalistic black octopus (no doubt honoring an already favorite Greek food) in a special square before the throne. The parapet of the great hearth was likewise decorated in black and bright colors, with dogtooth flames below and complexly convoluted spirals above. All sorts of frescoed scenes once covered the walls—a lyre player survives—with the space behind the throne reserved for two huge, wide-winged royal griffins, heraldically confronted, with couchant lions behind them. All the colors were fresh and clear; the numerous superimposed layers of stucco on the hearth parapet reveal that redecoration was ordered whenever shabbiness set in. Even the wall frescoes seem to have been removed and renewed from time to time, for great numbers of fragments, quite untouched by fire, have been found in a sort of dump on the hillside below the palace.

Altogether, the setting that King Nestor contrived for himself evidently mingled splendor and gaiety in about equal proportions. One can be quite sure how it looked without seeing more than the dull and dusty fragments that survive. All the details have been cautiously deduced from tiny but unchallengeable pieces of hard evidence, like the layered stucco of the hearth. Following the same system, one is justified in picturing the vanished throne as being like the one described in the tablets—"of crystal inlaid with cyanus, tin, and gold," its back and sides bearing inlaid golden human figures, stags' heads, bulls' heads, and palm trees. One may reasonably imagine the King himself seated on his throne for a ceremonial occasion, wearing an immensely tall gold diadem, like those from Mycenae, perhaps with added flowers and plumes, as in the Knossos fresco of the Priest-King. Pieced-together frescoes even permit us to summon up the living appearance of King Nestor's court—the young men bare to the waist, ringleted, wearing rich necklaces, and with their middles fash-

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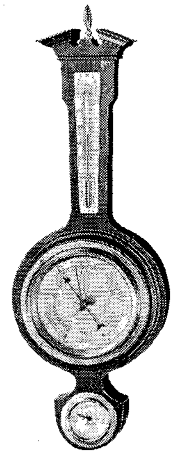

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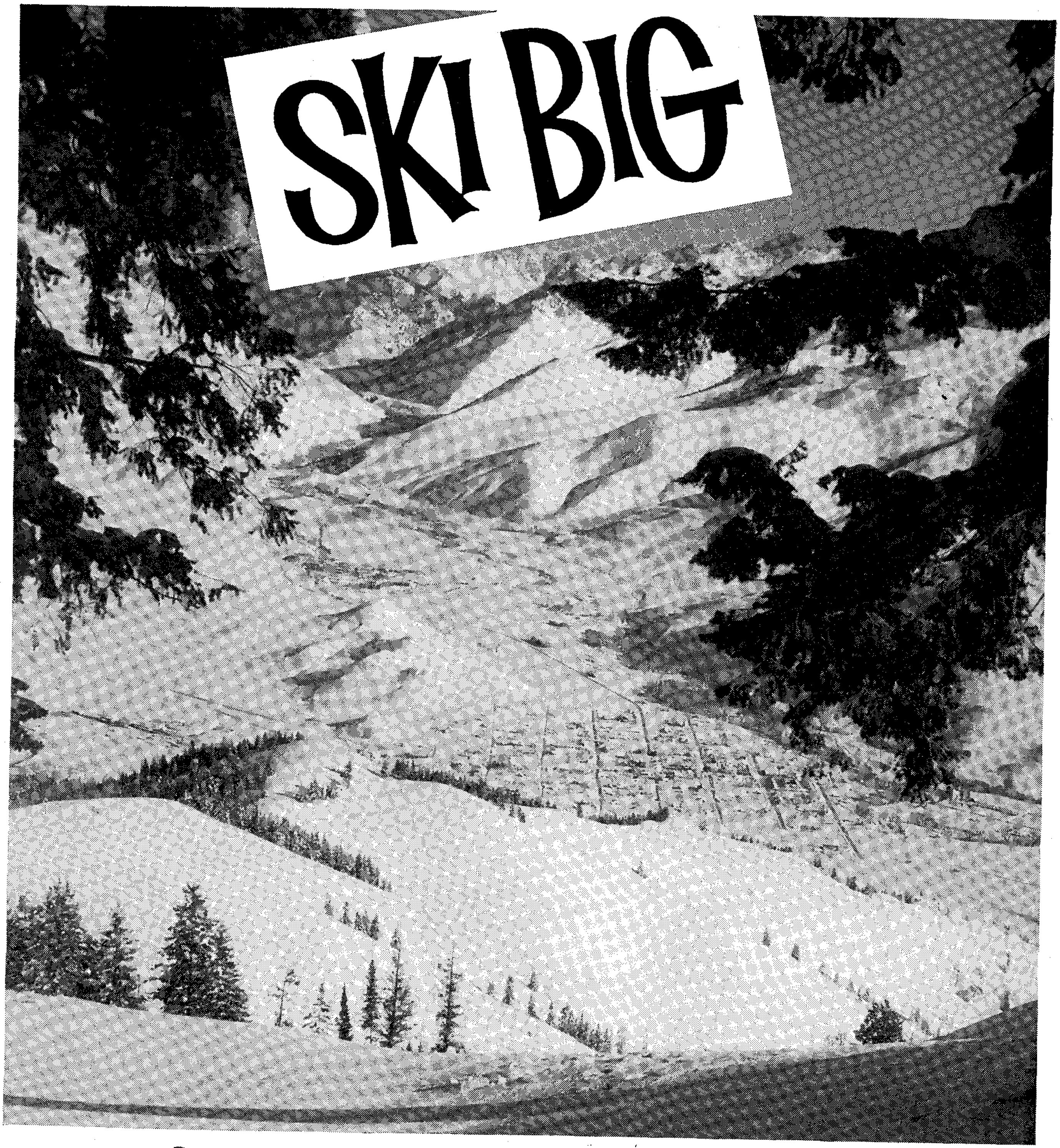

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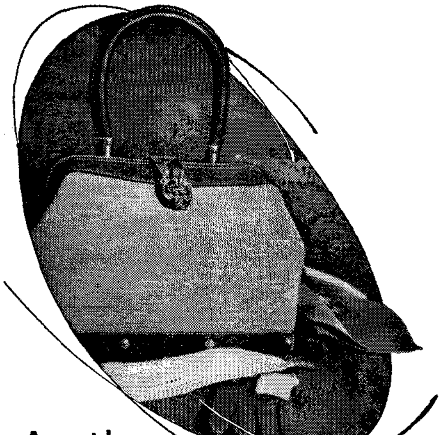
ionably cinched by the ornamented belts of their drawers; the ladies in long, flounced dresses, bright-colored and richly patterned; the guards in cone-shaped helmets encrusted with polished boars' tusks, and carrying tall spears. Strange it must have been, but beautiful as well, and no less beautiful because not vast in scale or numbers. From the hint of discipline in those door-guarding sentry posts, and from the clay tablets, we know, too, that, though small, this court was orderly and even hierarchical. The existence of a noble class may safely be inferred from the tablets, because the higher personages, like those characterized as the "King's companions," are always named as "Alectryon son of Eteocles," for instance, whereas everyone else is, in effect, treated as "not born," in the detestable phrase of Proust's Faubourg Saint-Germain. From the tablets we even know the names of some of the court officials in the final period of the palace, like a certain Alxoitas, the last steward of the kingdom. Was it Alxoitas who sat daily in the tax-collector's office, or was it one of his subordinates or colleagues? One would like to be sure, but the scribes' records of the inventories taken of the kingdom's cattle, and of the aromatics given to the unguent boilers, and other such transactions by this busy Alxoitas do not tell us where we should have found him in his long-past office hours.

In contrast, it is pretty clear where we should have found the King himself in his less formal moments. On the left-hand side of the court of honor, in the last part of the palace that Professor Blegen led me to, were two modest but pleasant rooms giving onto an enclosed court, where water was piped in. Here, if Blegen is right, was the King's place of private work and relaxation. The enclosed court was built much later than the rest of the palace, and it may be permissible to guess that the enclosure was ordered by the last King of Pylos, because he was beginning to be fearful of the future and wished to be alone, sometimes, in a quiet place filled with green things in tubs and with a soothing sound of water. In this corner of the palace, too, was the Queen's hall, looking like a smaller, more delicately decorated version of the great throne room. The walls here bore an alternating pattern of feminine-seeming wingless griffins and lithe lions or leopards, and the floors of the adjoining boudoir and toilet were painted with octopuses and dolphins. This suite of the Queen's also had its enclosed court, which still shows odd lines of



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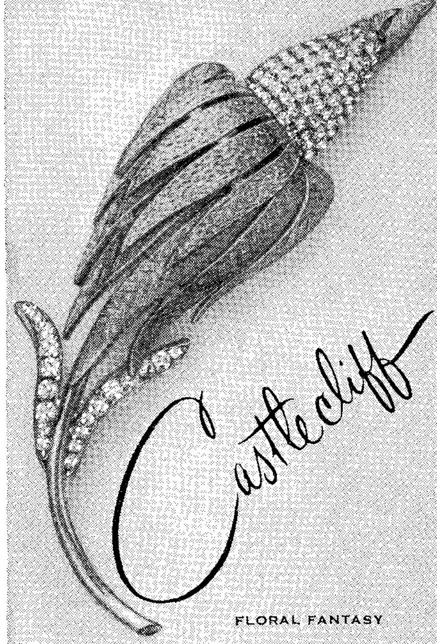

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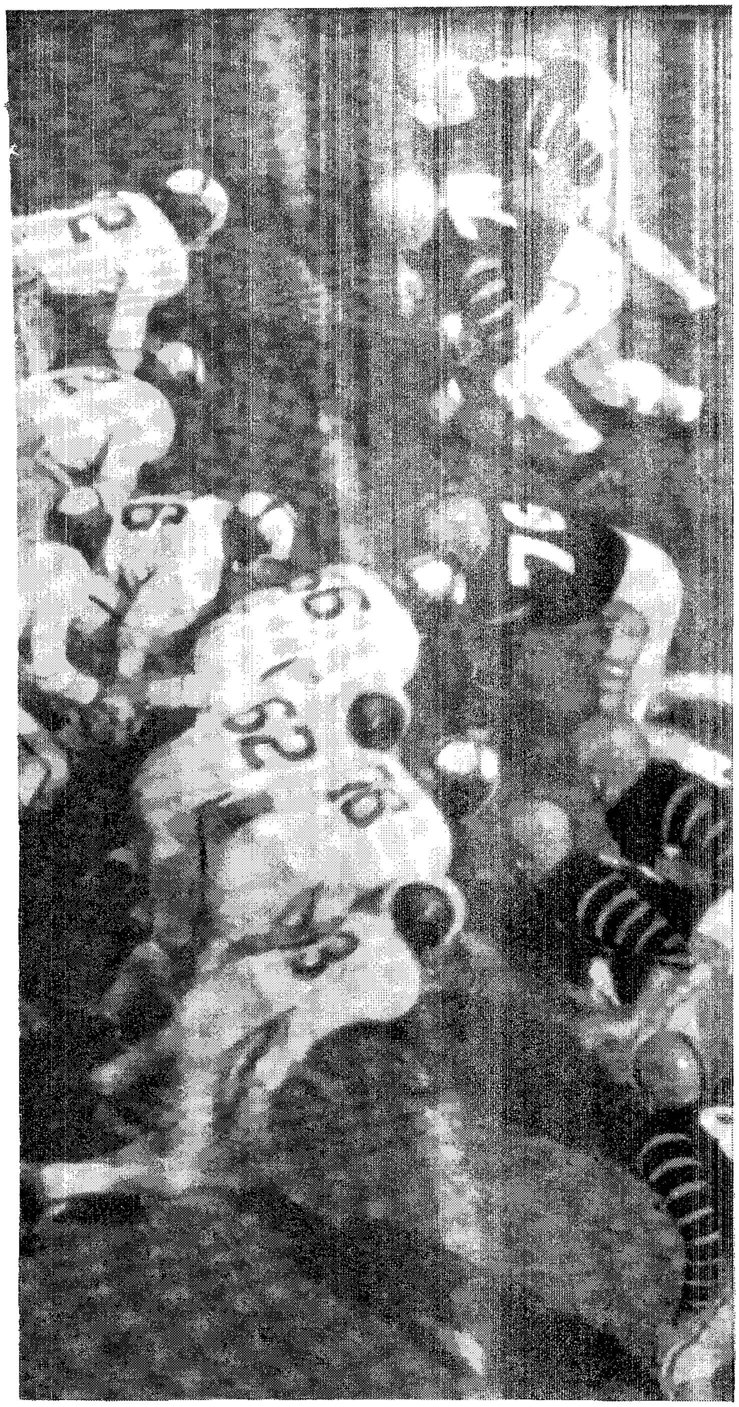

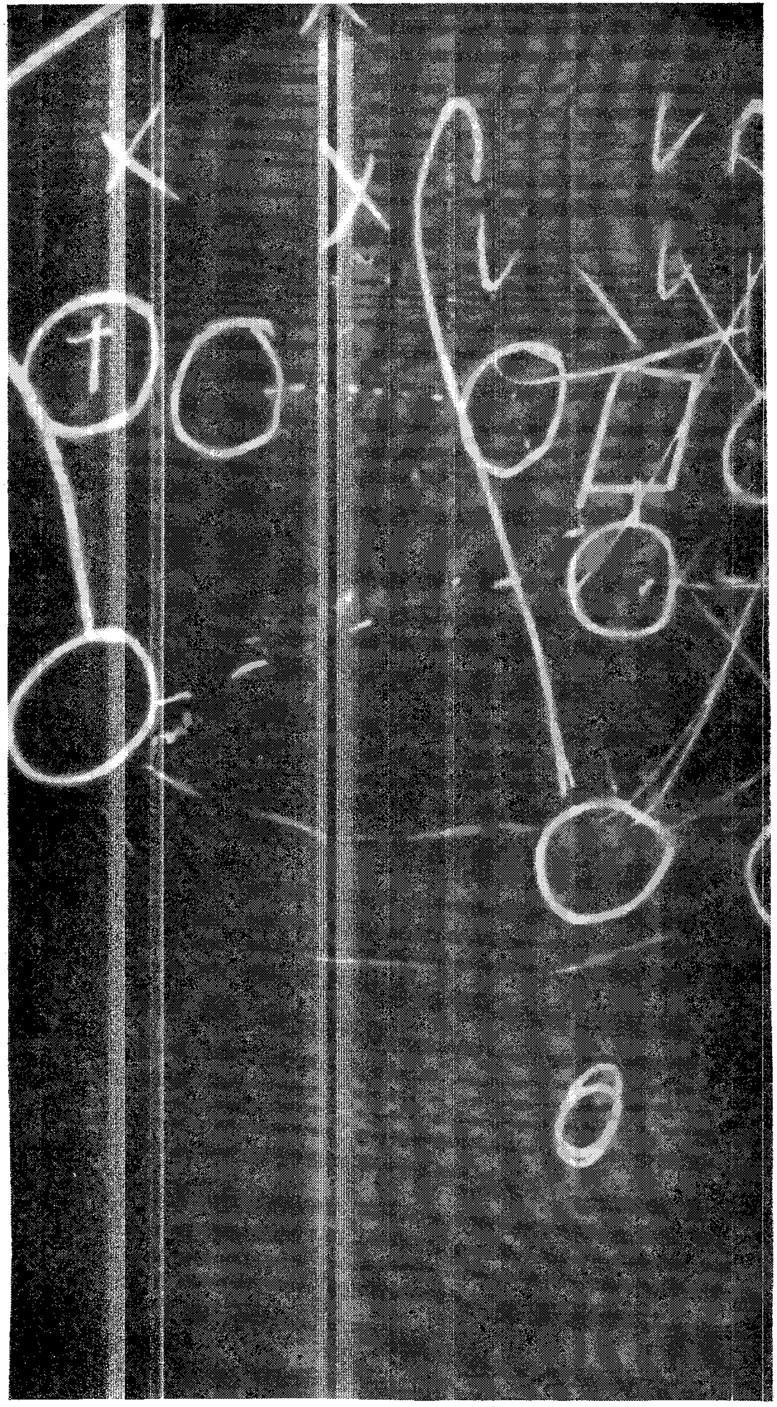

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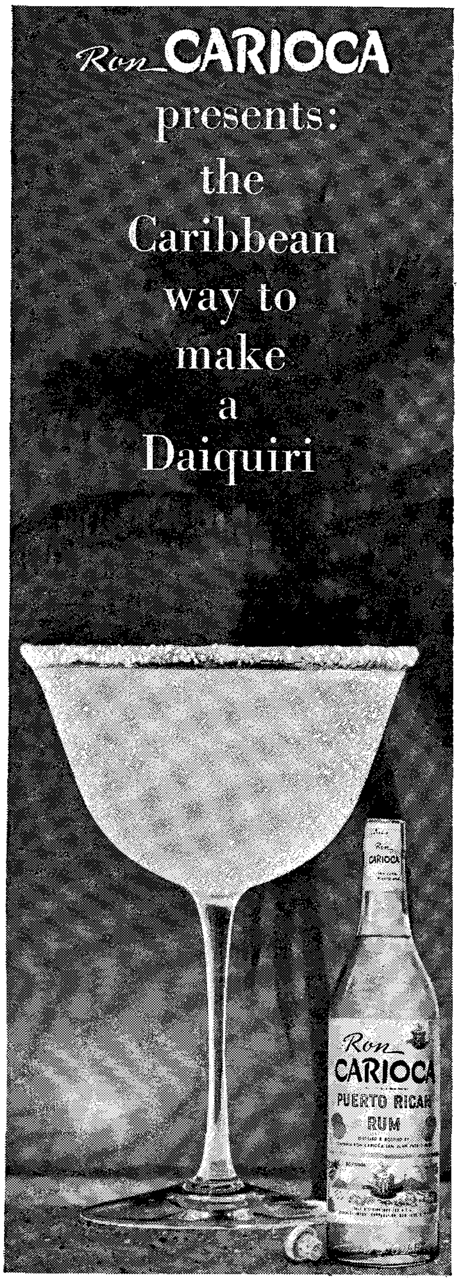

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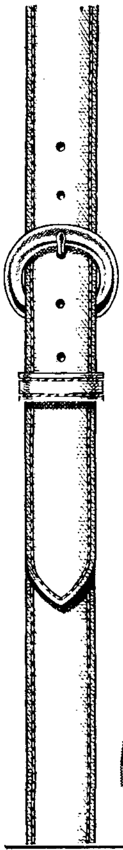
holes in the stucco floor. These holes, Professor Blegen thinks, were most probably made by light fences used to keep the royal children within bounds, as we use playpens.

And now, as though he had been saving the best for the last, the Professor led me to his proudest exhibit—the bath of Nestor, which lies between the King's apartments and the Queen's hall. The bathtub—dumbbell-shaped, generously large, and of painted pottery—is still in place on its daislike stand. The great jars that held water for the bath were found in their accustomed corner, just as in the Queen's toilet water jugs were unearthed in a neat row, having been ready to the last to be used for hand-washing or for flushing the pierced toilet-stone. In Nestor's bathtub, moreover, there was a large wine cup—"whether to be used for pouring water over the bather or for pouring wine into him we don't know," Professor Blegen remarked with a grin. Then, quite abruptly, he turned dead serious, and began quoting a passage from Book III of the Odyssey, which tells how Odysseus' son, Telemachus, visited King Nestor to ask news of his father from Odysseus' old war comrade. The passage describes how "Polykaste, a fair girl, Nestor's youngest," led the visitor to the palace bathroom, and how, after bathing him first, then rubbing him with oil,

> She held fine clothes and a cloak to put
>   around him
> When he came, godlike, from the bathing
>   place.

"That happened here," said the Professor, with confident finality, as we walked out into the late-afternoon sun, away from the stuffy shade of the corrugated-iron roof. As we stood there idly, enjoying the sunlight for a moment, Professor Blegen explained the way the palace had been constructed. The outer walls had been faced with large, handsomely cut limestone blocks, but of these only a few survive, because the Venetians quarried the ruins for the cut stone in their time of rule in western Greece. ("We know they did it, because we found a Venetian gold ducat just where the foreman of the quarrymen might have dropped it, deep in a foundation," the Professor said.) Behind the stone facing, there was rubble fill, but huge timbers were the structure's real supporting members. ("Look," said the Professor, pointing to a still-blackened channel running through a foundation wall. "You can see where the timber burned; the grain of the wood has left its marks behind.")



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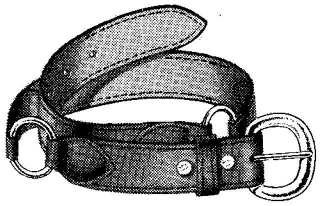

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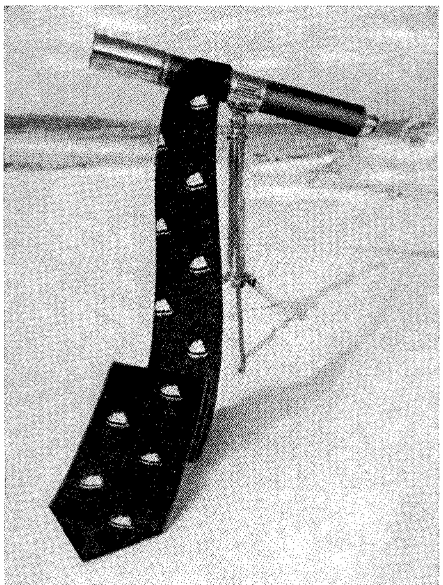

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In its first phase, the interior of the palace may even have looked like English half-timbered work. Later, all the interior wall surfaces were smoothly plastered over, maybe to receive larger areas of fresco. But the timbers remained behind the plaster, and when the end came, the great quantities of wood, together with the huge stores of olive oil in the palace, insured an infernolike fire.

"It's too bad," said Professor Blegen. "To be sure, the sack of the palace was evidently pretty efficient. As far as we can judge, the looters missed nothing much of real value except a quantity of women's ivory toilet articles. In the fire, what was left of these fell from the women's rooms on the second floor into one of the ground-floor storerooms, where we found large numbers of charred bits and pieces of ivory. We also found the remains of a silver cup, decorated with warriors' heads in gold and niellowork, but that turned up near the main gateway, where it might easily have been dropped by a last looter running from the flames. All the same, if the fire had not been so very hot, we might have got at least one or two almost intact frescoes, or something big like that—you never know. Still, we have to thank the flames for baking our tablets so well."

With that consoling thought, we resumed our inspection of the hilltop, on which the main palace, built by Nestor, was only the central and most important structure. To complete our picture of the whole complex, we went first to the older wing, which was presumably constructed by Neleus soon after Messenia had submitted to his rule. He had a free choice of site, like his unknown earliest predecessors (for there are ruins six hundred to seven hundred years earlier than Neleus's time under Neleus's foundations), so he chose the site with the best view, on the very brink of the hill, where nothing lay between him and the ocean far below except another ocean of bright air. Later, after Nestor had put up the main palace, the old palace of Neleus perhaps became the dwelling of the Crown Prince or the Queen Dowager of Pylos. It retained the necessary state rooms—a long, columned throne room, with a fine columned antechamber frescoed with bright-pink royal griffins. Nearby, there had been a kitchen, where many cooking pots were found. I had been puzzled by the apparent absence of any sort of cooking arrangements in the main palace, so I ventured to ask Professor Blegen whether Nestor, instead of turning his

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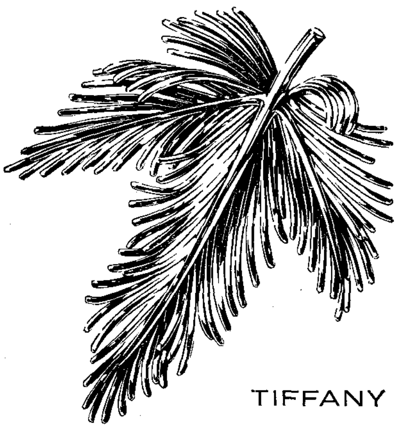
father's palace over to his mother or his son, might not have converted the old throne room of Neleus into his own banqueting hall. It was the only time during this whole expedition with Professor Blegen that I saw the smallest sign of the archeologist's professional deformation—utter absorption in a private picture of the past, to the almost complete exclusion of any other possible picture. The Professor, who believes in the Crown Prince-Queen Dowager theory, answered my question about a banqueting hall with a slight chill in his voice. "I doubt it very much," he said shortly. But a little later his gentle fairness got the better of him. As we were inspecting the place where the cooking pots were found, he volunteered a further statement. "I suppose there *is* a possibility that it was a banqueting hall," he said. "Indeed, one of the Greek archeologists has made the same suggestion. But I still doubt it. The descriptions in Homer suggest that the Bronze Age kings used their throne rooms for their feasts. After all, the great hearth in Nestor's throne room was quite big enough for roasting an ox."

Since the part of the palace attributed to Neleus stood on the steep brink of the hill, much of it has been lost by erosion. We had to clamber over the last, most tumbled part of the ruin, but here another problem that had been bothering me was resolved by my companion. "A main drain there," he said, pointing to a stone channel that ran through the deepest foundations. "Must have got clogged once, for the whole thing had been dug up at one time; we can tell from the renewal of the stonework at the top of the drain. The fact is, the whole place is full of drains. They cared about plumbing, like the people at Knossos. They got their water from a spring on the next hill, which is a bit higher than this one. It was brought in by aqueduct—probably an aqueduct with wooden pipes. At any rate, there was an aqueduct of some sort, for we've found the traces."

From the old part of the palace, Professor Blegen led me rapidly past the traces of the large palace workshop and the palace's private shrine. (In the main, the Greeks of Nestor's time worshipped the classical Greek gods, but they gave precedence to Potnia, the Mistress-Earth Mother, and to Poseidon, the Sea King, over the later King and Queen of Olympus, Zeus and Hera.) Our final stop was at another large foundation, and we paused here awhile, for Professor Blegen, though abstemious, is something of a *bon vivant*, and this was Nestor's wine store, which the



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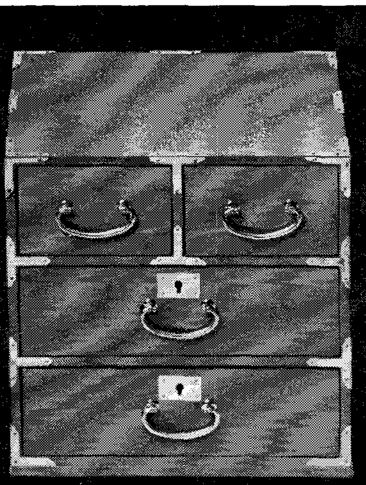

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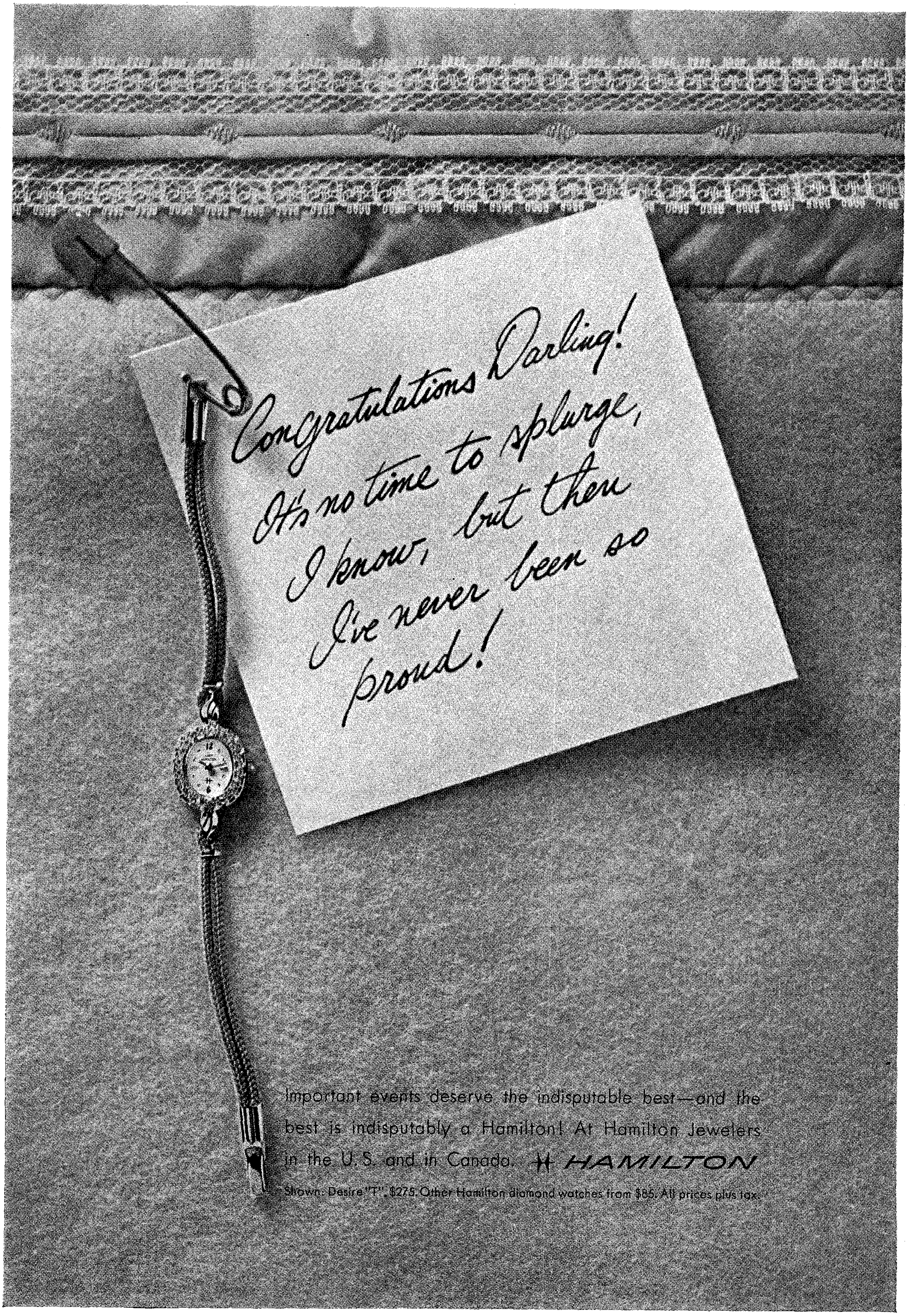
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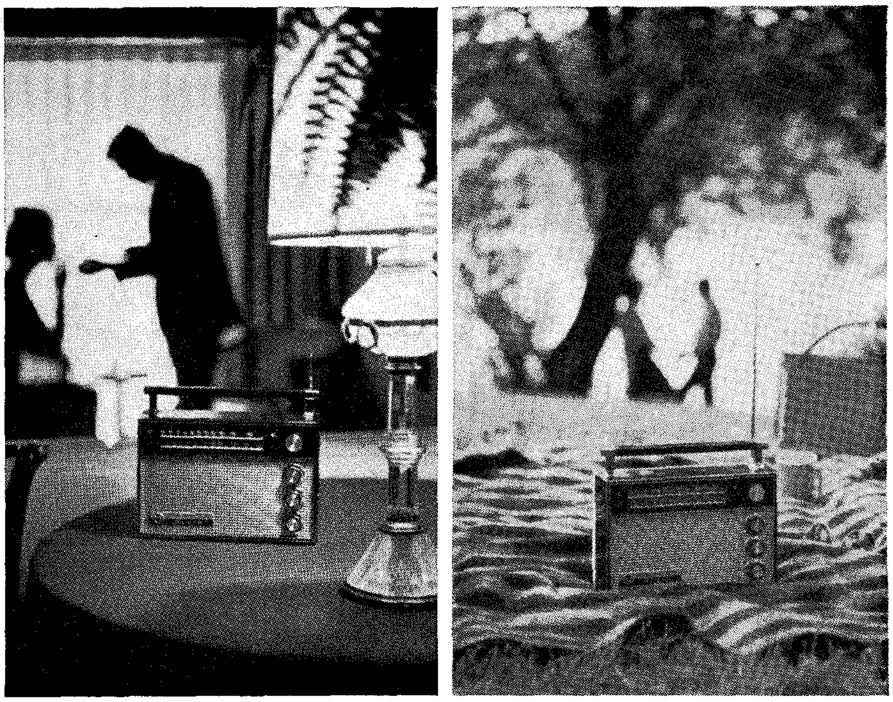
Professor likes to show off. The wine was stored aboveground in long rows of amphorae, with a degree of method that would do credit to a French sommelier. Many clay sealings giving vineyards of origin were found here, and the years of the different *crus* were also recorded. "We know they cared about the age of the wine, because Homer tells us so," said the Professor proudly. "When Telemachus landed in Pylos, the festival of Poseidon was being celebrated down on the beach. As was only polite, Nestor offered the stranger meat and wine from the feast, and after Telemachus had eaten and drunk, when good manners finally permitted the question, Nestor asked him, 'Who are you? And of what lineage?' When Telemachus told Nestor that he was the son of Odysseus, searching for his lost father, the old King made him come up to the palace—wouldn't take no for an answer, in fact, although Telemachus thought he ought to get on with his search. And the very first thing that Nestor did when they reached the palace was to call for the best wine. Homer specifies that the wine they broached was 'in its eleventh year.' "

So we came to the end at last. I asked how he and Mrs. Blegen and the other members of his excavating team lived on the dig, and the Professor led me through the olive trees, on the untouched part of the hilltop, to show me their open-air dining table, canopied by the largest, oldest olive of them all. "It's pleasant here," he said, "and we are like a family. I try never to have strangers. Professor Mabel Lang, of Bryn Mawr, who has cleaned most of the frescoes, has done six seasons with us, and Marion Rawson, who counted those twenty-eight hundred and fifty-three wine cups in the pantry, has been with us ten seasons. On a dig, you have to live as a family lives—our house is over there in the village of Chora—and if you have to live as a family, it's better to be a happy family."

LEAVING the hilltop, we scrambled down a steep stone roadway, almost a staircase, to where our driver was waiting—not without some show of impatience. He and Professor Blegen laughed about how hungry they both were as we drove down through the gathering dusk to the little port of modern Pylos. I was famished myself, but for once, in a way, the thought of dinner to come was driven from my mind by the experience I had just passed through. What had struck me as much as anything was the joke that discovery so



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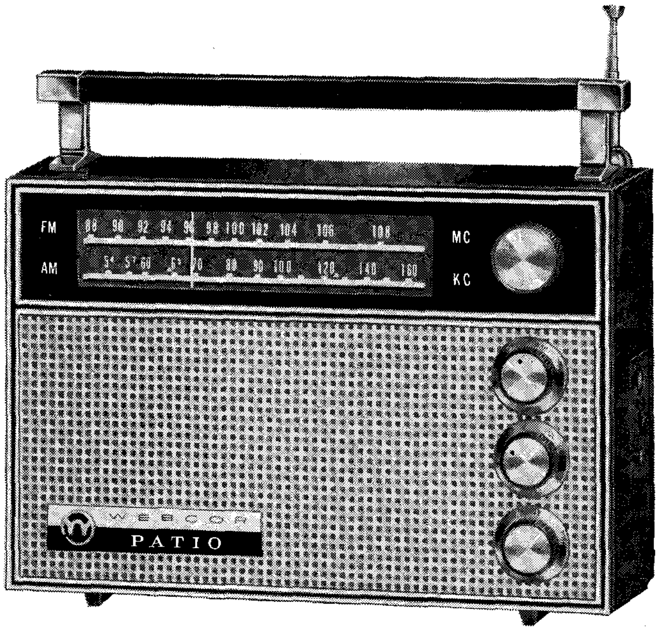

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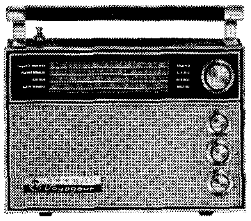

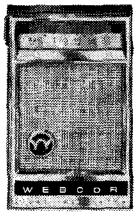

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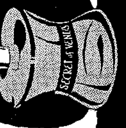

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often plays on the discoverer. Anyang, for instance, not only restored the tradition of the Shang dynasty to historical respectability; it also disclosed that very early Chinese society had a good many anti-traditional features, including the practice of human sacrifice on a lavish scale. Mohenjo Daro and Harappa not only substantiated the central theme of the Rig Veda; they also showed that India's earliest civilization was quite repellently utilitarian, authoritarian, and commercial—with very little to admire, indeed, except the drains. In the same fashion, Blegen's discovery of Pylos and Ventris's decipherment of Linear B not only gave back to the Greeks the first superb creations of the Greek spirit and placed Nestor and Agamemnon and Homer's other heroes in an intelligible historical context; they also showed that the real Greek kingdoms that leagued together against Troy were very different from the imagined Greek kingdoms of Homer's epic of the Trojan War. To be sure, Homer has indeed been justified, and every bit as fully as old Schliemann could have wished. The heroic warrior class, still using bronze weapons (which had given place to iron ones in Homer's time); the numerous kingdoms situated just where Homer placed them, with Mycenae first in wealth and power, just as Homer said; the richly decorated Mycenaean palaces, like that of King Alcinous in Scheria, which must have seemed wholly imaginary to Homer's contemporaries—all these main features of the Iliad and the Odyssey were based, as we now know, on the solid facts of the Mycenaean Age of Greece. But what Homer so faithfully preserved looks altogether different when it is viewed in the setting of its own time, which can now be traced in the deciphered tablets. There is no hint in Homer that Nestor's kingdom and the others like it were tightly controlled, tightly administered states, with whole hierarchies of royal officials in their provinces and districts, with public labor elaborately organized and the workers carefully recompensed on the basis of a set scale of grain and wine for slaves and freemen, and with cattle and land and bronze and gold all subject to the census of the king. And there is no hint in Homer that Agamemnon, Nestor, Menelaus, and the other kingly heroes were also merchant-monopolists in a very large way of business, whose real quarrel with Troy quite possibly arose from Troy's profitable control of the great trans-Hellespontine trade route between Europe and Asia.

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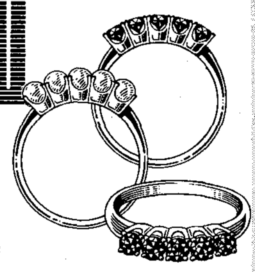

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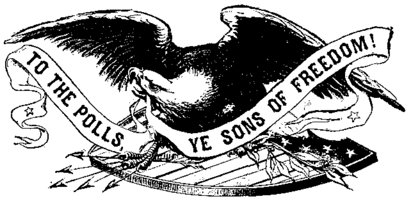
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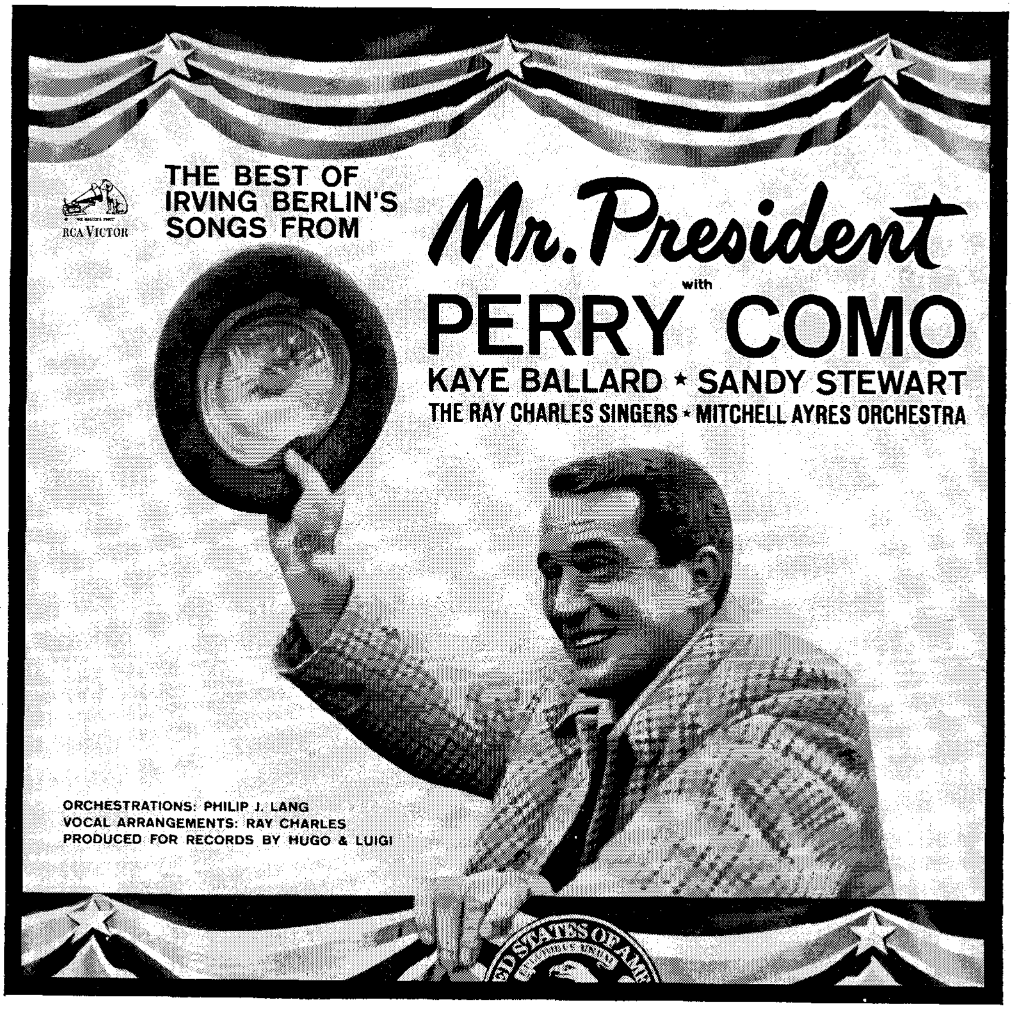
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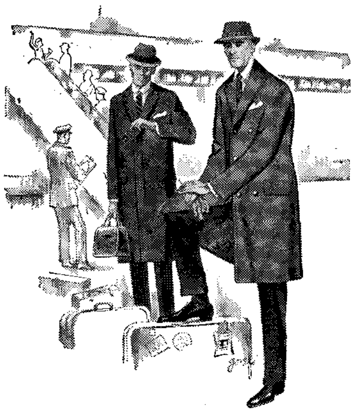

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into modern Pylos, I asked Professor Blegen whether he really believed the story of Paris's love for Helen. But I never got an answer, for we had reached the pleasant little hotel where we had retained rooms, and my question was lost in the exchange of surprised greetings between the Professor and two friends of his, who were taking a belated afternoon tea on the hotel terrace. The friends turned out to be an English couple—W. K. C. Guthrie, Master of Downing College and professor of ancient philosophy at Cambridge, and his wife. The Guthries agreed to dine with us, and when darkness had fallen and the lights of the fishing boats were showing in the bay over toward Sphacteria, we four sat down to an excellent meal of good Greek hors d'oeuvres and *shashlik* and fruit, washed down with plenty of light resinated wine. Both professors were in good form—deep calling to deep, so to say—and it was an evening to remember.

The talk began with Pylos—it was then that I learned how the first trench laying bare the archive room had been planned solely to spare the olive trees—but before it ended it had covered rather more of the ancient Mediterranean than Odysseus saw in all his wanderings. The forty-six levels of Troy, the fate of the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, the sound insight of Thucydides' opening summary of early Greek history, the date for the fall of Troy proposed by the Alexandrian scholar Eratosthenes, the competing theories about the origin of the Minoans, Professor Palmer's strictures on Sir Arthur Evans—all these and many comparable topics were touched upon in this wide-ranging conversation, which struck me not just for its display of learning but also for its ease and lack of pretension. If you feel genuinely intimate with Eratosthenes, apparently, you talk about him as though he lived next door instead of nearly two millennia ago. One passage in the long evening of talk, moreover, must be recorded at some length because of its connection with Pylos. It had to do with the picture of the Greek past that has come down to us from Herodotus and Thucydides.

According to this picture, the Greeks entered Greece in two main waves. The firstcomers were the people who used to be commonly called the Achaean Greeks (the name comes from Homer), and these were the creators of the Mycenaean civilization. The second wave, of Dorian Greeks, appeared on the scene much later—eighty years after the fall of Troy, according to Thucydides.

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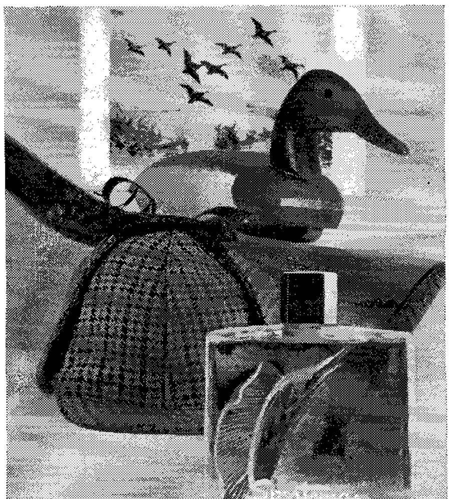

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The Dorians, who were much cruder and more primitive than the Achaeans but possessed iron weapons rather than bronze ones, destroyed all the Bronze Age kingdoms except Athens (where the Athenians boasted that the Acropolis had never fallen); they spread over all of the Peloponnesus except poor, mountainous Arcadia; and they occupied most of Crete. Such is the traditional account, but it has now been challenged by certain scholars, who hold that the Dorian invasion is a myth; the new theory is that the Bronze Age kingdoms were destroyed by a surge of social revolution. I was curious to know what Blegen and Guthrie thought about this, for I had been vaguely picturing the palace of Nestor as being put to the torch by the oppressed commoners of Messenia, out of patience at last with the endless exactions of the King and his lords. I quickly found that the professors thought very poorly indeed of the social-revolution theory. Their criticism, which struck me as completely convincing, was based on the simple fact that nearly all the Bronze Age palaces and fortresses came to an end at about the same time. Pylos, Mycenae, Tiryns, Gla, Orchomenus—all these and others were engulfed in a single wave of destruction. The Cadmeia at Thebes, which fell earlier, in a local war, and the Acropolis at Athens, which never fell, as the old tradition asserted, were the sole exceptions to the rule. But even in Athens great fear must have been felt at this moment of widespread ruin, for the excavations of Professor O. Broneer have shown that a strenuous and hasty effort was made around that time to render the Acropolis impregnable by insuring its water supply.

"Since this is what happened," Professor Blegen summed up, "I have no real doubts about the Greeks' tradition of the Dorian invasion. It fits all the facts as we know them, including the very important facts concerning the distribution of the Dorian and other Greek dialects in classical times. I could believe in one social revolution—at Mycenae, for instance—or even in two social revolutions, at Mycenae and Tiryns, since they are so close together. But it isn't sensible, in my opinion, to assume that *all* the Bronze Age kingdoms except Athens could have been destroyed by revolutions that broke out almost simultaneously, from one end of Greece to the other. Furthermore, the philologists who have been working on our Pylos tablets think that they've discovered evidence of preparations for an invasion. You'll find it in L. R. Palm-

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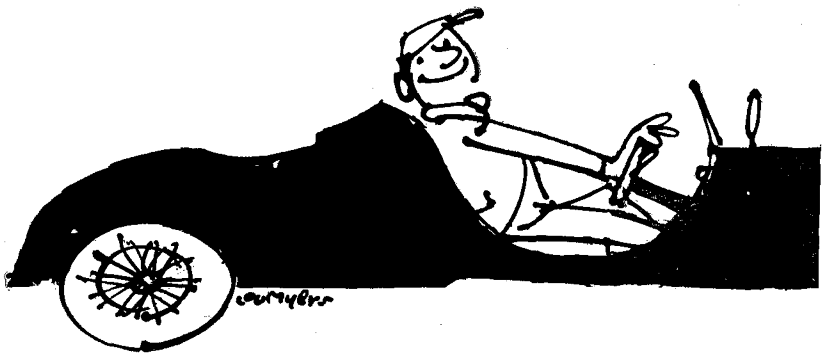

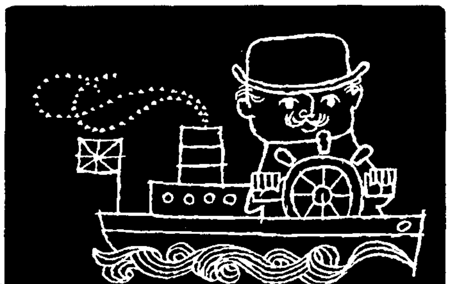

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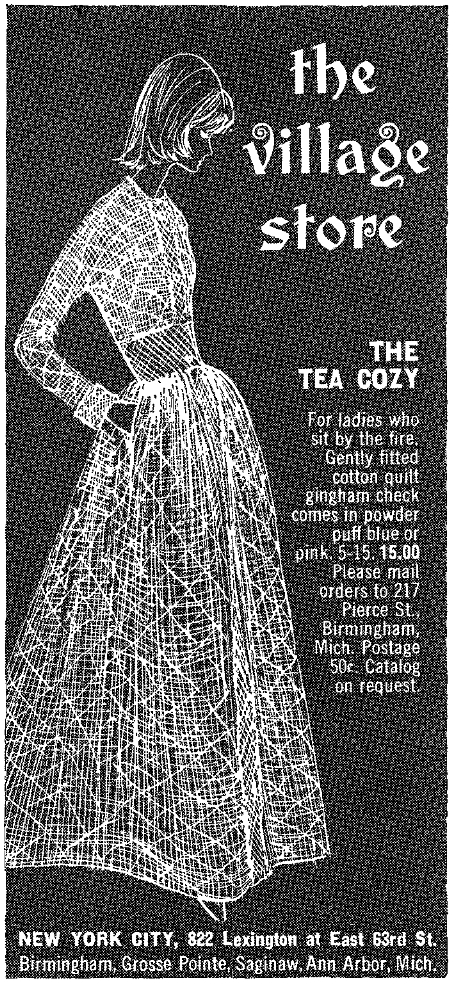
er's book, which I saw you had with you on the plane."

So our evening ended, but before going to sleep that night I did the homework that Professor Blegen had set me, and read the chapter on the last days of Pylos in Palmer's "Mycenaeans and Minoans."

The last days of Pylos are supposed to have come in about 1200 B.C., only a century or so after Neleus occupied the hilltop of Epano Englianos. Until the end came—apparently with terrible swiftness—all the machinery of normal daily life continued to operate with ordered precision in the palace at Pylos; the wine jars in the guests' reception room and the water jars in the Queen's toilet stood ready at the very moment when the palace went up in flames. Professor Palmer points out that the tablets, too, mutely imply the same sudden, brutal interruption of the busy daily round. In the archive room, the scribes seem to have been working, at the last, on a consolidated register of landholdings. It was never finished, and the last tablet was found still uninscribed. One wonders whether the scribes had been hastily armed and pressed into the ranks of the fighting men, or whether the last agony of Pylos found them still at their work, to be driven from it only by the fearful sound of battle mounting ever higher toward the palace hilltop that Neleus, and Nestor after him, had thought would never need a wall. But although the normal routine was maintained until the very end, Professor Palmer remarks that "a sense of emergency pervades the whole archive [of Linear B tablets from Pylos], for all its sober and matter-of-fact appearance." By the very nature of the tablets, which were preserved only by the great fire, the period covered by the surviving record could not have been a long one. It may well be, therefore, that Nestor's successor on the throne of Pylos had had advance notice of the invasion preparations of the Dorians—if the invaders were the Dorians—even before the first surviving tablet was inscribed. The students of this complex subject who believe in the Dorian invasion are also inclined to believe that the Dorian departure point was in Epirus, in the extreme western part of northern Greece, where a town called Doris is thought to have commemorated a very early Dorian occupation. In that case, the Pylian kingdom would have been one of the first to be attacked—perhaps the very first, if the Dorian advance guard was seaborne—among all the Mycenaean



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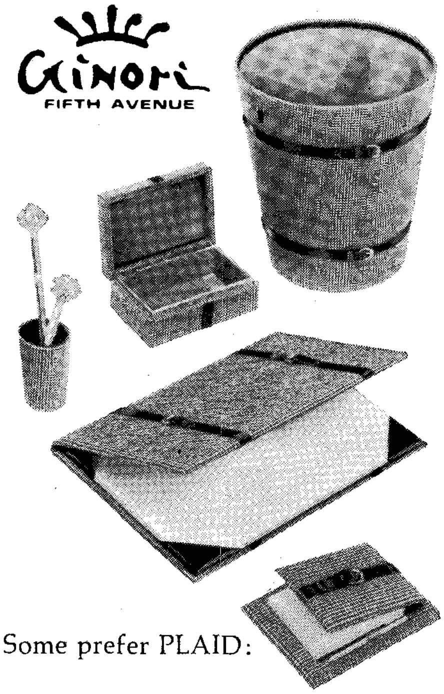

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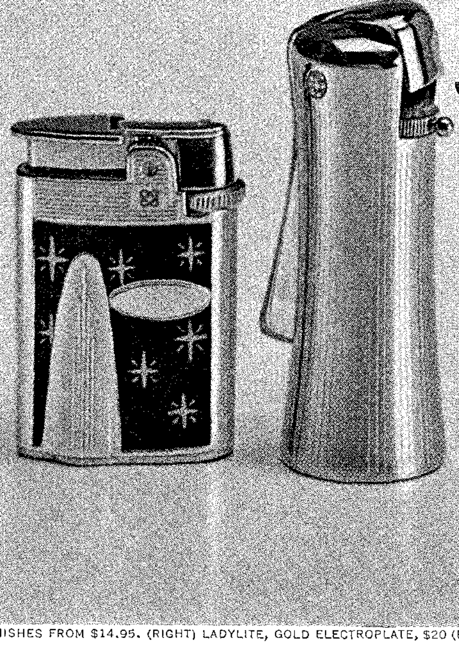

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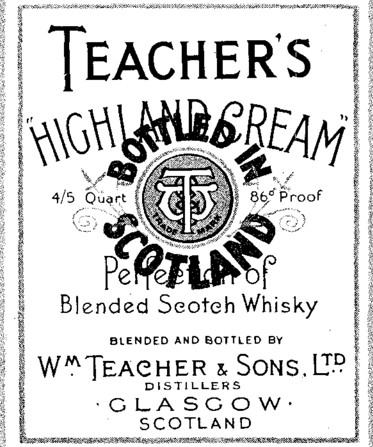

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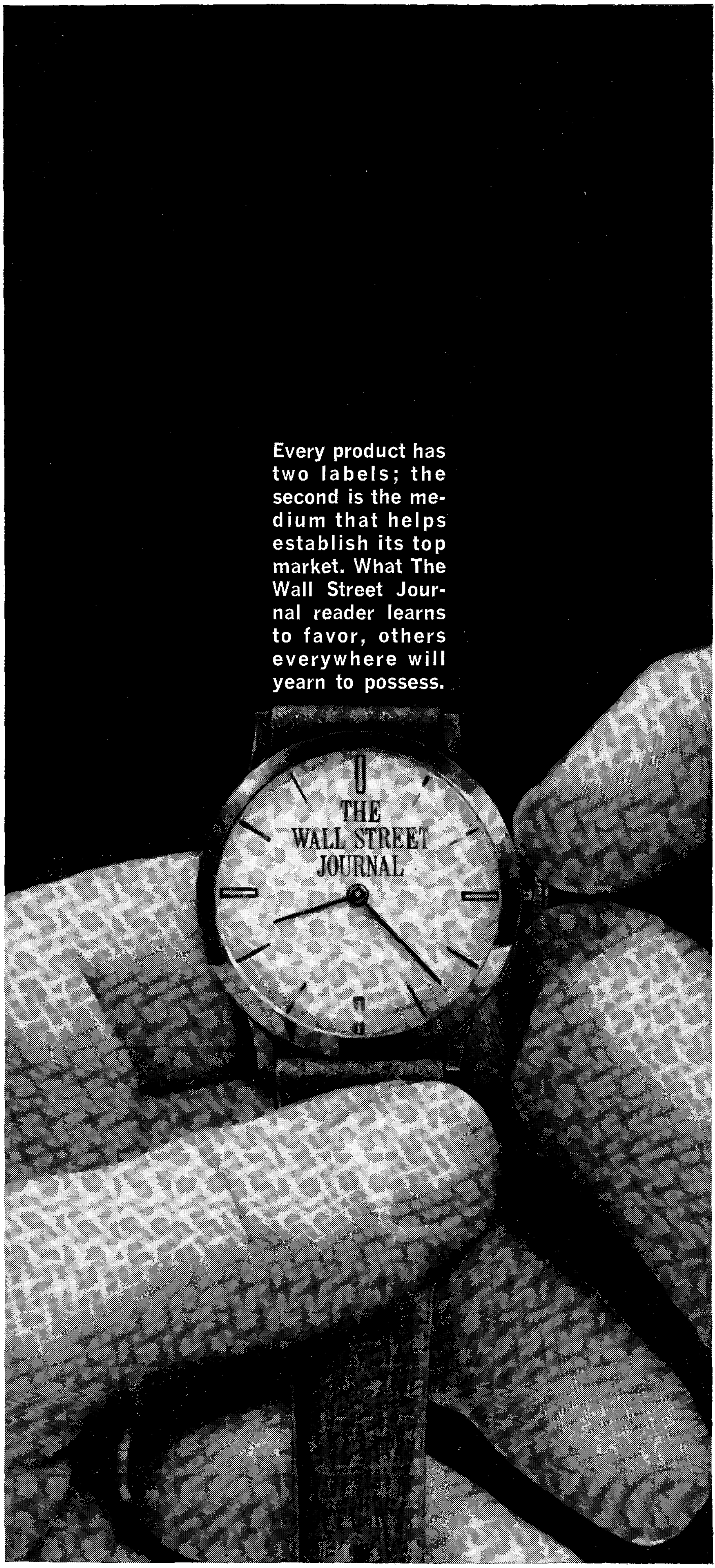
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK kingdoms of the Peloponnesus, for the Dorian invasion route would most naturally have followed the western coast, thus reaching Messenia before Mycenae, Tiryns, or Sparta. One may imagine, then, the last King of Pylos getting early news—no doubt through his trading connections—of the warlike muster of the rude Dorian tribes, whom the rich Mycenaean Greeks can hardly have regarded even as a cousin race, despite the community of language.

Some warning there must have been, at any rate, for the whole Linear B archive from Pylos is shot through with evidence of preparations to repel invaders. One set of tablets has the heading "How the Watchers Are Guarding the Coastal Regions." These tablets list the stations of coast-watching detachments, and another set of tablets lists places where "rowers" were being sent; still other tablets list groups of "bronze-smiths" who were being sent from the temples. "The main concentration of 'rowers' (and would it be 'incautious' to imply the Pylian fleet?) was in southern Messenia," writes Professor Palmer, "and units of craftsmen were being detailed to the same general area. Perhaps it would not be overbold to entertain the notion that these bronze-smiths were to be employed as armorers. . . . [The] texts list various types of craftsmen, including 'bakers' and others whose sphere of activity is 'chariots.' The total impression is that these scattered texts reflect the assembly of artificers assigned to military duties." Yet another tablet describes "masons going to build." Ventris and Chadwick first concluded that the masons were assigned to work on fortifications, and Professor Palmer, as might be expected, strongly endorses this interpretation. A whole series of tablets also seems to record the movement of women and children to places of refuge, with the rations assigned to them. Finally, another series of tablets describes the collection of units of a commodity that was at first thought to be flax, which were delivered to the coast-watching detachments. The difficulty of explaining why flax should have been sent to the coast watchers was only increased when a Swiss scholar, Dr. H. Mühlestein, discovered that each coast-watching detachment received a number of units of this commodity exactly proportional to the detachment's strength in men. The hint of the issuance of some sort of iron ration was unmistakable, but how could the coast watchers have needed an iron ration of flax? It was then remembered, however, that the word at first taken to mean "flax" could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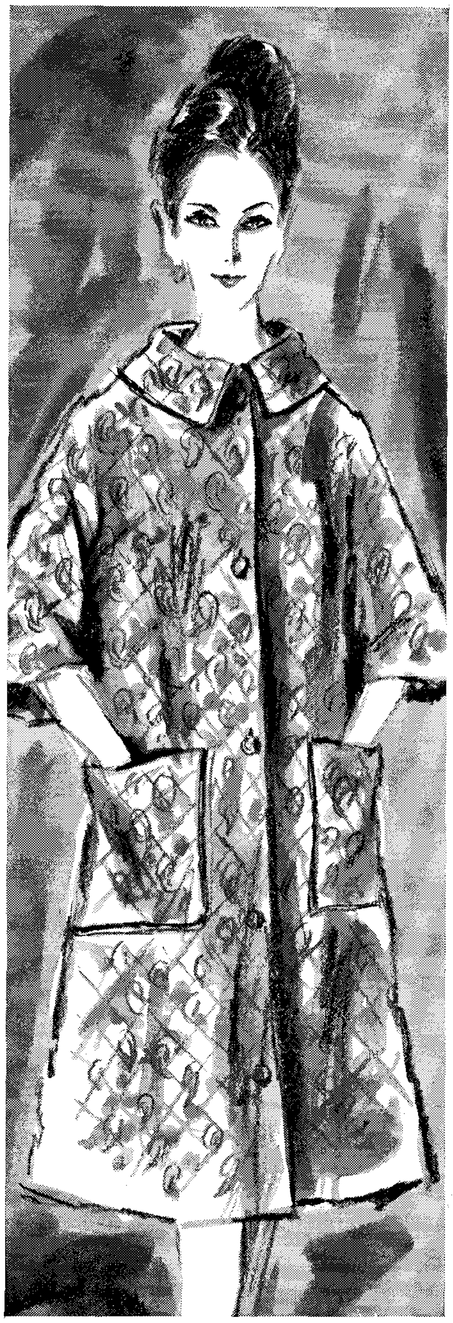

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also mean "linseed." Thucydides himself shows linseed being used as an iron ration by the later Greeks, when the Spartan hoplites were trapped on Sphacteria by the Athenian fleet. "Underwater swimmers," he says, "swam through the harbor [to Sphacteria] towing after them, by means of a cord, bags containing poppyseed mixed with honey and pounded linseed. At first they eluded discovery, but then watch was kept for them." In short, even the unexpected linseed fits into the invasion picture.

"Thus alerted and organized," Professor Palmer concludes, "the Pylians awaited the attack from the sea. The ruin of the palace and the fire that preserved the archives to our own times are eloquent testimony that the attack was successful. . . . The scene must have been such as Homer painted: 'As when *the smoke rising from a city reaches the* bright sky far from an island that foemen beset, and the day long they contend in grievous strife from their city wall. At sundown the beacon fires blaze in rows, and the glare reaches aloft for their neighbors to see, in the hope that they will come in their ships and ward off their doom.' " But no one came, and so, "with the storming and firing of all the major strongholds of Mycenaean power," the Bronze Age of Greece came to its end.

MAYBE it is silly, but I am one of those who are much moved by history. I am stirred by the triumphs, depressed by the defeats, and, above all, made melancholy by the terrible transitoriness of human accomplishment, which is, I fear, history's deepest lesson. It had been almost too poignant, therefore, to read Palmer's chapter at the end of the same day in which I had heard Professor Blegen bring the palace of Nestor back to busy life and all but people it again before my eyes. Palmer's account haunted me, and the next day, when Professor Blegen and I were on the plane returning to Athens, I asked him what he thought of the way Palmer had interpreted his tablets. It turned out *that the Professor, who is a field arche*ologist and not a philologist, had certain cautious reservations to make. It was a long job, he said, "a very long job," to arrive at sure and final readings of documents like the Linear B tablets, whose rather clumsy, sometimes debatable signs express—one might almost say embalm—a form of Greek that is at least four hundred years older than any Greek previously known to scholarship. Time would have to tell, he said,

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and he suggested that another ten years of work by the philologists would be needed before the reading of the Pylos tablets could be accepted as dependable in detail. But to this he added that there was no question of Palmer's philological eminence, and he concluded, "It all fits; it fits remarkably well, in fact. What he has found in the tablets is just what one would expect to find, and by that I don't at all mean that he has read his own expectations into the texts. But I can't give any sort of final verdict. We must wait for time's verdict."

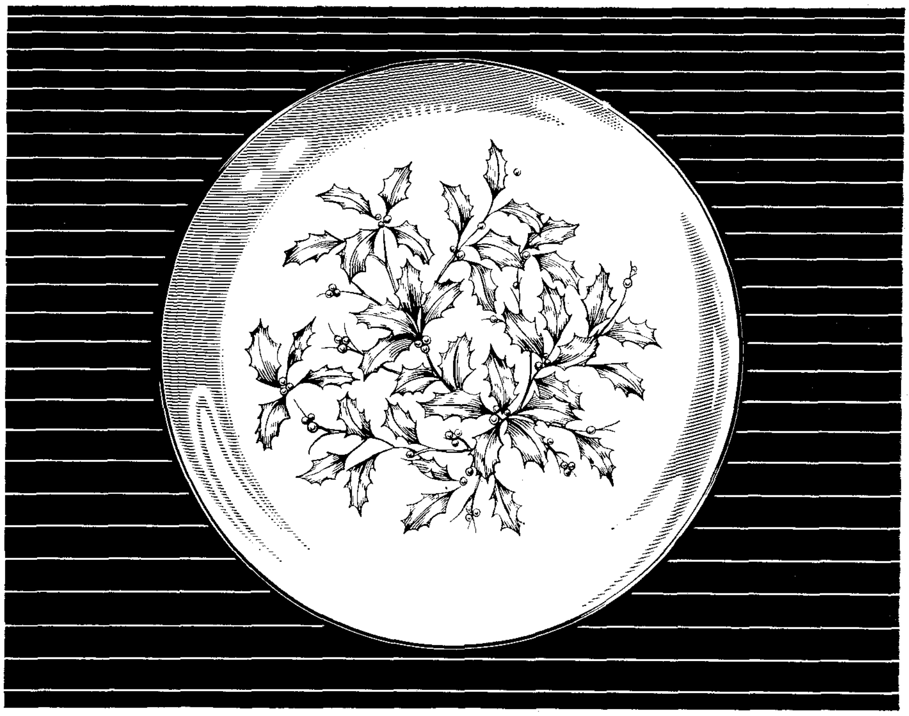
After two pretty strenuous days, the Professor struck me as a bit tired, and I myself was gorged with facts learned and impressions received. Hence, we talked little on the last lap of our journey. Yet there was one final question I could not resist asking, and I asked it just before we reached Professor Blegen's house on Plutarch Street. When the palace was burned, I inquired, was that the end of the story, or was there any sort of sequel? The Professor replied, with his characteristic gentle smile, "Not at all. The story didn't end there. If we can trust the ancient Greeks, who were a lot nearer their past than we are, refugees from Pylos escaped to Athens, and they apparently included a prince, or princes, of the house of Neleus and Nestor. Neleid descent was claimed by some Athenian noble families, and these included both the Pisistratids, the family of the tyrant, and the Alcmeonids—the family of Alcmeon, who rebuilt the temple at Delphi, and of Pericles himself. No one seems to have doubted the claim, and if it wasn't doubted at the time, when there would have been plenty of backbiting people only too anxious to make fun of this kind of faked genealogy, I see no reason to doubt it now. Experience teaches, I believe, that it's always wisest to give the benefit of the doubt to tradition. Anyway, I *like* to think that Pericles descended from Neleus and Nestor."

I like to think that, too. I told the Professor so, and the thought brightened our parting. —JOSEPH ALSOP

•

> Graves said that when one reads or writes a true poem "the hairs stand on end, the eyes water, the throat constricts, the skin crawls and a shiver runs down the government, through the Naspine."—*Los Angeles Times.*

Kennedy should have *known* this when he invited Robert Frost.



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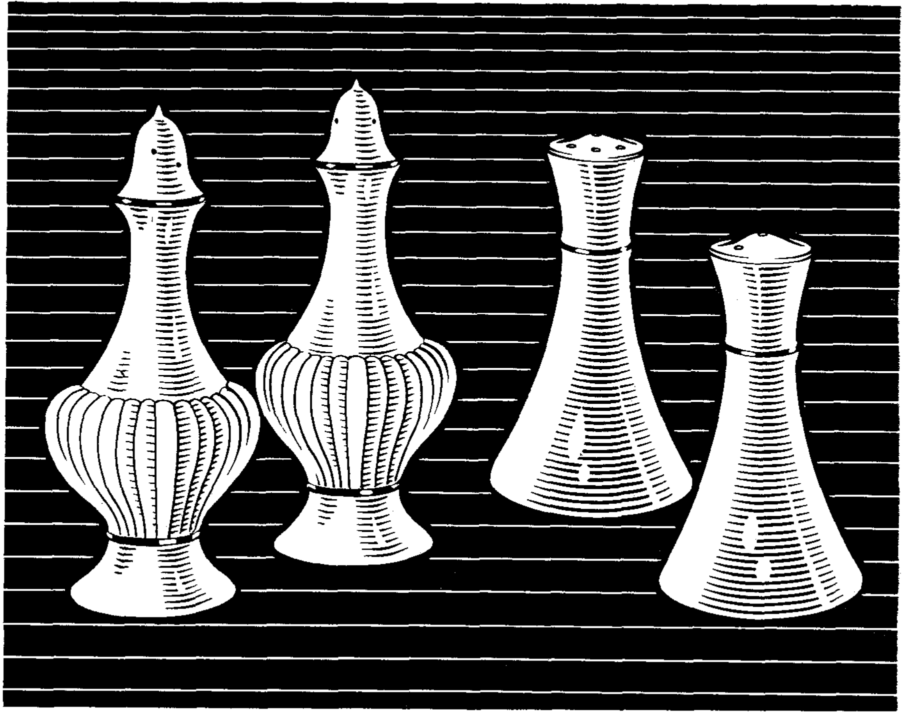

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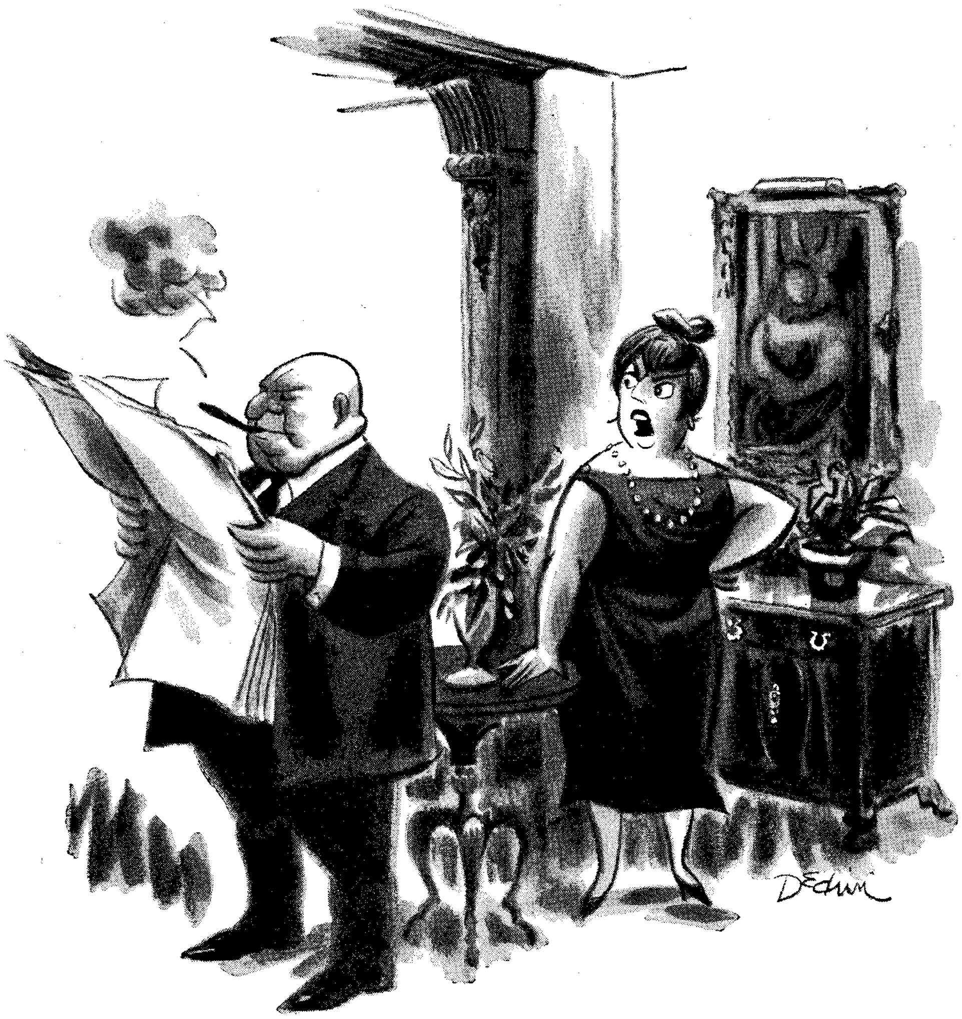
OFF BROADWAY

A NUMBER of good actors of Asian or Polynesian origin are appearing at the East End in a couple of charming one-act plays, plus a prologue, that Rolf Forsberg has based on Zen ideas and Buddhist legends. The over-all title, "A Tenth of an Inch Makes the Difference," is the second half of a Zen motto that starts, "Heaven is only three feet away, but . . ." In the prologue, a Chinese master, a student, and various other characters swap and gaily act out Zen riddles and jokes. The plot of the first of the plays, "Gotami the Frail," comes from India and is about a beggar girl who marries the son of a rich merchant and whose baby is killed by a scorpion. She refuses to believe that the child is dead, and takes him to a doctor, who suggests that she go to a Zen group in a grove outside Benares. There she is told to return to town and beg one mustard seed from everyone who has not had a death in his family. At last, with no mustard seed, she comes upon a dying old man who is eating from a bowl of lentils. He has built his own funeral pyre, and he persuades her to light it for him, which she does; the man climbs onto the pyre, and then, slowly, she puts the body of the child beside him. After one cry of grief, she finishes up the lentils and returns to the grove with a handful of ashes. The play, while wistful and remote, is not gloomy, and there is some humor in it. Madhur Jaffrey gives a lovely performance as the girl, and the scene in which she scrapes the bowl of lentils clean with her little finger is a beauty. I also admired Saeed Jaffrey, as both the merchant and the old man, and Mara Kim, as a gleeful, teasing midwife.

"Kendo," the second of the pair, is from a Japanese anecdote and is not wistful or remote at all. It is very jolly. Its hero is a young samurai, the son of a famous swordsman and the descendant of many swordsmen, who wants so much to follow in his father's footsteps that he freezes with dedication whenever he holds a sword. He persuades the master swordsman of the land to take him on as a pupil in residence and goes off to the master's house in the country, where he is required to vow that he will never mention duelling or anything connected with it. He finds, to his dismay, that the master is making a servant of him, forcing him to cook, scour, and sweep, and, what is worse (and better), leaping out from one hiding place or another and whacking him every time he gets careerish or absent-minded or full of himself. As time passes, he grows more and more expert at anticipating and dodging the blows of the sneaky master, and more and more indignant at being so ill used, until, finally— Well, of course. The joke is a good one, and the play, I should think, will delight children, who will understand what is happening to the boy long before he realizes it himself. The ending is touching—partly, I believe, because it marks the union of the character and the audience. He has caught up to us at last. Again, the acting in the leading roles seemed dandy to me. Clifford Arashi, as the master, the embodiment of merry self-esteem, has a wonderful scene when he comes back to his country house and wanders around smelling the sweet, familiar smells, croaking at his frogs, barking at his dogs, and miaowing at his cats. Viraj Amonsin is fine as the nervous, self-abasing, rebellious, and very nice young hero, and so is Francisco G. Salvacion as the father, who dies thinking his son a failure. This note of sadness is gentle and somehow as right as the slapstick.

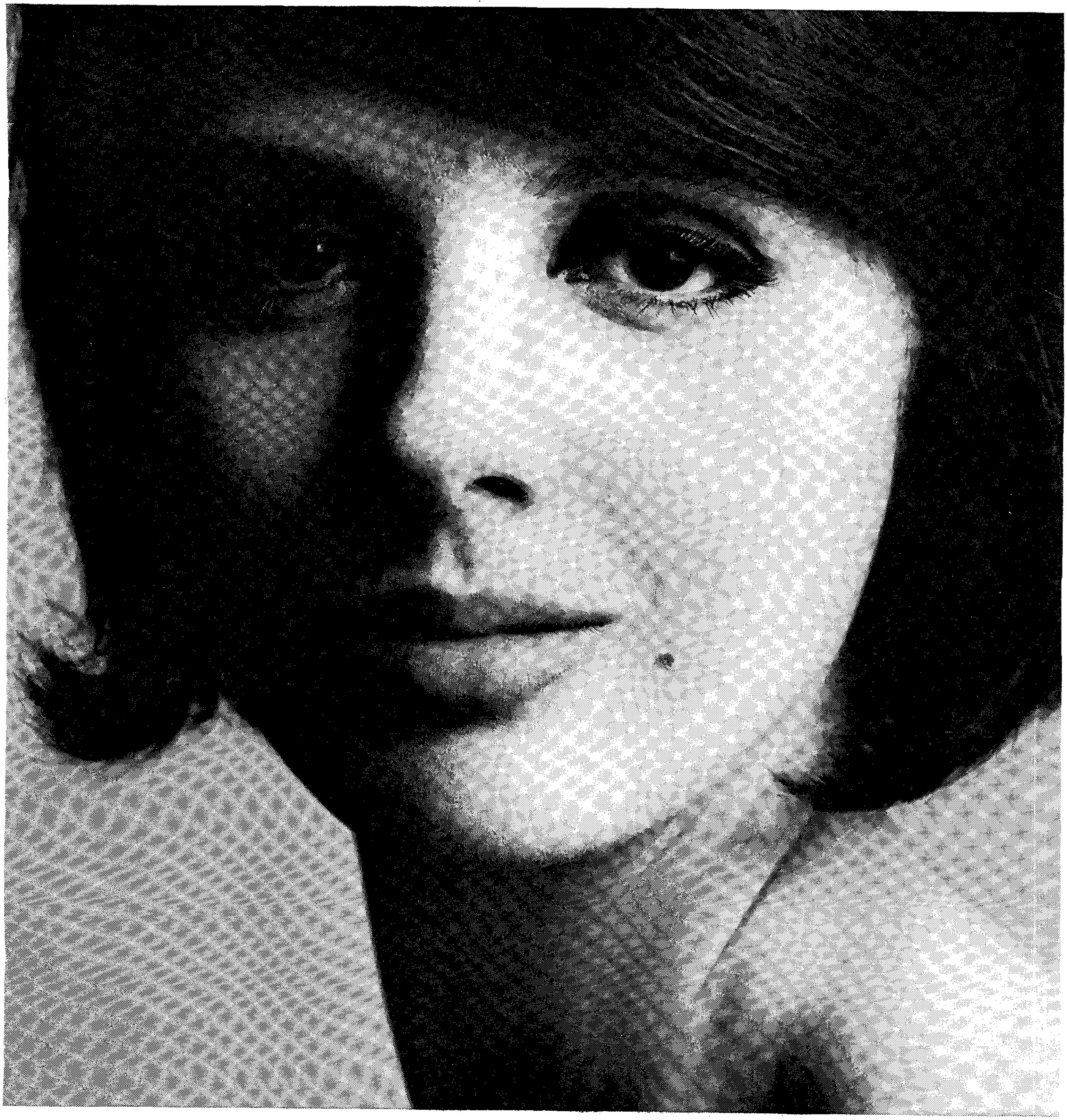
The playwright directed—a poor idea usually, but it works out quite well here.



"Don't take that tone with me! I'm not labor, you know."

DAVID Ross has such a good record as a director that when he fails, one must scratch around for reasons, and it is my guess that one reason his production of "The Cherry Orchard," at Theatre Four, is so disappointing is that it wasn't ready to open when it did. My first impression of the opening-night performance was: no atmosphere, no nuances, and no rapport between characters who have known each other all their lives. "The Cherry Orchard" has

COMMENT DIT-ON FEMME EN ANGLAIS?



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always seemed to me the richest, subtlest, and most elusive of all Chekhov's major plays, and, at the same time, the clearest. There is nothing droopy or vague about it; the irony of its comedy and sadness and beauty is always apparent. But this production is not clear. Marian Winters, who joined the company long after rehearsals started, probably had time only to outline Mme. Ranevsky, which she does honestly and intelligently. Nevertheless, I think she is miscast. She just doesn't have the theatrical magnetism for this exasperating, volatile, silly, delightful, and thoroughly selfish woman who has landed her family and dependents in a disastrous financial mess and yet is able to persuade everyone, including the audience, that she is the most pathetic victim of the trouble instead of the cause of it. John LaGioia barely skims the surface of Tropimov, the ungainly, idealistic student, and although he does pretty well with the long, beautiful speech beginning "All Russia is our orchard," he doesn't do well enough, spoiling stretches of it with false, jarring readings. Risa Schwartz's Varya is so mysteriously tense and spinsterish—after all, she is meant to be only twenty-four—that who can wonder at Lopahin for failing to propose to her, or care much one way or the other? The minor parts, if any parts in Chekhov are minor, go for almost nothing.

A few notes on the other side: Bramwell Fletcher is most engaging as Mme. Ranevsky's foolish, gentle brother, Gaev. (Mr. Fletcher, who for many years has been an acceptable leading man, is becoming an extraordinarily good character actor.) Richard Waring is on the right track as Lopahin, the self-made businessman, so much more sensitive, really, than the gentry whose difficulties he tries so hard to straighten out without ever being able to fully engage their attention. (However, his scene in the third act, when, far drunker with exuberance than with liquor, he announces that he has bought the house and orchard where his father and grandfather were slaves, rings hollow, and he doesn't get full value out of his shift from joy to sympathy when he turns in tears at Mme. Ranevsky's tears, saying, "Why didn't you listen to me?") Ruth Sobotka is amusing and touching as the zany, lonely governess. David Ballou has designed handsome and effective sets and costumes. Mr. Ross's new theatre is very attractive.

But "The Cherry Orchard" either is or isn't, and this time it isn't.

—Edith Oliver

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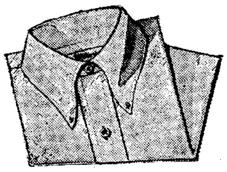

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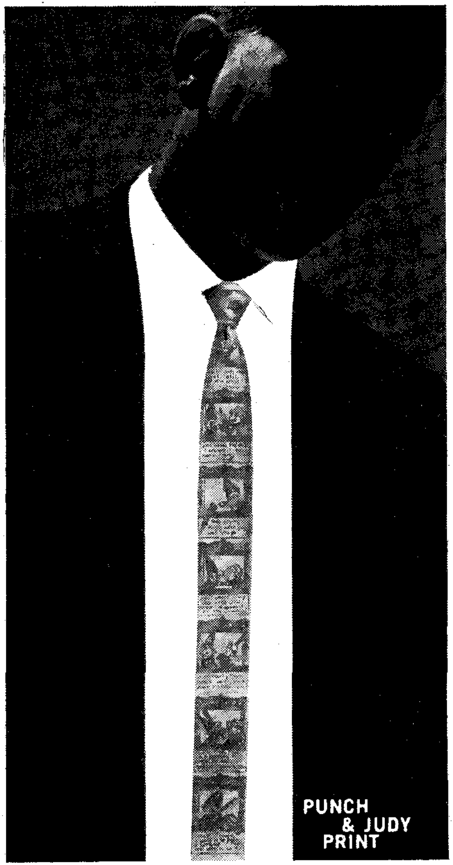

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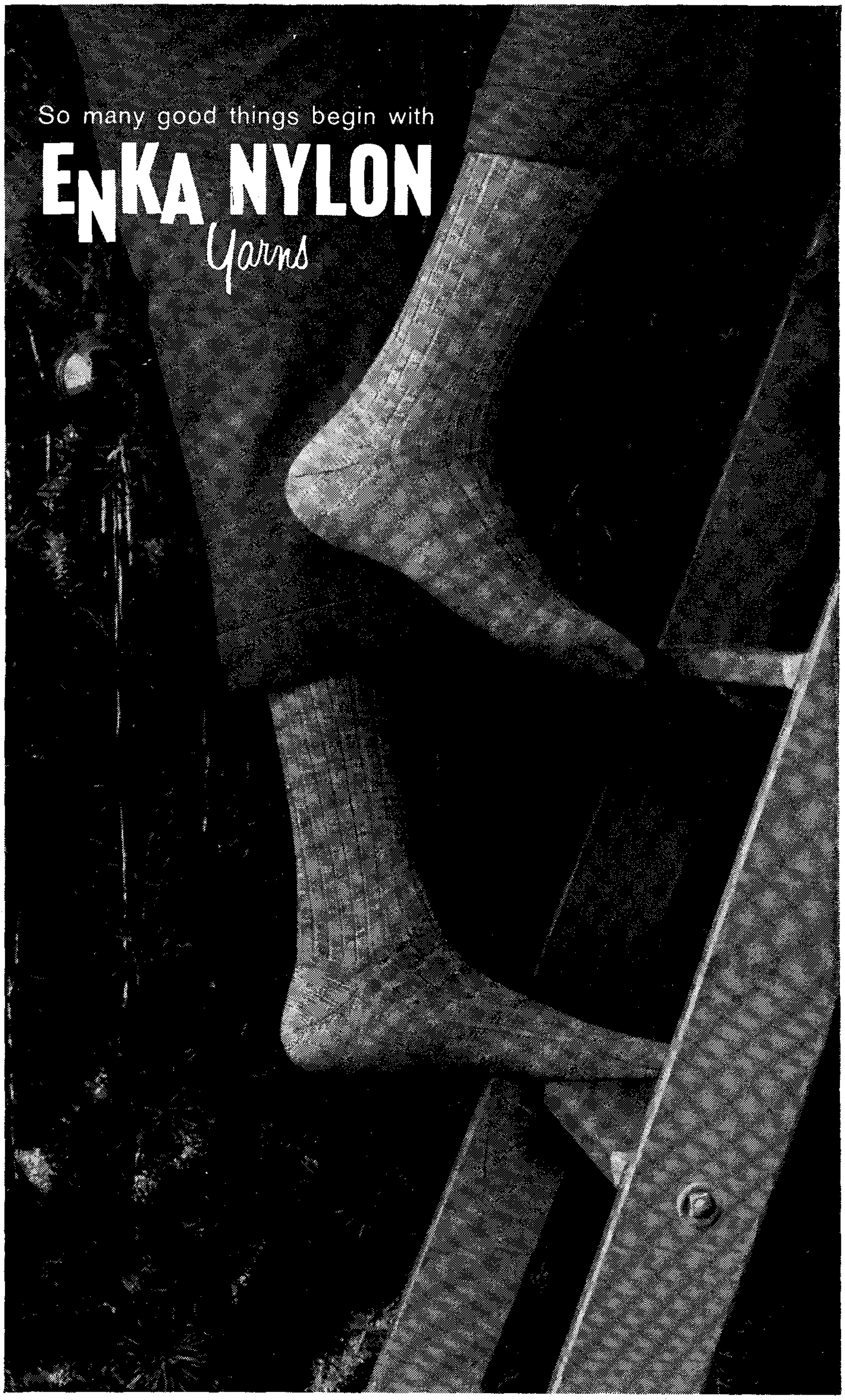
FOOTBALL

Then and Now

Curiosity, which has killed many a cat nap, roused me from an intermittent one in time for me to journey, one reprehensibly damp morning, as far north as the Fordham campus for a refresher course in an approximation of football as it looked before it was reconstructed into beanbag. This sport is Rugby, which a set of energetic undergraduates, frustrated by the abandonment of football at Fordham, have undertaken to play as a method of dissipating the animal spirits that weekend student rallies and cheering sections used to absorb. Fifteen Fordhamites were playing the same quantity of dedicated Columbians, who do have a football team as an emotional and physical outlet, but seemingly can do with another. It was a notably informal match, in which Fordham beat Columbia, 6–3, a placid score that was a nice contrast to the count by which the New York Titans would more professionally beat, say, the North Polecats (Titans 73, Polecats 59) at the Polo Grounds on a Sunday. Fordham has been at Rugby just two seasons; Princeton has been at it for just about thirty years, and undergraduates at Dartmouth, Brown, Pennsylvania, and Yale are among the other interested parties. Rugby, it is good to know, is still the fine old *sauve-qui-peut* game: except when someone fractures a rule, play ceases only if the ball goes out of bounds or is buried beneath so many participants that it (and possibly a participant) is presumed dead; the slain and the mortally wounded are left on the field of combat until play is halted for some other reason, when a two-minute armistice ensues, to permit Red Cross volunteers to effect repairs, and usually the team that suffers a loss of manpower must carry on shorthanded until its wounded can return to action; the ball is still that fat old thing, so bulky that nothing but brief, ten-finger passes are possible; only sidewise or lateral passes (and these often involve four or five performers) are legal tender; the players may still resort to that handsomest of all maneuvers—suddenly halting, when it seems that they are about to be tackled while they are running with the ball, and letting fly a drop kick toward the enemy goalposts. (A kick that clears the posts is worth three points—as much as a Rugby



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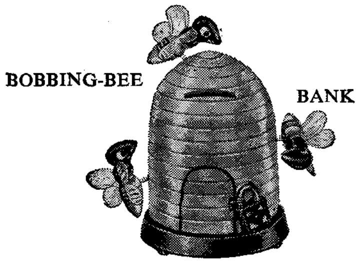

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touchdown—so the temptation is enormous. So, too, is the skill.) Best of all, a ballcarrier, once he is felled by a tackle, must on the instant release the ball, so that play—kicking it, or picking it up and running with it—can keep right on. It is, in short, an activity that blends the best (and the most terrifying) elements of football, soccer, field hockey, lacrosse, and hurley. The combatants in the match between Fordham and Columbia carried on like this for seventy minutes, and though life was made a bit easy for them—rain had cooled the air, and the tumbled ballcarriers fell into swampland rather than upon hard turf—it was clear to the two hundred spectators that once again they were living in the age of giants.

WHEN Charlie Conerly, quarterback of the professional New York Giants, retired to private life in his native Mississippi a year ago, he removed from the roster of sportswriters one of my favorites—his remarkably pretty and remarkably expressive wife, who rejoices in the lovely given name of Perian. So it was with considerable pleasure that I discovered, in a not-so-long-ago Sunday *Times*, a sort of afterpiece from her hand—a perhaps final burst of spray from her abundant Perian spring of knowledge about a sport in which she was always, of necessity, only a vicarious performer. Her appearance in print brought to mind the fact that another female sportswriter has been silent for an even longer time. A son of hers—call him Raskolnikoff—played such excellent football in high school that several institutions of somewhat higher learning were interested in him, but the college he thought should have him belongs to a league that is parsimonious in the matter of athletic scholarships. His sister was given an on-campus job, and his father an Isotta-Fraschini. No dice. Then a loyal graduate of the college came up with a trump. Wouldn't Raskolnikoff's mother like to do a think piece about football from the maternal point of view for one of his newspapers? There would be the assistance of an amanuensis and two thousand dollars in it for her. Yes, she would. The result, it appears, is to stand as her only literary monument. For none of Raskolnikoff's four brothers can play football.

—J. W. L.

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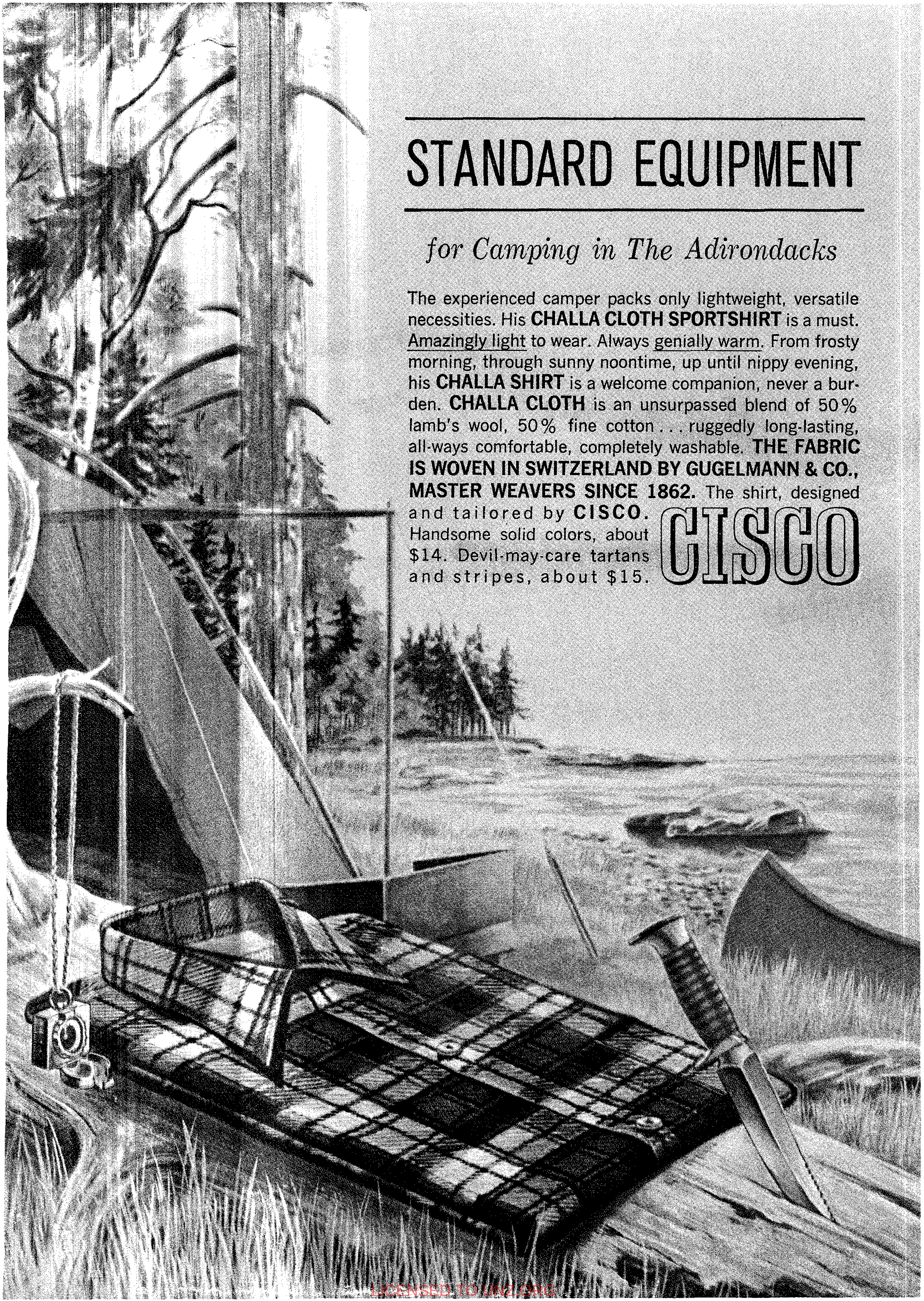

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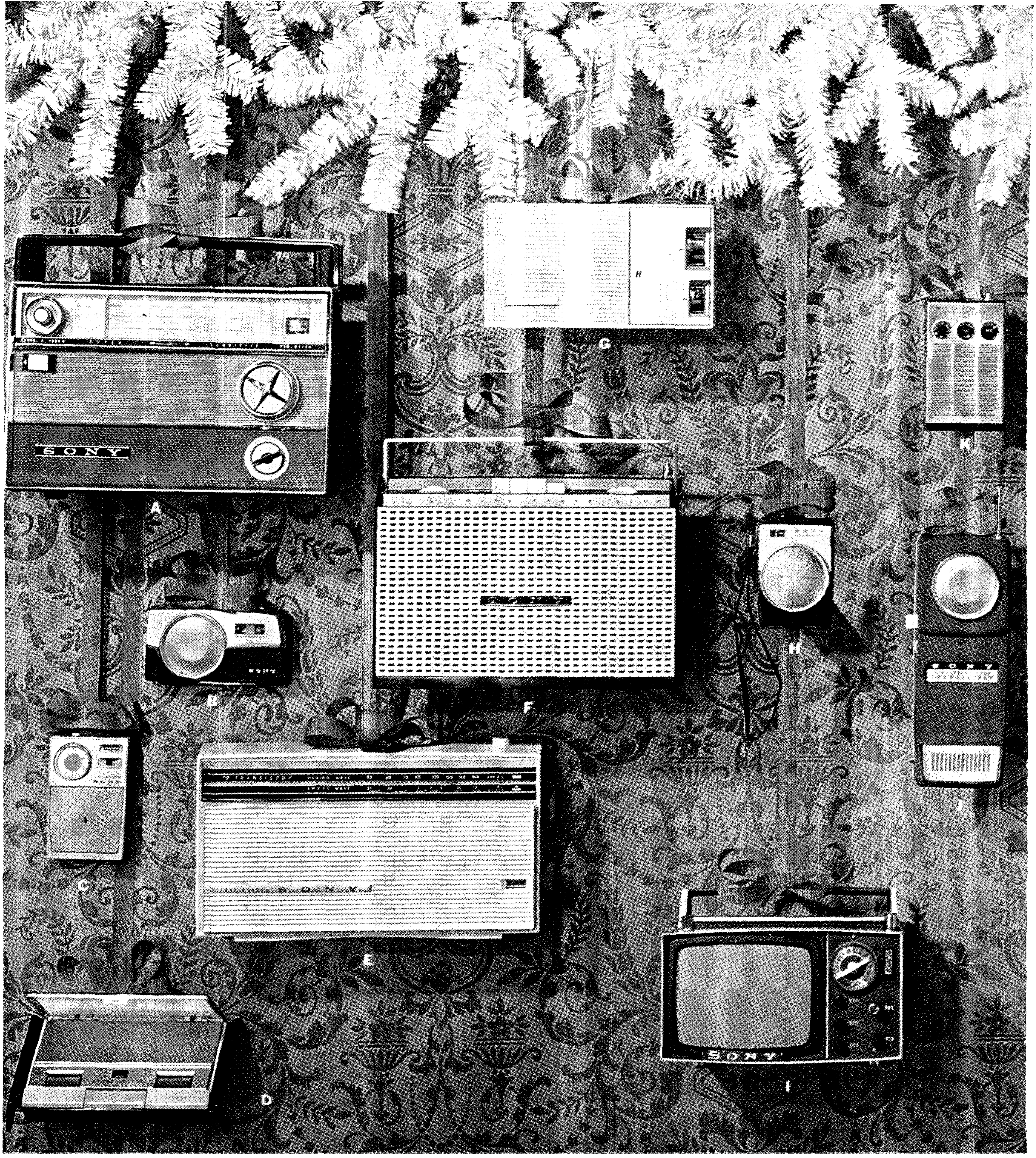

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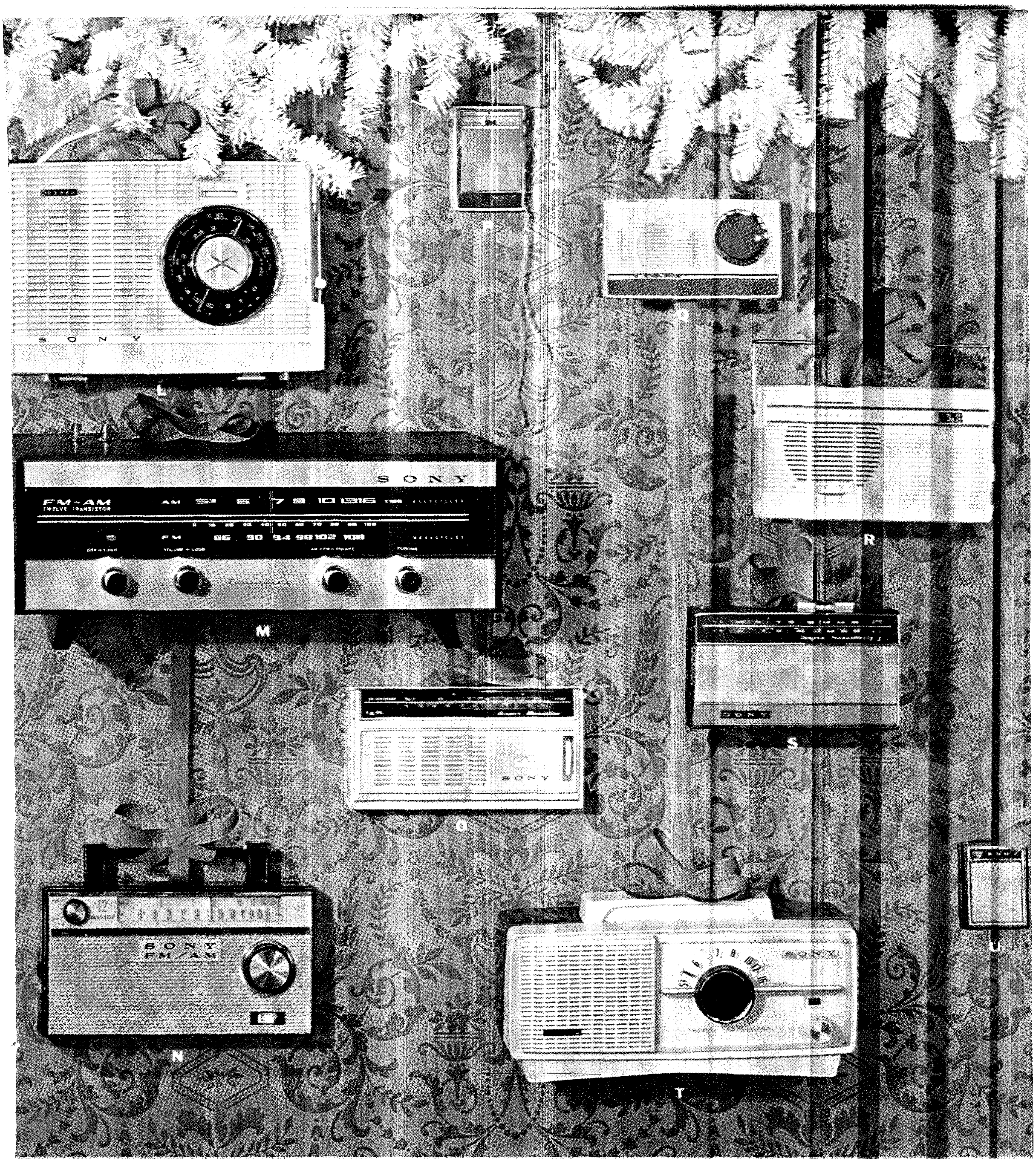

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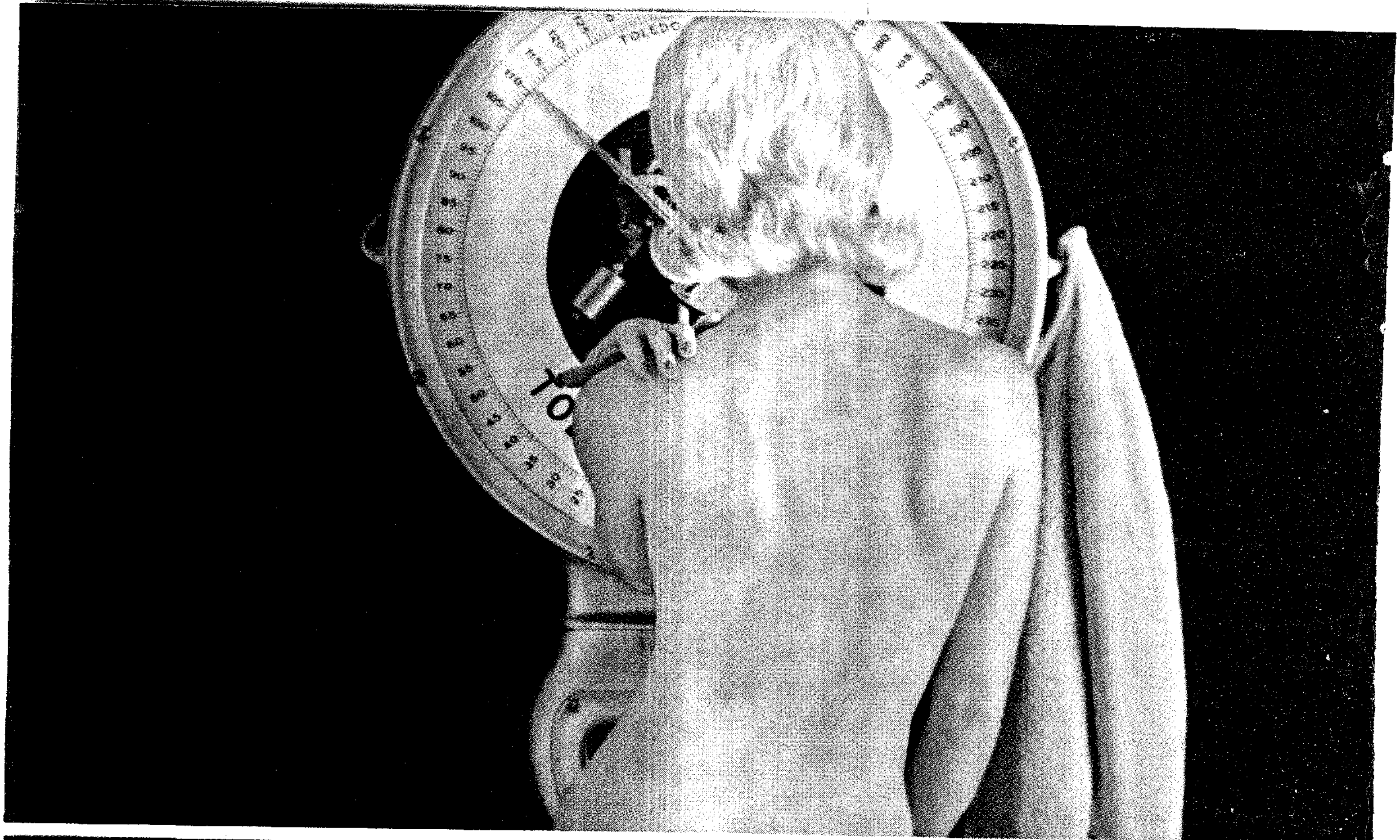

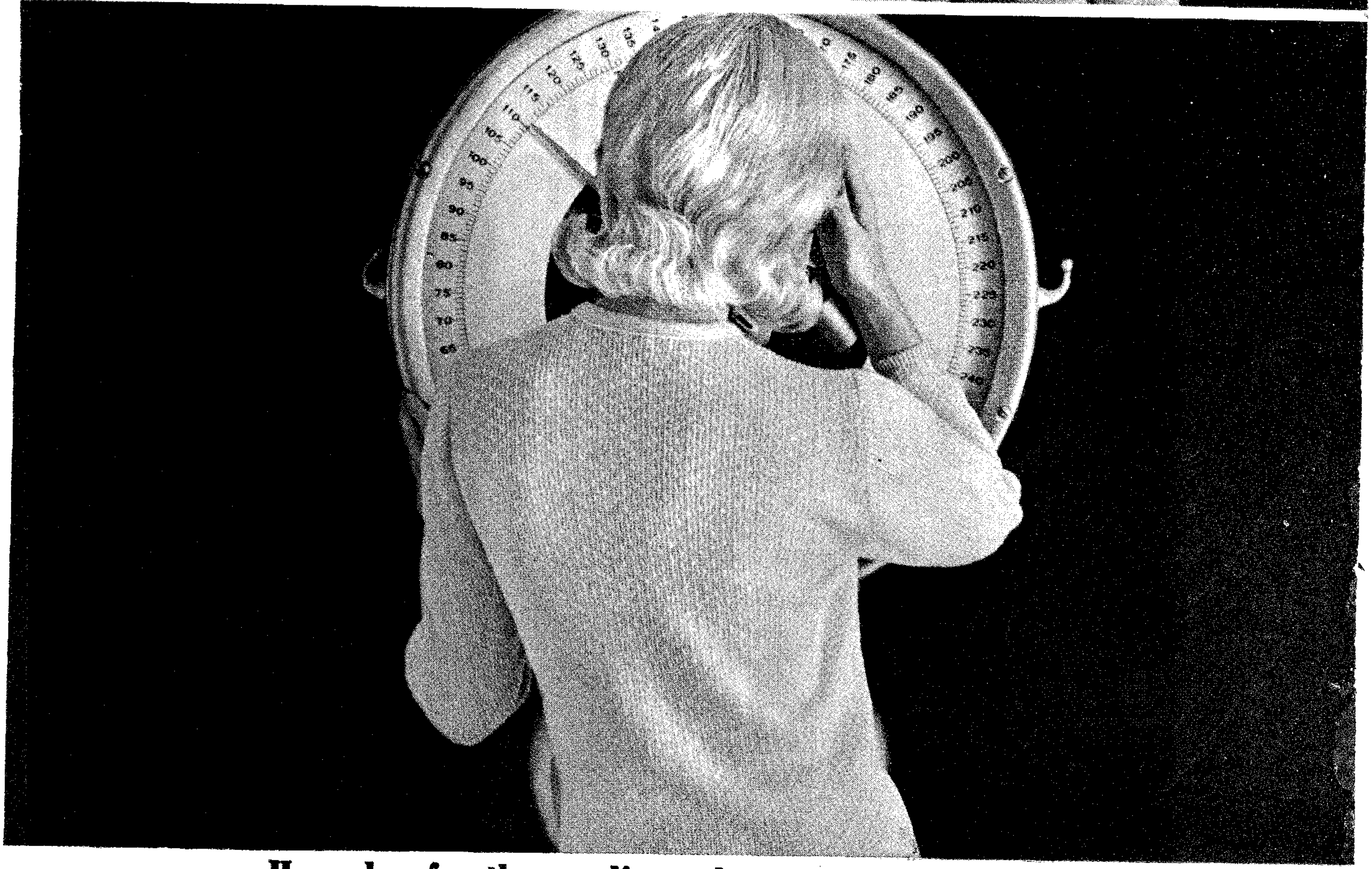

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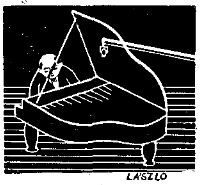
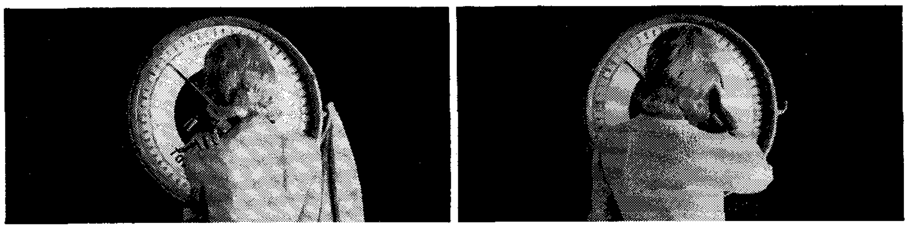


THE place of Hector Berlioz in the hierarchy of composers has remained curiously debatable. He has, and consistently has had, his ardent admirers. Yet there are quite a number of concertgoers, including me, who have never been able to consider him one of the giants of the art. In general, he has a strong appeal for literary people—partly, I think, because of his humor (he himself was a charming littérateur), and partly because to them he represents what they think of as the extravagance of the Romantic era. He certainly was an extravagant composer, but I am not sure that extravagance was really as widespread a characteristic of the Romantic era in music as is commonly supposed. There is nothing extravagant about the music of Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Verdi, or Bizet, for instance, or, in my view, even that of Wagner or Bruckner. The sort of extravagance that Berlioz represents is, in fact, more likely to be associated with the music, or merely with the social behavior, of such lesser figures of the era as Liszt and Paganini. There is no denying Berlioz' positive contributions to the art of music: his highly ingenious and original orchestration, and his creation of a certain very few compositions that can be universally accepted as masterpieces—the oratorio "L'Enfance du Christ," for one. Still, the bulk of his work somehow does not ring true. It is interesting, dramatic, provocative, fantastic, and a lot of other things, but it seldom approaches greatness, as that word is applied to the music of the masters. Just why this should be the case—or, at any rate, why it should seem the case to me—has puzzled me for a long time, and now I think I have arrived at an explanation. It is simply that in most of his music Berlioz appears to lack the quality of sincerity. He will dazzle you with feats of instrumentation; he is a master of the grand rhetorical flourish; he can fascinate the intellectual, or analytical, part of your mind; he can put on a tremendous theatrical show. But he moves you, if at all, at second hand, communicating to you not feeling but various ideas about feeling. These ideas ap-



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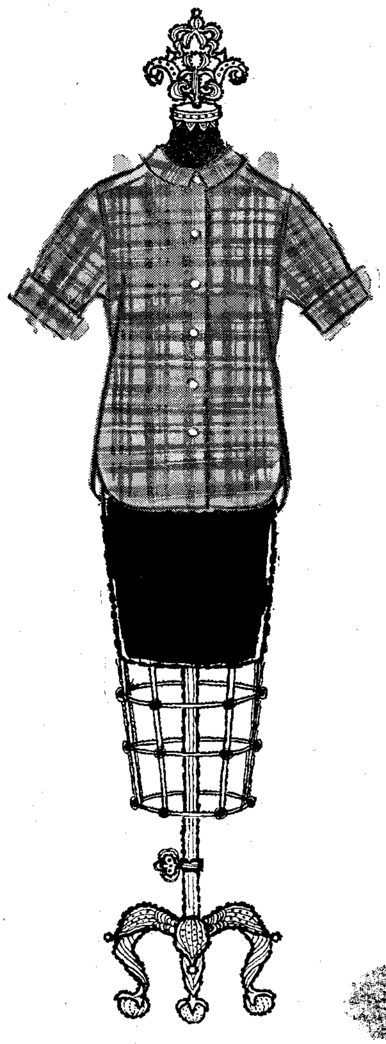

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pear in his music as abstractions or clichés, and despite his remarkable way with the orchestra, he seems to be standing before you like a magician with a top hat, pulling one object or another out of it with total self-consciousness. His melodic ideas, in general, are not superior to those of Massenet; in fact, a great many of them are not nearly as good. He can be very ostentatious, and often even vulgar. In most of his works, you cannot be sure whether he means what he says. Is the appearance of the "Dies Irae" in the final movement of the "Symphonie Fantastique," for example, supposed to induce a feeling of terror in the listener, or is it simply a quaint theatrical device aimed at entertaining him? The episode, we know, is descriptive of the ravings of a half-mad poet, but how are we, the audience, to take it? And how are we to take the poet? As a tragic figure or as a clown? It is hard to tell. In any case, the device is a rather cheap one, unworthy of the composer that Berlioz shows himself to be in his finest works.

On Monday night of last week, William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony came to Carnegie Hall, along with the combined choruses of the Carnegie Institute of Technology and Duquesne University, and presented a program that was richly illustrative of the point I have been making. It consisted of the familiar "Symphonie Fantastique," *plus* a sort of sequel to it entitled "Lélio, ou le Retour à la Vie"—an item that was having its first professional New York performance on this occasion. "Lélio" turned out to be a very peculiar thing indeed. At its start, the auditorium was darkened, and a spotlight revealed Claude Woolman, an actor, who was dressed as Berlioz himself, complete with smallclothes and disorderly red hair. He seemed to have just awakened from the opium dream that had wafted the composer through the "Symphonie Fantastique." Mr. Woolman arose, strode back and forth on the stage spouting rhetoric, and then sat down while his alter ego, in the form of Walter Carringer, a tenor, sang a song with words by Goethe. Subsequently, there was a "Chorus of the Shades" and a "Brigand's Song," the latter sung by Paul Ukena, a baritone, after Mr. Woolman had announced that he would rather be a brigand than a composer. Then came more rhetoric, followed by a "Song of Bliss," which was attached somehow to an unknown lady. (From the appearance of a leitmotiv in the orchestra, one gathered that she was the

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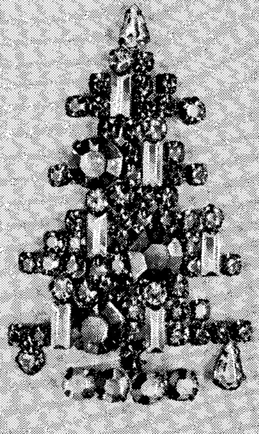

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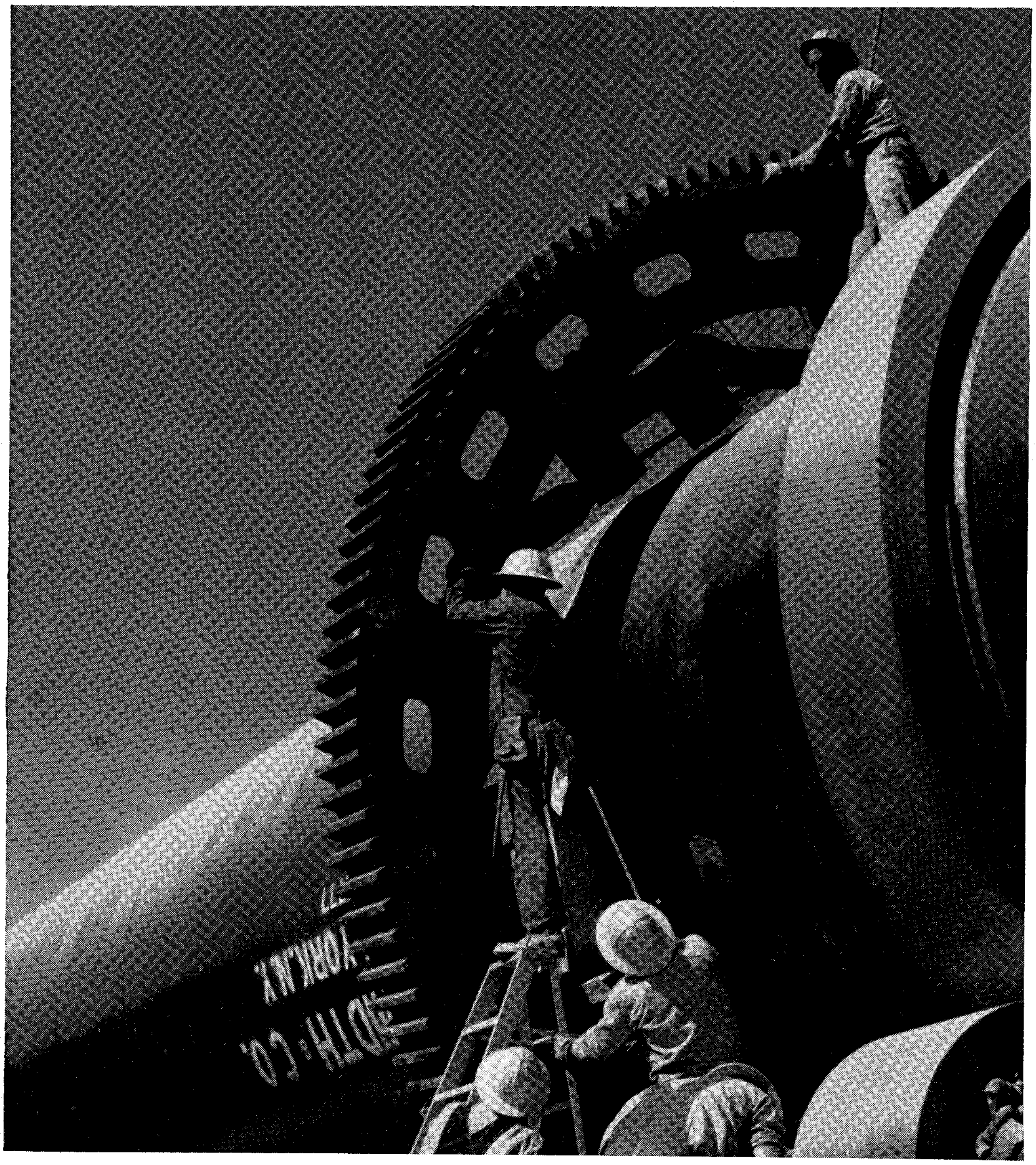

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same lady who was driving the composer to despair in the "Symphonie Fantastique.") Still more rhetoric, and, finally, a fantasia on Shakespeare's "The Tempest," which turned out to be quite a fine piece of music. The rhetoric connecting these elements consisted mostly of expostulations like "Oh, God!," "Oh, Art!," "Oh, Music!," and "Oh, Shakespeare!," but there were also some passages of intentional humor, in which Mr. Woolman apostrophized the chorus and the orchestra, telling them that it was important to watch the conductor, that there was a difference between forte and fortissimo, and that violinists should always bring along their mutes. Mr. Steinberg conducted the orchestral and choral numbers while Mr. Woolman held possession of the front of the stage.

This was all exceedingly interesting, since it is not often that one gets the opportunity to hear one of Berlioz' more truly extravagant works. Perhaps "Lélio" was taken very seriously by intelligent people during the Byronic era, though this is hard to believe. In any event, to me it suggested an entirely new theory about Berlioz: that he was not really a Romantic at all but, on the contrary (though perhaps unconsciously), a satirist of Romanticism, bent on holding it up to ridicule. And once this thought had lodged in my mind, I began applying it to the "Symphonie Fantastique," and it seemed to fit perfectly. Nobody free of delusions could ever consider that work, with its theatrical posturings, its musical oratory, and its spooky parades, a great symphony. It now seems to me as much of a satire as "Lélio."

I must say that, from the point of view of technique and taste, the performances given both works by Mr. Steinberg, his orchestra, and the assisting choruses were superb. The occasion would have been one of the most provocative events of any season, as it certainly was of this one.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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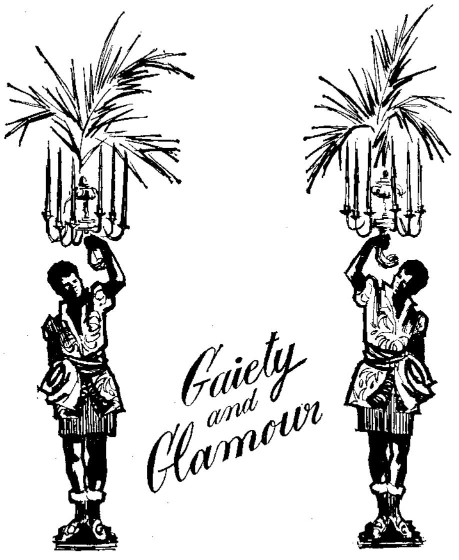

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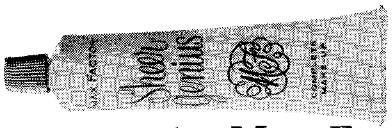

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

A HOLLY WREATH NO BIGGER THAN A MAN'S HAND

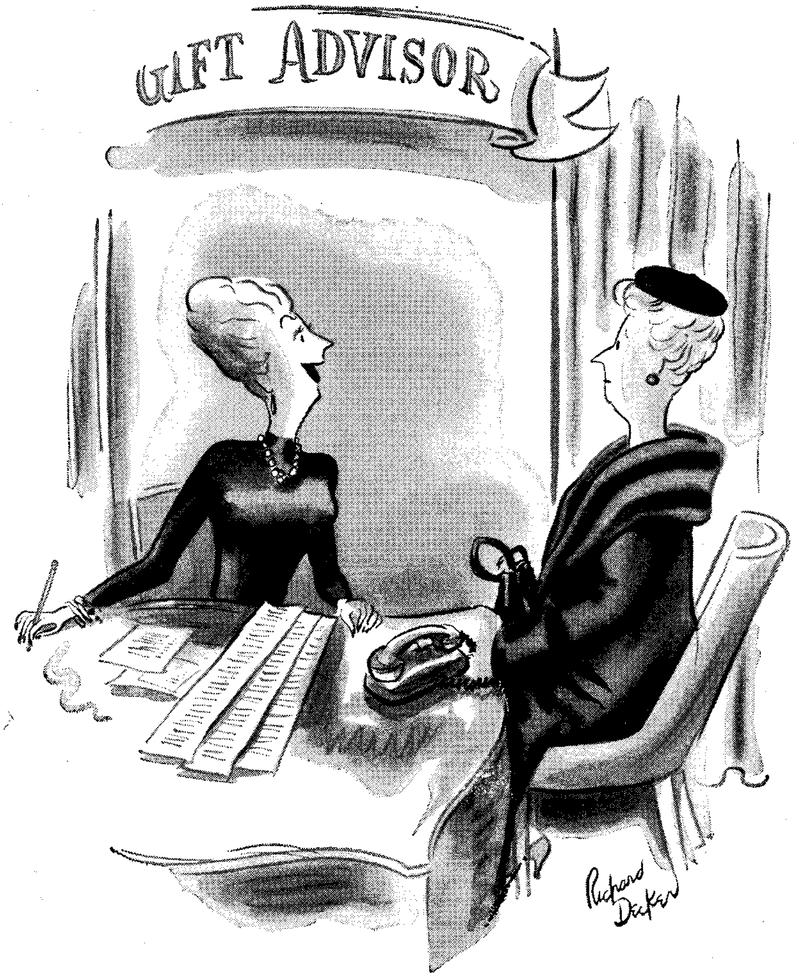
NIGHT before last, we were thinking about O. Henry's touching scene in which Jim gives Della those combs, the ones he has sold his gold watch to buy, and she gives him the watch chain she has purchased by selling her hair. As our hot tears flowed, we realized, with some relief, that it couldn't happen again. For one thing, as of Christmas, 1962, the New York girls don't have that much hair left; it wouldn't fit comfortably under their wigs. Vests are back, it's true, but watch chains haven't made it. The market for second-hand gold pocket watches is spotty. And combs, by and large, are not for display but are functional, being designed to keep a wig, a hair piece, a pouf, or a rat where it belongs. In short, there is nothing to worry about. With that carefree notion wrapped determinedly around ourselves, we proceed to our annual directory of information about gifts, beginning now with gifts for women (and a word or two about clothes for children). In the weeks ahead, we'll report on presents for the house, on what we think you might give men, and on toys for children, and we'll conclude with some discoveries in the way of Christmas food, trimmings for the house and the tree and the table, and festive wrappings for everything.

A word of general reassurance: Men who are thinking of giving ladies wearing apparel of almost any sort should be happy to know that versatility is stylish this season. Except in the realm of an active sport, where the specifications as to costume are inflexible, things are unsettled in a charming manner, and many of the clothes we've found can be worn so many ways for so many occasions that you're almost sure to please. It's like a multiple-choice examination with nothing but right answers.

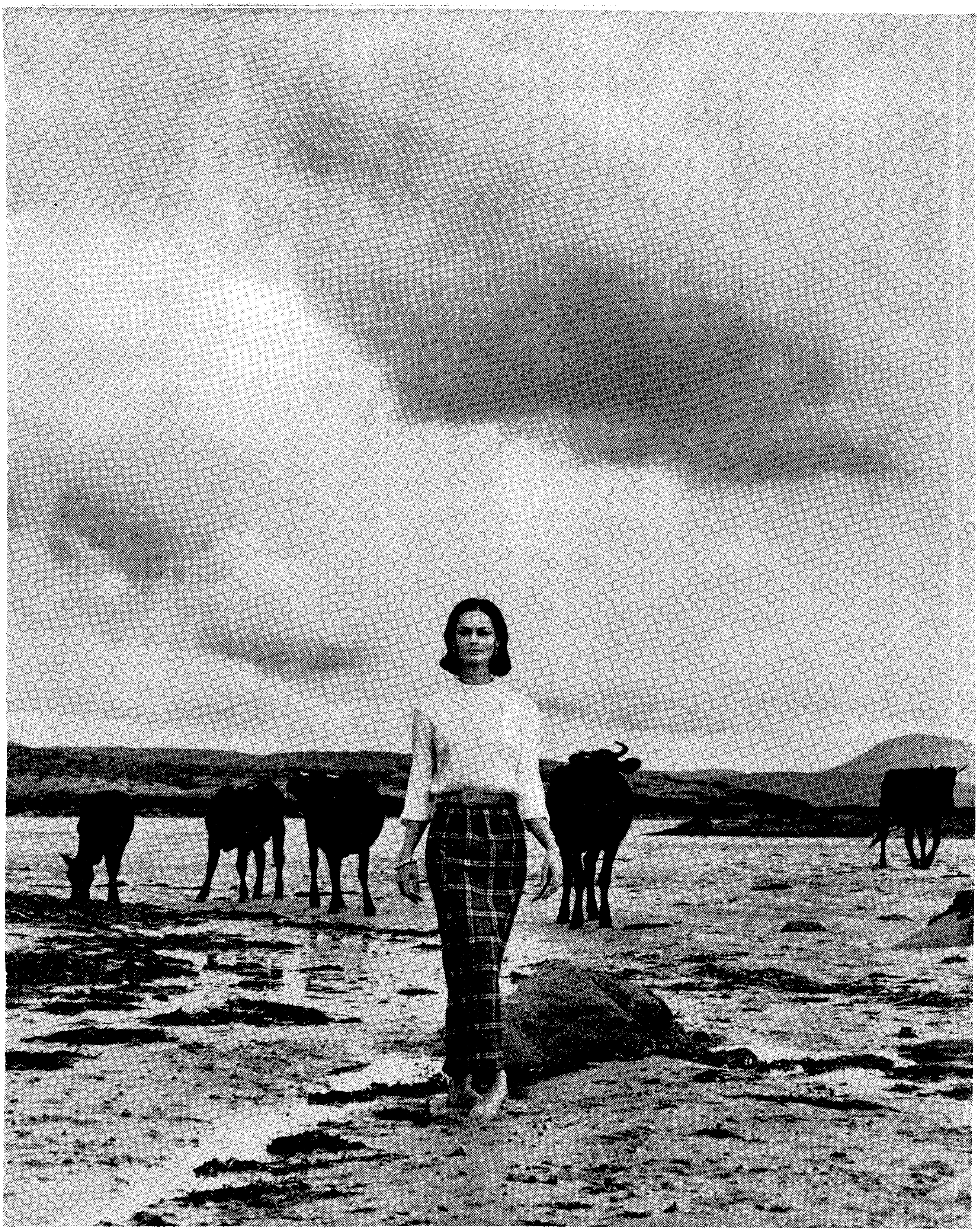
Another word of general reassurance: Within this context of permissiveness, the male shopper this season is apt to find a rather stern emphasis on slender lines, and at the same time—seemingly a direct contradiction—quite a bit of giddy encouragement for the fluffy and the fuzzy, including nappy fabrics like mohair and long-haired furs like fox. No reason to panic. These currents are complementary, not contradictory. Both ideas are great. Give her something from each camp.

ON that lavish note, we get right down to gifts that must be made to order or may be modified in one way or another if they are ordered in advance. Something fluffy and foxy to start off with: a skier's parka made of natural Patagonian fox. The pelts are gray-beige softnesses, and Henry Greenhut, 781 Madison Avenue (66th), asks for two weeks' time to make one. The price is $302.50. (We mustn't forget to mention that we are including the federal excise tax on furs, and on all other items to which it applies.) A pea jacket—an ordinary sailor's pea jacket, with a double row of black bone buttons—is another possibility. The trick is that it's made of black-and-white natural calf, and thus looks like nothing the boys on the S.S. Glencairn ever saw. Delightful. It takes two or three weeks and costs $265, and it comes from Harold J. Rubin, 943 Madison Avenue (74th). If leopard is what a lady wants, leopard is what you can get her at Hartenstein, 847 Madison Avenue (71st): a sizable leopard muff, for instance—a fine, flat muff, fundamentally, but convertible, by means of a pair of tricky black cord drawstrings, into a fine, *oval* muff. Three weeks and $181.50. Georges Kaplan, 730 Fifth Avenue (57th), dyes humble rabbit to the spit and image of less humble civet cat—a black-and-white striped puss—and makes a handsome poncho, lined with red wool jersey, out of it; the result is both pretty and practical. A black leather rope belt keeps the result in place. You pay $250 and you wait a week.

From custom furs we turn to custom raincoats. Think of a sleek, silvery-gray, water-repellent silk garment lined with red satin. Imagine that it closes decisively, as you'd expect a raincoat to do, with big black buttons. Why not cut it seven-eighths-length, thus making a fine theatre coat, to be worn over a long, narrow evening dress some drizzly opening night? Cucci, at 7 East 58th, will produce it, just like that, in three weeks, and—we hope you've something saved for a rainy day—the price is $215. A new, silky synthetic poplin has been invented in France, and tailors there



"Goodness! If he has a battery-operated pepper mill, he really must have everything."



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SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

are making it into nicely styled full-length raincoats (three buttons, turnover collar, turn-back cuffs). Alice Schweitzer, 739 Madison Avenue (64th), imports them and sells them for $80, with a head scarf of the same stuff thrown in. Color is the only to-order aspect of the affair; there are eighteen splendid possibilities, but the shop may have to send for the one you think would do best, and in that case, since coats don't travel by jet, delivery will take three weeks. Still speaking of rain and France, Alice Schweitzer also has French umbrellas, with elegant crook handles of silver or gold metal, that come in glorious two-ply silk shades—a solid color on the outside and a gay flower print on the inside. From the viewpoint of a lady carrying one, it's invariably raining violets. Or nasturtiums, if you prefer. In the event that you don't see what you like (and in that event you'd be awfully particular), you wait three weeks; $37.50. Another custom-umbrella suggestion: At the Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop, 110 West 45th Street, there is a delicious assortment of gold-and-mother-of-pearl umbrella handles made in the second half of the nineteenth century. Picking one out may be hard, but when you have done it, presto! Uncle Sam will add the silk, in ten days, on, say, a Fox of London umbrella frame. Prices are between $20 and $50, depending on the handle.

During rain squalls at sea, we, like Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., generally seek the seclusion that a cabin grants, but there are ladies, we understand, who are constantly going aloft to batten the mizzen, or whatever, and a good rain-resistant sailing jacket might be ideal for one of them, if one is on your list. The Crow's-Nest, 16 East 40th Street, has a gaudy poplin jacket lined with nylon. Its pattern and colors are determined by the lady's first initial as this is rendered in the international flag code. Say her name is Florence. "F" is a red diamond on a white ground. All right, then. The front of Florence's jacket reproduces that flag, and the sleeves and back are the same vivid red. The price is $16.95 and the encoding takes two weeks. While you're at it, the Crow's-Nest can sell you a pair of ready-to-wear sailing gloves, with light-blue stretch-nylon backs (one size fits all), double-layered bleached-ivory goatskin palms (for getting a good grip on wet, slippery lines), and fingers that go only halfway (for tying knots with ease); $9.95 the pair.

If, however, you are thinking of a woman who likes to imagine the out-

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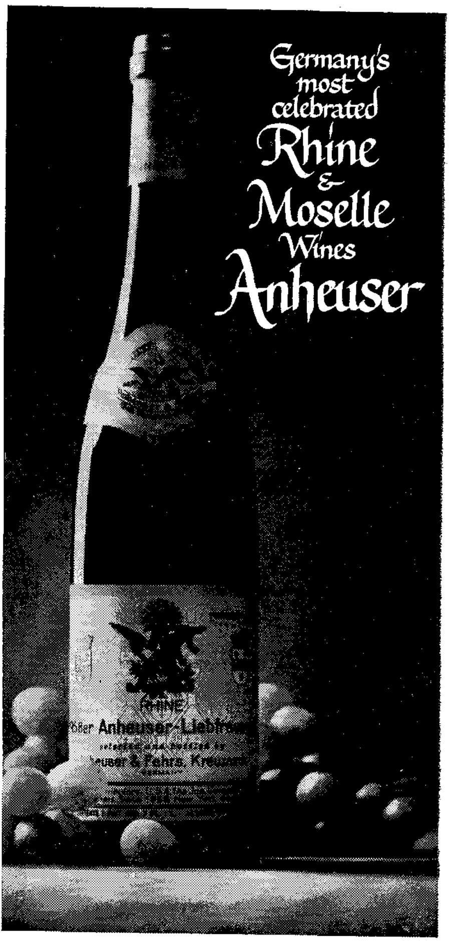
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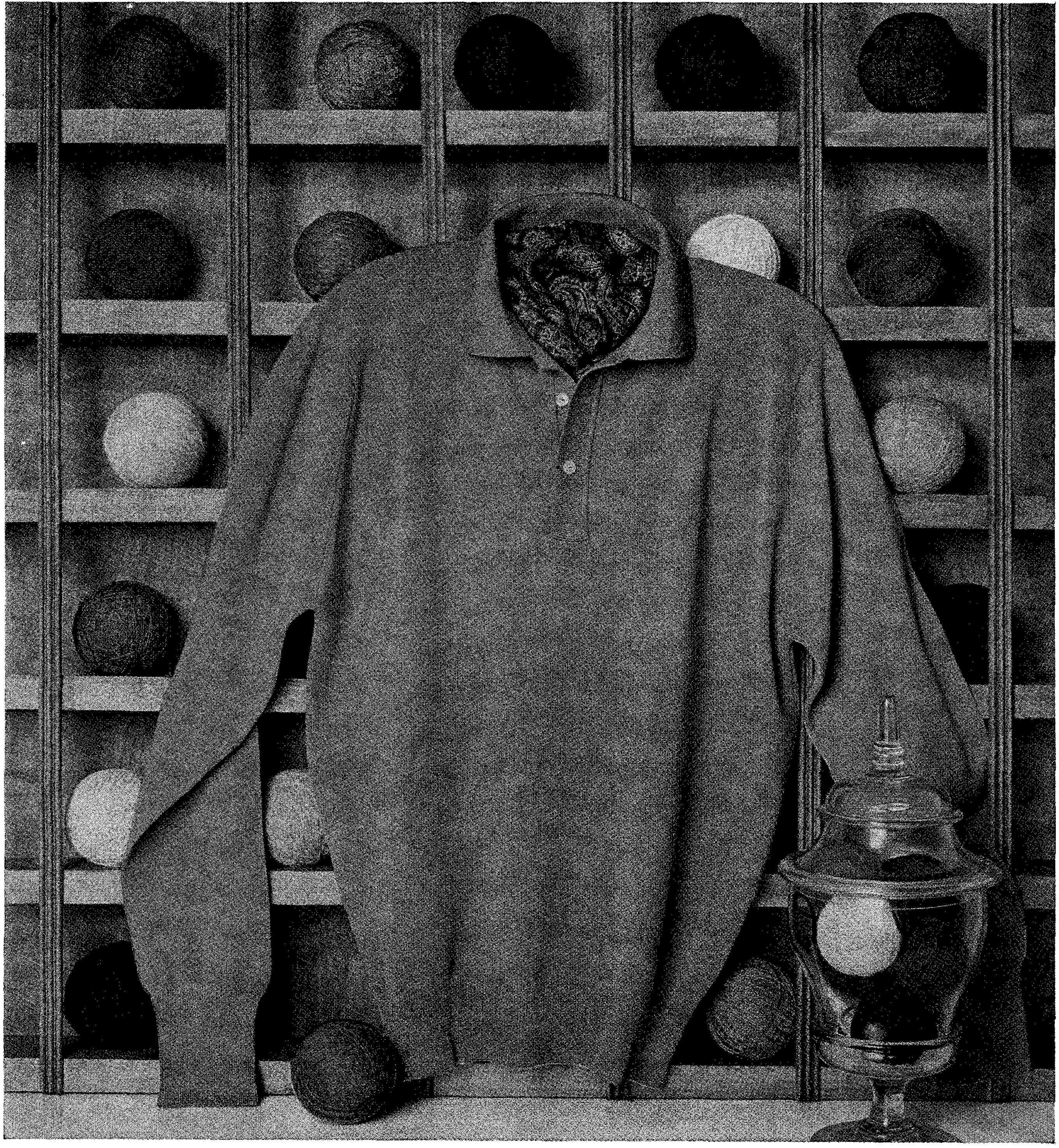

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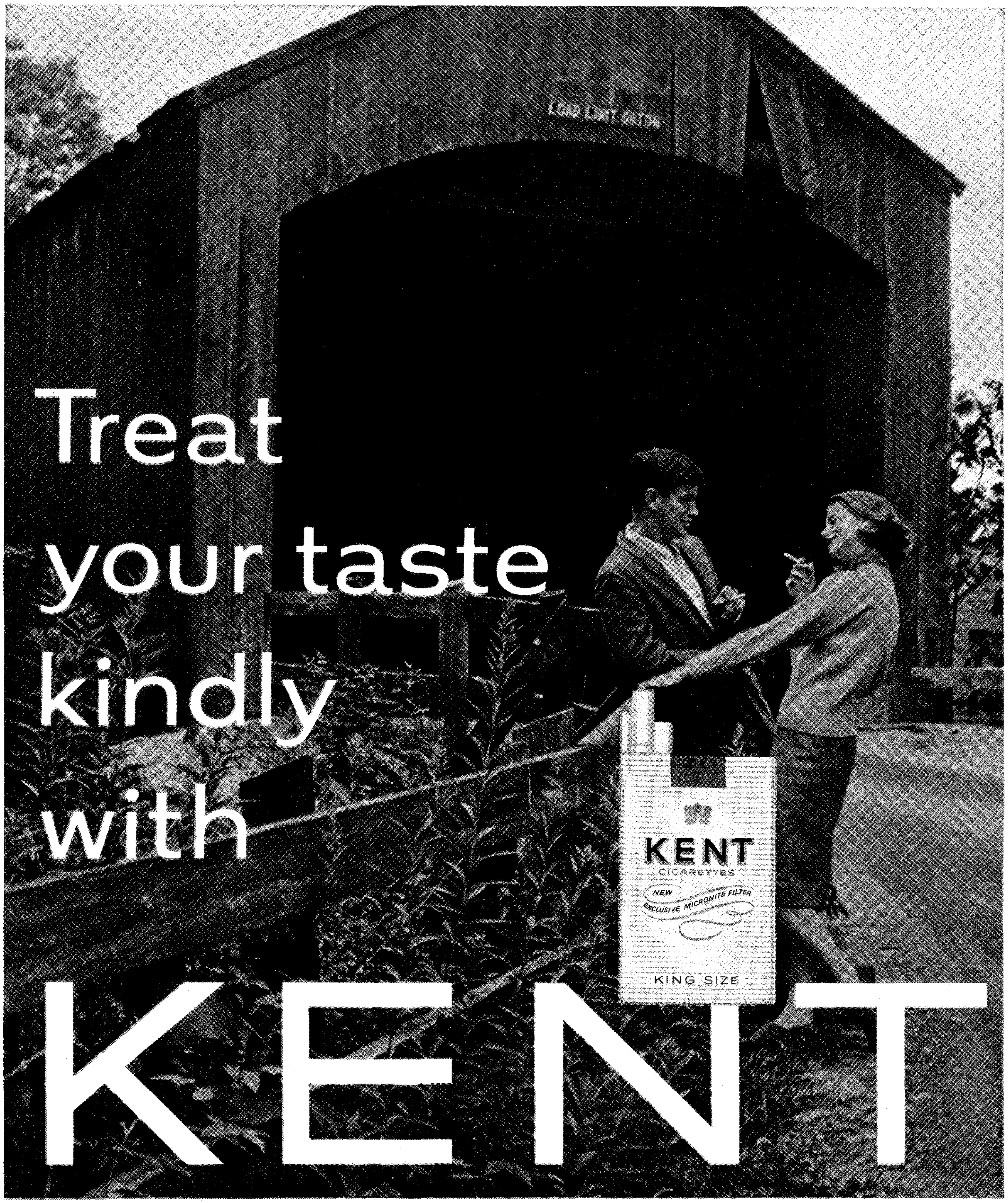
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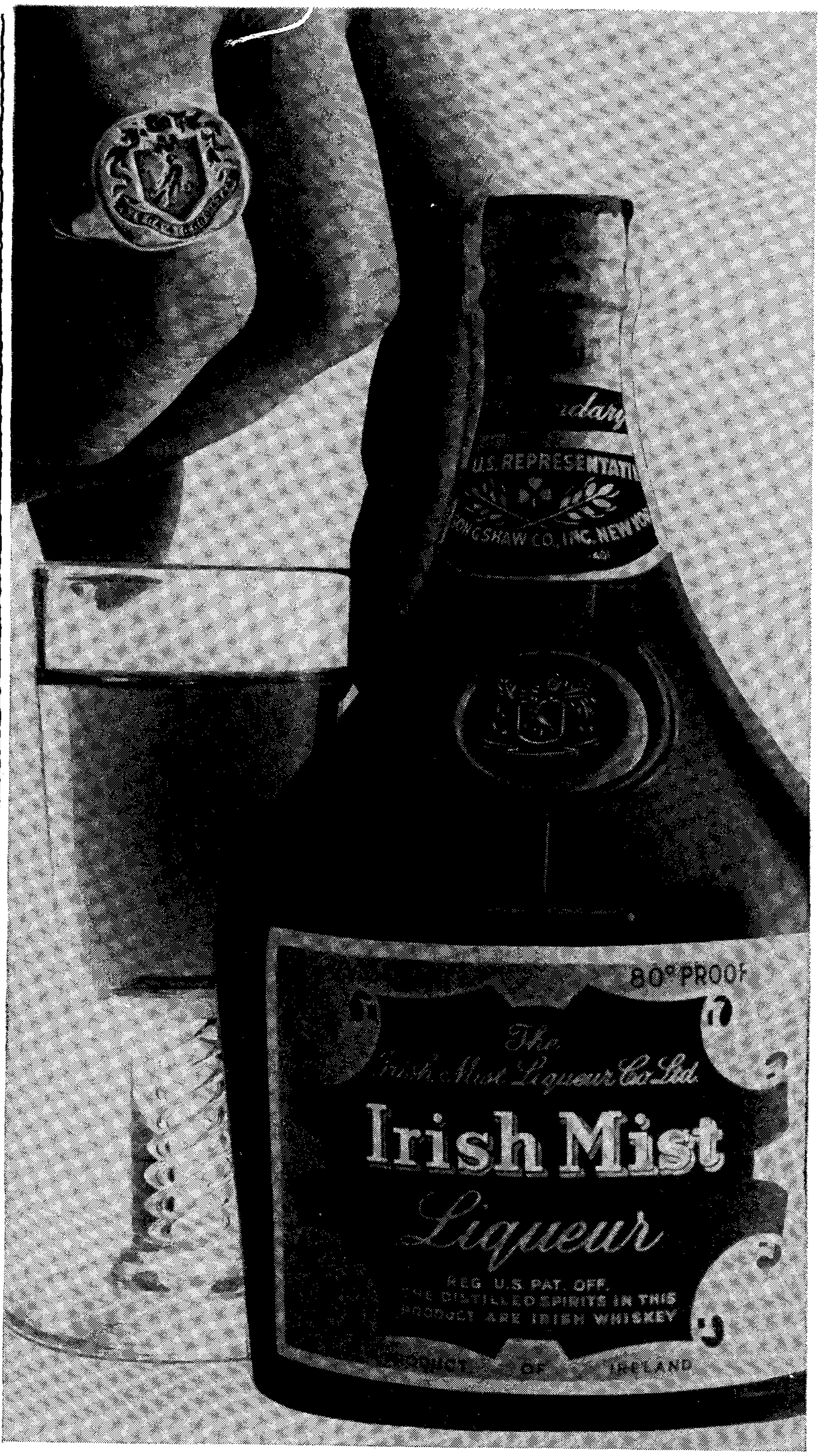
Have you thought of a custom-made handbag to match somebody's favorite suit or coat? Whether you have or not, Aaron Willet, 303 East 51st Street, is prepared, on ten days' notice, to make one, provided only that you supply him with a quarter of a yard of the material. (There's no law, of course, against your bringing in any attractive material, but don't blame us if the person who gets it goes out and buys a coat and suit to match her pretty tweed handbag.) A small, slender pouch of your goods on a brass frame, with a saddle-leather handle, costs $16.50.

Two elegant party parts that, worn together, make an elegant party dress are sometimes on hand at Hattie Carnegie. But sometimes they are not—depending upon, among other variables, your choices of color and size—in which case they fall into the to-order category. Both are worth the waiting for. The bottom is a knockout—a floor-length wraparound mohair skirt lined with satin. The top is a knockout—a sleeveless, boat-neck overblouse of satin in a color relevant to the skirt and/or its lining. If you need to order, Carnegie needs to have two weeks. The skirt is $180 and the blouse $55. For a party at home, any girl would probably be delighted with Carnegie's satin tapered trousers topped by a belted jacket of the same stuff that flares over the hips (a thoughtful gesture for a jacket, considering how ladies are constructed). The jacket is double-breasted, and is enriched by triple welting at the collar, the hem, and the cuffs—the kind of dressmaker detail that Carnegie is famous for. The colors are pink, light blue, and aqua, the price is $275, and you'll have to wait two weeks.

We can also recommend, at Princess Obolensky, 417 Park Avenue (55th), a hostess gown of crinkled chiffon lined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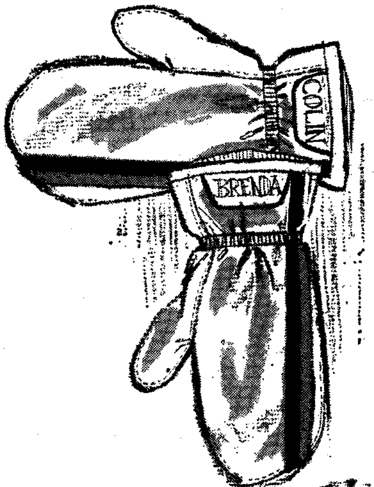


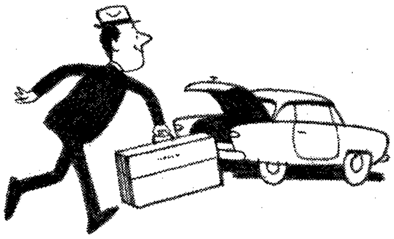
Little kittens won't lose S.F.A's own name mittens

Handy for winter—these warm nylon mittens, with their name on a leather tab in golden color. Interlined with electronically sealed Krene® vinyl and lined with nylon fleece, they come in solid red or navy; red with white/navy stripes or white with red/navy; in S (2-3 yrs.), M (4-7 yrs.), L (8-11 yrs.), XL (12 yrs. up), 2.25. Or, same mittens without name tabs, in red, white or cadet blue; in toddler's size, 1.50. Mail and phone orders filled; sorry, no c.o.d's. On orders of one pair, add 35c for handling. Allow 10 days for delivery on name mittens. Children's Shops, Second Floor.

Saks Fifth Avenue

with smooth crêpe and endowed with a cowly neckline that invites all sorts of comely adjustments—it can turn into a bertha, for example. The skirt is flowing but not too full, and there are a dozen colors to choose from; $135, and two weeks. Amie, 715 Madison Avenue (63rd), has a versatile ensemble capable of filling so many bills that it defies cataloguing. Essentially, it's a straight overblouse and a long, slender skirt slit to the calf. The bottom is reversible—one side velvet, the other tweed. The possibilities are endless. At home, certainly. After ski, to be sure. And with a little jewelry it could go confidently to the theatre. It's $175, and it takes one week. Lilly Daché, 78 East 56th Street, suggests a simple bell-shaped floor-length evening skirt of black dull-finished satin, and the suggestion is good. Such a skirt is on hand. All you need is the lady's waist size, two weeks, and $195. This skirt has an associated top—not mandatory, but once you've seen it, you're likely to feel that it ought to be. It has a scoop neck and no sleeves, and its fabric, which is silk crêpe, is all but concealed by black paillettes dangling from beaded black fringe; $150 and two weeks. At the Little Studio, 101 West 10th Street, by the way, there's an at-home charmer for girls who wear sizes 1 to 6: a white cotton organdie pinafore with lace all around the edges and with hand-painted flowers or kittens on both bodice and skirt. It has a lace-edged pocket, too, and thereon, in three weeks' time, the Studio's artist will paint the owner's name; $5.95 or $6.95, depending on size.

NOW we're leaving the made-to-order collections and entering ready-to-wear—one of the institutions that, as every economist knows, have made America great. Husbands, fathers, brothers, guardians, and trustees who have been hearing a lot about somebody with nothing to wear should realize that there's no response more effective, or more Christmassy, than a beautiful coat. For example, the hand-knit mohair travel coat at Henry à la Pensée, 8 East 54th Street. It is both light and warm, and as nearly uncrushable as uncrushable comes. It's provided with a silk case that matches the lining, whereby, once aboard her plane, a girl can remove her pretty coat, pack it into its pretty case, and make herself a pretty pillow. The design of the coat itself is a wonder. The collar may become a hood, but it doesn't have to, and when it isn't, it's a stand-away cowl collar. Moreover,



Driving somewhere? Be sure to take your piano!

Having a piano when you want it is one thing. Having it *where* you want it is another. Naturally you'll be *accepted* wherever you go without one—but will it be as much fun?

While making travel plans and lists of things you *must* buy—be sure to add an Electronic Piano by Wurlitzer, the portable 64-note piano that carries like a suitcase, goes where the fun is. Jostling, salt air and dampness can never alter its electronic tune and tone. New use of transistors improves its rare versatility. You play it any place, plugged in or with battery pack. There are earphones for those times when you're only entertaining you. Let stay-at-home pianos stay. See the take-along Electronic Piano at your Wurlitzer Piano Dealer, or write Wurlitzer, DeKalb, Illinois.

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you'll find it in a choice of soft, subtle colors, each one more beguiling than the last. The price is $395. At Saks Fifth Avenue, there's a majestic three-quarter-length raccoon coat with a great big collar that can be pulled up over the ears; $357.50. In quite another mood, Lord & Taylor's Fantasia Shop offers an evening coat of brown mohair trimmed with brown ostrich feathers that have had their curls combed out; $145. At Abercrombie & Fitch, you'll find a street-length hooded coat of leather lined with orlon pile. Very warm. Very practical. It comes in fawn or sycamore and costs $175. Or, for contrast, how about a Shocking-pink cotton poplin car coat? It's interlined with plastic foam and lined with a synthetic that looks like felt but is a whole lot warmer, and it has snug cuffs at the wrists; $49.50 at Andre, 21 West 56th Street. The coat news at Mark Cross has to do with a French fabric called Bucol—a shiny and water-repellent amalgam of silk, rayon, and Gallic finesse. A handsome raincoat in a restrained Empire style is of Bucol—a brown-and-black print—lined with black silk, and it's good for droughts, too. If it gets dusty, the surface can be wiped clean with a damp rag; $125. And British American House, 488 Madison Avenue (51st), for all its bilateral name, has a rain outfit—coat, hood, and mittens—from Italy. All the components are of lightweight cotton poplin, and all of them reverse—blue and green, or red and sand, or dark green and beige. The price is $75 for the works. More foreign rain wear, this time from Norway and for sale at the Fulton Supply Company, 23 Fulton Street (oh, we get around): A yellow plastic (polyvinyl) coat and hat, which are soft, pliable, and one-hundred-per-cent waterproof, and will never crack or peel. So much for your prejudices against plastic. (This variety is also fire- and, in most cases, acid-proof, if that will solve any problems for you.) The coat is lined with cotton, and its small mandarin collar is trimmed with gray corduroy; $17.95.

WHY do so many great umbrellas come from sunny Italy? Is it because nobody needs them there? Whatever the answer, there's a superb Italian silk umbrella at Hattie Carnegie, with a handsome handle of dark birchwood. Accompanied by a matching scarf—a thirty-four-inch silk square—it's $60. At Barra, 445 Park Avenue (57th), an Italian umbrella looks back to Cellini for inspiration; its swirling silver-metal handle bears a many-faceted giant fake

keep that fresh-out-of-the-box look with
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Merry Mites (for boys) joins hands with Gay Sprites (for girls). Result: a charming brother and sister combination that rates tops for good looks that keep looking new. Secret? Fabric is a blend of 50% Vycron polyester and 50% cotton, by Designer Fabrics, Inc., with performance certified by United States Testing Co. ■ Boy's suit in blue, beige, about $16.95. *Prettyfore® in same colors plus maize,* about $8.95. Color-keyed, chambray shirt and blouse (also Vycron polyester and cotton). Each about $4.50. All in sizes 2-4, 3-6. At Bloomingdale's, New York; Garfinckel's, Washington; I. Magnin, West Coast; Neiman-Marcus, Texas; Marshall Field, Chicago, and *other fine stores.* ■ **Beaunit Fibers,** Division of Beaunit Corporation, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Vycron is the registered trademark for Beaunit's polyester fiber.

emerald. The cover is black silk, the price $21.50. Lord & Taylor has Italian umbrellas, too. A little more modest (nylon covers instead of silk), but in the latest shape from s. Italy—square, or, at any rate, squarish, and extremely good-looking; $10.

Snow is as likely as rain, and maybe more so. If the girls on your list ski, you're in luck—in one sense, at least—for the shops are bursting with skiers' gear. Let's start with a dreamy parka of yellow flower-patterned cut velvet lined with quilted Dacron (tan, light blue, or black) at Andre; $39.50. Let's go on, if you can bear to leave that one, to Bonwit's parka of white rabbit fur stippled with black—but less ermine-like than, broadly speaking, Dalmatian. The hood is bordered with black rabbit, and the lining is quilted scarlet nylon; $121. Bonwit's ski jacket, which is not a parka, because there's no hood, is designed for the very young in spirit. It's made of black silk printed with pink and blue lollipops; $60.

At Norse House, 140 East 47th Street, there is an extra-long (to just above the knee) belted parka, which is reversible. It's a lively, abstract cotton poplin print one way and solid-color waterproof nylon the other, and marvellously warm, we are told, thanks to a concealed layer of plastic foam; $48.50. A long parka is one way to keep a skier warm; another is high pants—something like house painters' overalls—*that are held up by suspenders.* A lift suit is what the pants are called, and you'll find a forest-green one, in a stretch mixture of wool and nylon, at Sig Buchmayr, 18 East 53rd Street. The price is $55. A matching ski jacket is not only handsomely tailored but strikingly buttoned—big silver buttons with stags' heads in bas-relief. This is $108. And, to be sure, Buchmayr is famous for its plain stretch ski pants, with nothing to commend them except perfection. Our favorite color, just so you'll know, is tangerine; $59.95. For a girl who is as dashing off the trails as she is on, we've found a one-piece stretch costume of nylon and wool to be worn slinking around the ski lodge. The neck is high in front and a V in back, and the legs end under the heel. In black it's reminiscent of Kay Thompson, which is no unpleasant memory, but a girl might feel it was more hers, somehow, in gold; $34.95 to $64.95, depending on the weight of the material, at Ski and Sea Boutique, 1190 Third Avenue (69th).

Is there a rider on your list? She might be delighted with a variation on a working cowboy's jacket that the Miller

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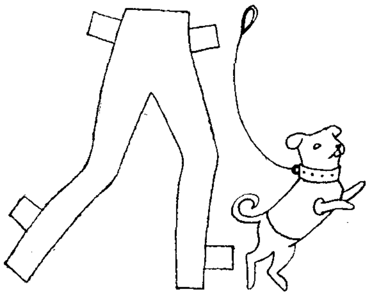
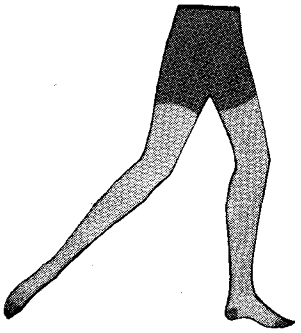


over Panti-Legs®



Suburban dolls in the know look chic, feel free from waist-to-toe in **Glen Raven Panti-Legs**—panti-stockings of ENKA nylon. Seamless or full-fashioned, about $3 at

THE M. O'NEIL CO.
AKRON, OHIO

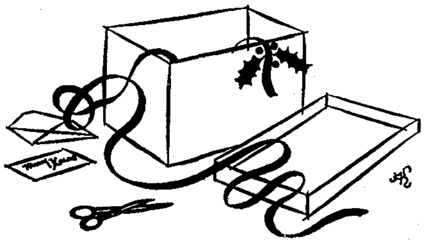
So many good things begin with ENKA nylon

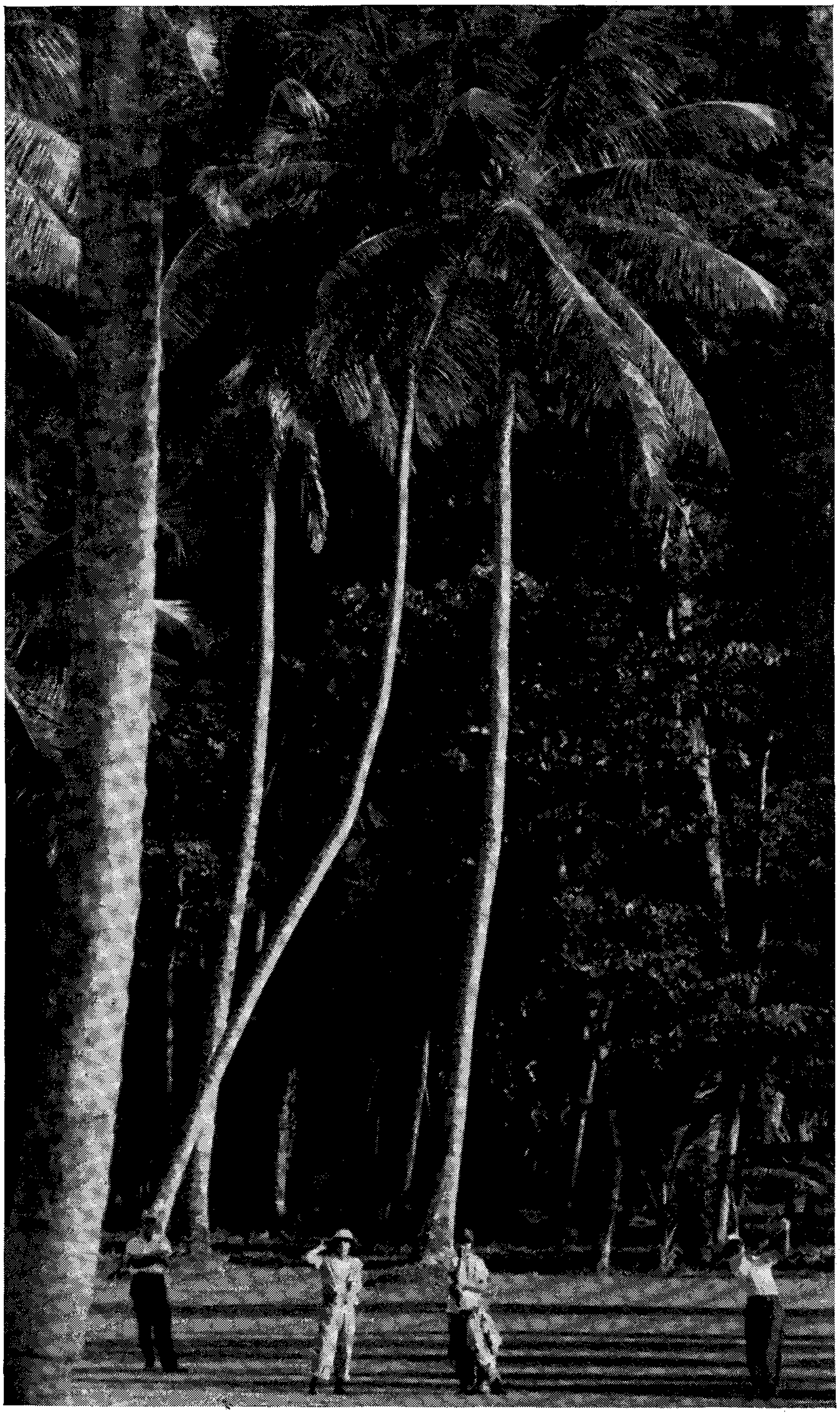
Harness Shop, 123 East 24th Street, makes, for women, of gold-suèded cowhide. It's waist length and lined with fleece, and it costs $24.95. By pure coincidence, Kauffman, down the block at 141 East 24th Street, has a pair of stretch-denim riding trousers that would go perfectly with Miller's jacket. The style of these trousers is known to the knowing as "Kentuckies," and whatever that means, they look fine; $17.50.

For a girl who doesn't get any exercise at all, Hanlan, at 51 Greenwich Avenue (near Charles), sells a simple, straight, handsome, lightweight suède jacket. (Surely she *watches* an occasional game of something, doesn't she?) It closes with efficient brass snaps, and, besides the customary assortment of muted suède tones, Hanlan has a couple of surprising bright ones—red and copen blue. The price is $28.95. Or she might enjoy spectating in a Brooks Brothers blazer of navy flannel. It's got brass buttons, three pockets, and quantities of self-assurance, entirely justified; $32.50.

NOW then, a girl wearing Lilly Daché's party sweater—a sleeveless Italian tunic-sweater, knit of brown-and-gold silk and bordered with gold braid, brown velvet, beading, and gold fringe—would be not so much spectating as spectated ($230). And a girl wearing an evening overblouse of white swan's-down, with a bateau neck in front, a round neck in back, and three-quarter sleeves, would certainly be a cynosure; $195 at Georges Kaplan. Whereas Bonwit's evening overblouse of turquoise metallic silk brocade with a sculpturesque gold sunburst pattern is in itself spectacular; $90.

Elaine Starkman has a heavy black wool jersey overblouse whose neck is bateau and whose sleeves (three-quarter) and hem are bordered with heavy fringe; $22.95. A girl might wear it atop a skirt, and it might also be worn very nicely atop Miss Starkman's black jersey trousers, which are similarly fringed at the ankle and similarly $22.95. Starkman is at 149 Bleecker Street (near West Broadway). Barra has a scoop-neck, sleeveless Italian overblouse of gathered apple-green silk jer-





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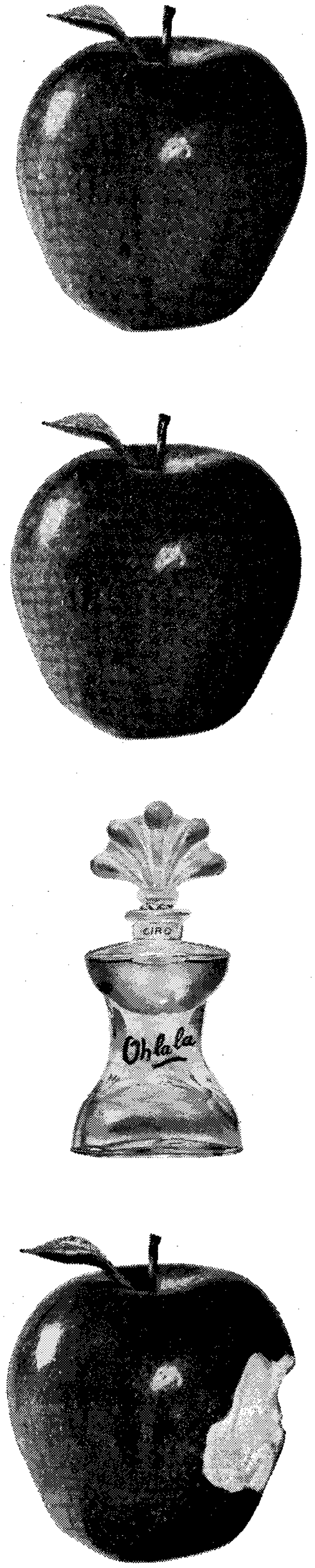
sey lined with heavier silk—destined beyond all doubt for evening wear. It comes down below the waist and ends in a band, which puts finis to itself, at one side, with a flat bow; $45. A silk pullover blouse at Robert Leader, 146 East 54th Street and 782 Lexington Avenue (61st), also comes from Italy, and also ends in a band, but it's an inch or two longer, to judge by the eye alone, than the Barra blouse. And what a handsome print! The motif is bird, bush, and foliage, and even without our binoculars we descried a blue-beaked canary, an apricot, purple, and turquoise parrot, and a couple of turquoise, lavender, and black lovebirds. The foliage is equally resplendent, and the whole is as harmonious as it is gorgeous; $45. Leader's hand-knit mohair cardigans are nonconformist: they button down the left side rather than the middle (Italian politicians call this the *apertura a sinistra*), their necks are bateau, their sleeves are elbow length, and their pattern is stripes—orange and pink, or a demure gray blue against teal blue. As for their price, it's $45.

Then, at the House of European Specialties, 22 East 56th Street, there's a lovely wool top from Italy that is either a blouse masquerading as a sweater or vice versa, and we're sure it doesn't matter which. It's a Shocking-pink pullover with a pattern of flowery red medallions and red cherubs, and it's really warm, since it has a wool-knit turtleneck (deep red) and an anti-draft lining (pink silk); $59.50. A lacy white wool party cardigan is hand-knit in a daisy design and is lined with silk; $25 at Peck & Peck. That store, by the way, has reconsidered the old-fashioned sweater set, as it is worn by the hero's mother in English country-life movies, and now offers a thrilling new model. The under sweater is, as always, a plain, worthy short-sleeved cashmere pullover. But the cardigan worn over it has been transformed into a Chanel-style jacket with fancy-knit banding up the front, around the neck, and across the sleeves and body. The combination costs $63, and the choice of colors is wide. Altman has an impressive cardigan, too—a bulky white hand-knit wool job from Denmark with a yoke of blue butterflies knit in angora yarn. This one is $40. Altman also has a turtleneck wool-knit pullover from Ireland, in a fascinating stitch (it puts old knit-one-purl-one way back on the shelf), which offers a bright medieval-page conceit—one side gold, the other side white, and a gold patch or two on the white side. It's $35. Add to the sweater news: The great Fair Isle sweaters, from Scotland, distinguished by

Oh la la



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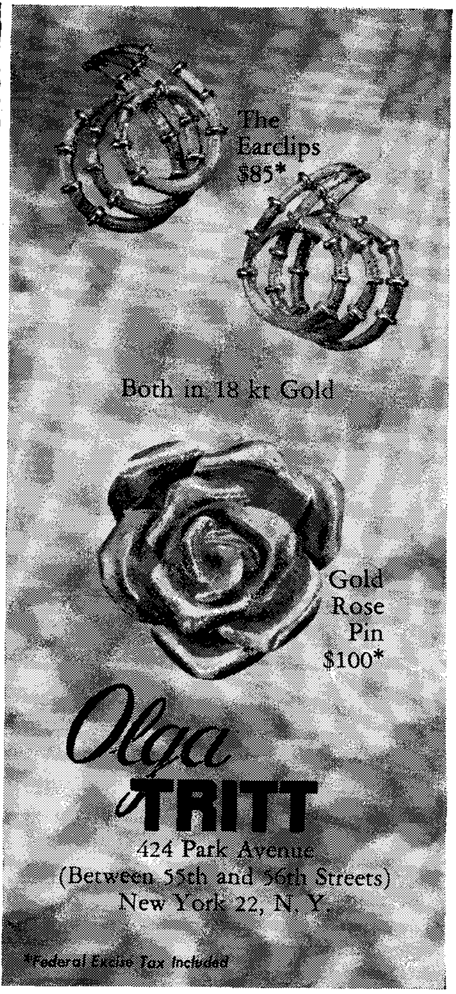
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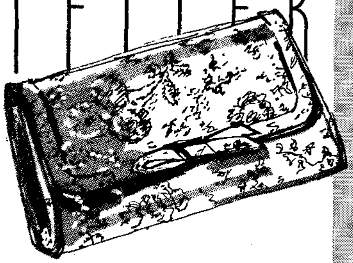

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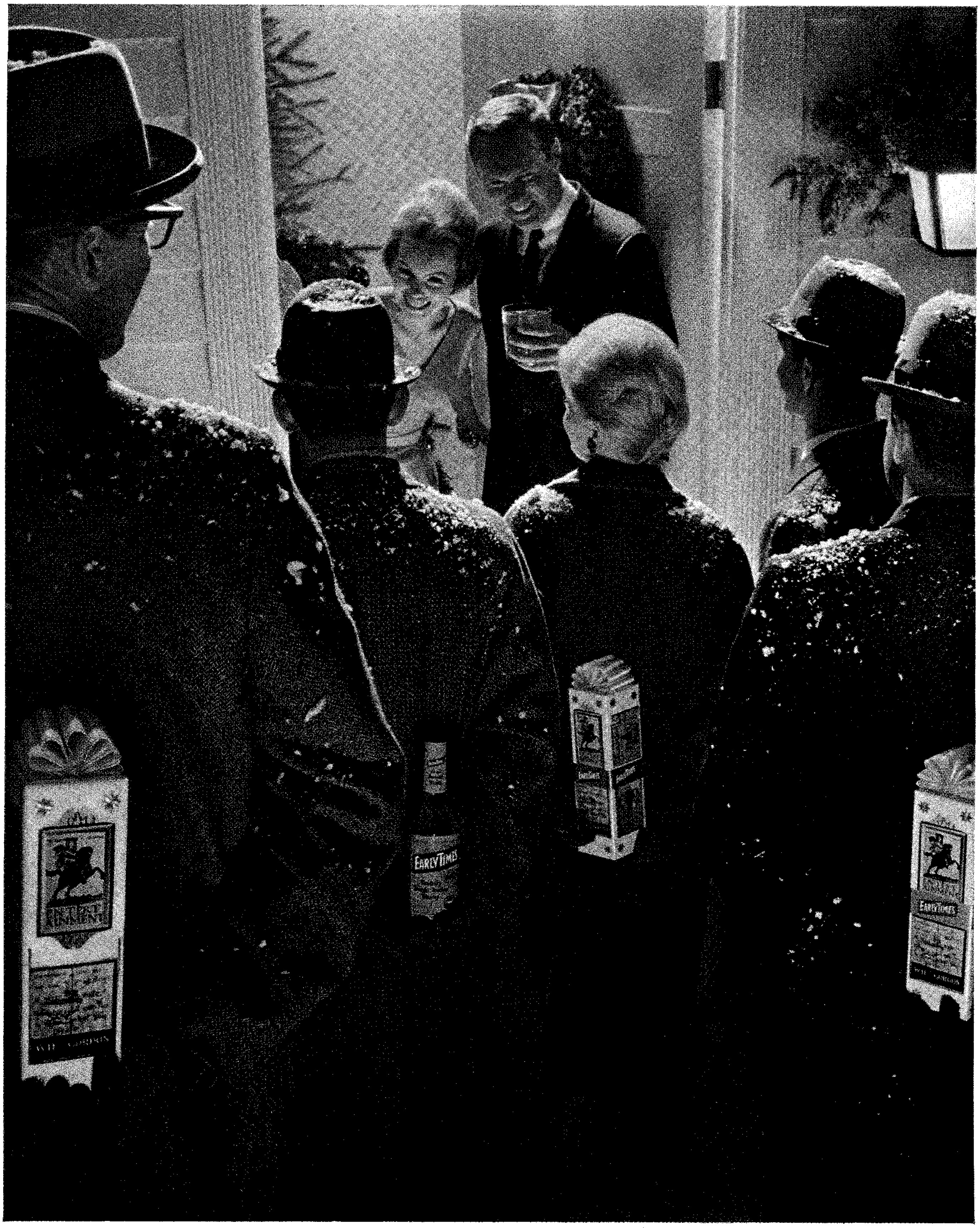

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY TO GIVE IS STILL THE BEST

Hardly a gift shows true friendship like the true old-style Kentucky Bourbon. This season, Early Times comes wrapped in gleaming foil with authentic 18th century tavern signs, courtly bow, slip-off brand name sleeve. All it needs for giving is your own good taste.

EARLY TIMES

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their gay, contrasting neck-, wrist-, and waistbands, are now available in three new dominant colors—white, blue, and yellow (besides the time-honored natural, of course). Macdougalls of Inverness, 775 Madison Avenue (66th), imports them; $19.50 for pullovers, and $21.50 for cardigans. And Alfred Dunhill, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), has stately English Jaeger sweaters, no less time-honored than Fair Isles. A cashmere duet—a black sleeveless pullover and a black buttonless cardigan—is $27.50. (A modest price, wouldn't you say?) Le Sorelle, 137 East 56th Street and 18 East 53rd Street, has a red pullover (Italian) with two pink, cable-stitch stripes down the front. It's very pretty—bulky, warm, chromatic, and surprisingly light; $45. The hooded wool pullover at Abercrombie & Fitch, in beige, blue, or black, could see a girl through a blizzard, and enchant her would-be rescuers into the bargain, thanks to flattering ball fringe surrounding the face, and a patch of lovely floral embroidery on the crown of the head. It's $50, and mittens to match are $15.

Herewith a small enclave of fiestive Latin-American tops, leading off with a sizzling hip-length overblouse of brushed alpaca, from Peru. Just a straight shaft, when you come right down to it, and you'll agree that a straight shaft is all anyone could want as soon as you see it; $9.95 at Piñata Party, 129 Macdougal Street. In Michoacan, a Mexican state that nobody is likely to confuse with Michigan, the peons wear their shirts outside their trousers, and this explains, in part, why peons' shirts are ideal overblouses. You'll find a case in point at the Phoenix Pan American Shop, 793 Lexington Avenue (61st)—in hand-woven cotton, with long sleeves and a pleated bosom. Of the several colors, we'd say the orange is the most Michoacan; $12.50. Fred Leighton, 15 East 8th Street, has a blouse that—wonder of wonders—goes *inside* the skirt. It's fine white cotton, tucked all over, like a christening gown, and its sleeves are meant to be pushed up to the elbow, where they puff, not to say balloon; $32.50, and altogether delightful.

THIS is a vintage year for at-home clothes, and lots of them look almost too pretty and too gala to stay home in. Say a floor-length hand-loomed pink-and-white tweed sheath with a bateau neck, no sleeves, and a tweed rope for a belt. This soft glory comes from Ireland, is lined with China silk, and costs $150 in Bendel's at-home department, where nobody will say that it couldn't just as well go out for dinner

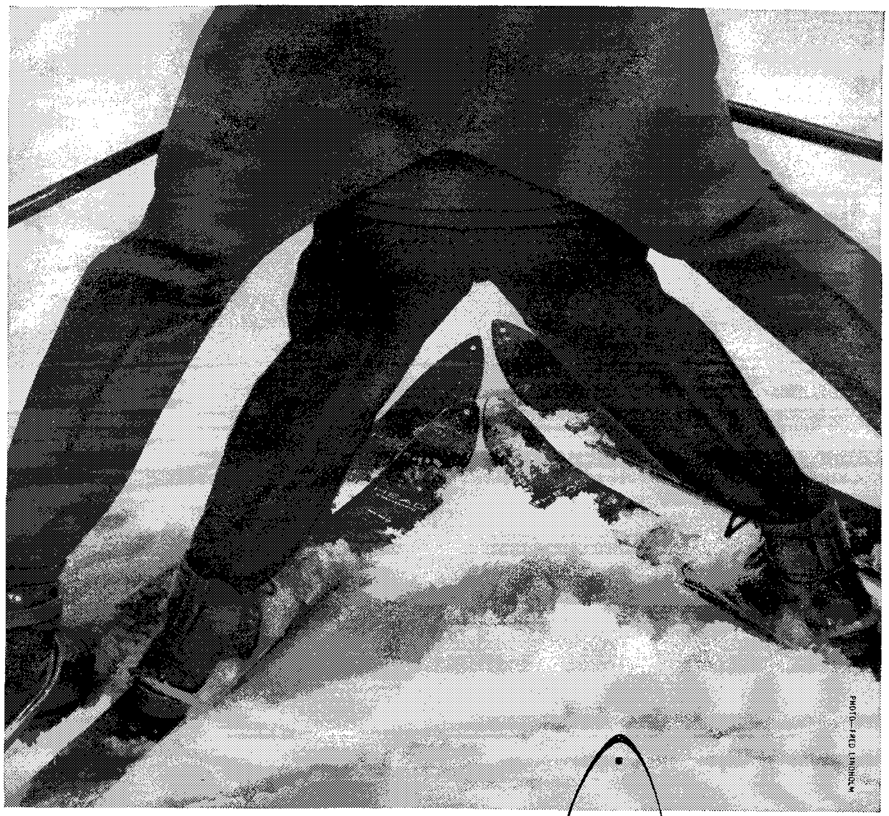
CHILD'S PLAY?

Precisely. Parents and psychologists may never stop arguing about the right way to raise a child. But parents who ski don't argue. They know the best way to bring up a skier: on a pair of Head Skis.

$98.50 may seem like a high price for playthings. But that's exactly what Head Skis are *not*. For the difference in dollars between these and a toy pair of woods, you are buying your son a whole lifetime of fun. Not on the same 4½-foot skis (which are earmarked for his little sister in a couple of years). But on the same unique *brand* of skis that were so easy to learn on, so thrilling to ride on . . . so proudly like Dad's 7-footers.

Who knows? That young man may make the Olympic slalom team one day . . . or simply enjoy himself more than most mortals for decades to come. Either way, be glad you gave him a Head start.

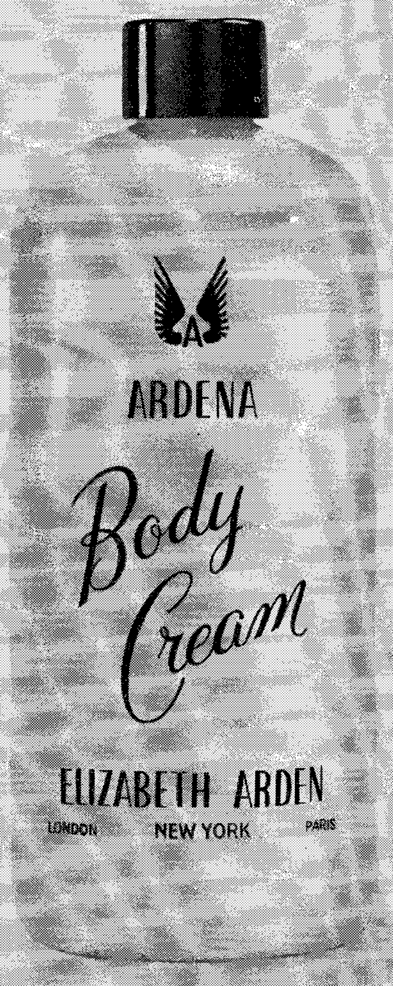
Heads are designed to make skiing child's play for grownups, too. There's no better way to stay young . . . than on great skis.



PHOTO—FRED LINDHOLM

. . . and who makes great skis? HEAD *of course!*

Ski poster, anyone? If you'd like a 24" x 36" full-color view of the Chamonix Aiguille du Midi, mail 50 cents in change to Head Ski Co., Inc., 32 W. Aylesbury Rd., Timonium, Maryland, U. S. A. We'll also enclose an informative booklet on Head Standard ($98.50), Vector ($122.50), and Competition Vector ($132.50) Skis, and on Head Ski Poles ($24.50). Available only at authorized, serious ski shops . . . the world over.



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Elizabeth Arden

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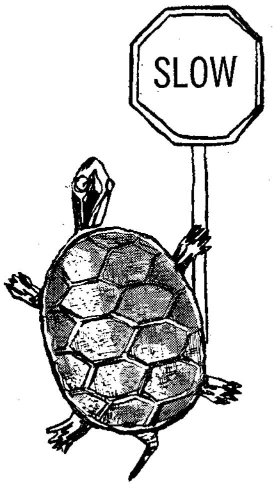
as sit at home. At Bergdorf Goodman, there's an at-home costume that could go to the opera—an Empire gown of tangerine wool jersey, bare on top except for the thinnest of shoulder straps, and accompanied by a long-sleeved jacket of orange-and-gold brocade. It's $100. And a body could go to a dance at the last minute in Bergdorf's two-piece hostess costume of white cotton brocade patterned with ice-blue medallions. The top is a sleeveless overblouse, and the long, narrow skirt flares slightly at the hem; $65. Bergdorf's unequivocally stay-at-home gown is black rayon-and-acetate crêpe. It starts off sedately enough—a bateau neck, three-quarter sleeves, a narrow sash, a slender skirt—and then explodes into a great whoosh of coq feathers at the hem; $100. An enchanting long black rayon velvet gown at Lord & Taylor, with three-quarter sleeves and a deep V neck, also seems to be intended for a girl who'll stay put at her own fireside, but its high waist, sashed and bestreamered with coral velvet, is so faithfully Empire that we wouldn't be surprised to find it doing duty in amateur theatricals—"Berkeley Square," for instance, or "Quality Street." This one is $40.

One of the popular at-home looks this season is the straight-to-the-floor column—the lineal descendant of the much maligned chemise. Its effectiveness lies in its discretion—a subtle sort of now-you-see-her-now-you-don't. Amie's at-home column is gray French wool challis, delicately printed with tiny apple-green apples; $155. There's a soft column of cotton velours at Tomas, 609 Madison Avenue (58th), and its color—the very light beige color called bone—makes it look even softer than it is. It's $45. The sleeveless column of Persian-blue velveteen at the Penthouse Gallery, 15 West 55th Street and 1167 Madison Avenue (85th), has the merest hint of fit across the bosom. It fastens at the shoulders with frogs, and bears a price tag reading $29.95. Robert Leader has a cheerful at-home skirt for a zoo-happy girl—a floor-length, gathered fullness of white cotton with black horses, boars, rabbits, foxes, leopards, and other beasts woven in. The waistband is black velvet and the price is $65. A black rayon top, of the tank variety, is $25.

An at-home garment called Persian pants is obviously just the thing for a girl who can't make up her mind whether she wants to lounge in a skirt or in trousers. It's both. The pants are knickers that button at the knee, and they're plain dark-green velveteen. The skirt—it would be an overskirt if it were sepa-



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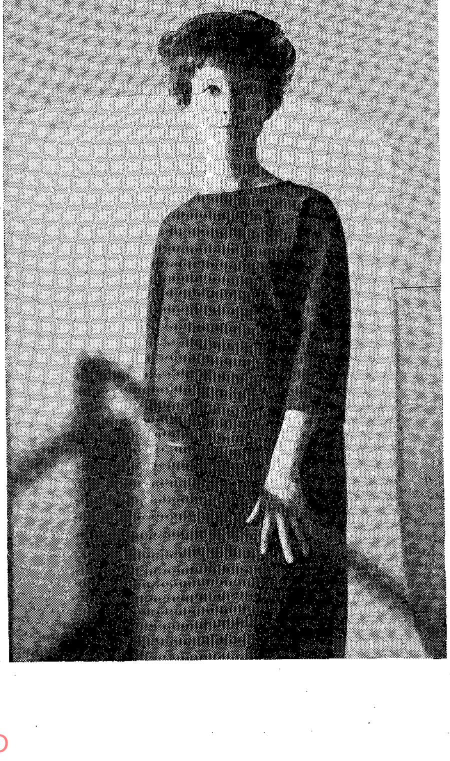
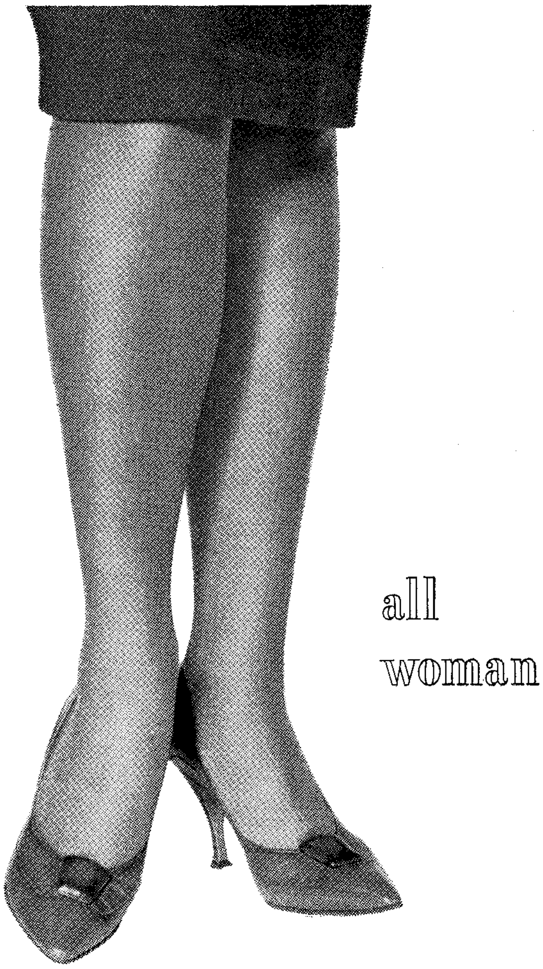


rate and if it weren't open in front—is knee length and of quilted matching velveteen. This miracle of compromise costs $36 at the Village Store, 822 Lexington Avenue (63rd). A cotton damask shirt of ice blue, to match the lining of the skirt, is $16.

If it's pants you're looking for, there's a multitude of candidates. Bloomingdale suggests crinkly black rayon lounging trousers with tapered legs accompanied by a fitted tunic with a deep scoop neck. The tunic is also crinkly black rayon, and—hold on, now—its sleeves and hem are bordered with a wavy band of black ostrich feathers; $100 for the outfit. A nice pairing of opposites—the loose and the trim—describes a turquoise velvet pajama suit at the House of European Specialties. The top, a sleeveless overblouse, really blouses, above a band and two buttons at the hips. The slim pants buckle tidily above the ankle; $69.50. To be sure, Jax, 7 West 57th Street, remains the peerless source for its own peerless style of at-home pants, which start slender and taper to skinny. You'll find pink mohair, the bandwagon fabric this year, and a non-fuzzy but absolutely O.K. white basketweave wool; $39.95 in either fabric. Take a look at Jax's printed wool jersey tops, too—flower prints that toss together, for instance, a salad of deep-pink poppies and clean-white daisies. You will hardly be surprised to hear that they are straight, hipbone-length overblouses. But—tricky Jax!—they have long sleeves; $39.95.

Still another trend has shown up in the cozy realm of at-home wear, and there are three examples to prove it. (Question: Do three items really constitute a fashion trend? Answer: Certainly they do, because four or more make a fashion cliché.) It's a tendency toward decorative, comfortable, sprightly dresses—certainly not hostess gowns—that are perhaps one iota too casual for Manhattan street wear. They're for a lady to look marvellous in at home when nothing especially jazzy is going on. Jasmine, Inc., 1044 Madison Avenue (79th), has the prototype dress, a mere wisp of a thing. It's a sleeveless, street-length silk shift, and it reverses from black on one side to yellow on the other;



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$17.50. The Top and Bottom Shop, 164 West 4th Street, has Example No. 2, an enchanting pyramid—narrow at the neck and shoulders, and very wide indeed at the hem—of purple felt; $24.95. And No. 3 is a straight, colorful shift of Paisley hopsacking; $29.98 at Suzy Simpson, 1034 Lexington Avenue (74th).

LET'S assume that you've decided to give somebody a peignoir. We applaud that decision. Our next thought is to remind you that Hattie Carnegie's peignoir is the classic statement thereof: floor-length, with a round collar, a high, broad yoke, and long cuffed sleeves. All the Carnegie peignoirs are lined with chiffon, but you do have to choose among several fabrics—including crinkled nylon ($135), albatross, which is an airy wool ($90), and a slightly heavier, basketweave wool ($80)—and among a number of pastel colors, not to mention some slight variations in trim. This should be anything but a chore, though, since every one of the items is a charmer.

Exhaustive research has shown that the steam-heated boudoir sometimes gets colder than apartment-house managers care to admit. However, Bloomingdale has a lovely floor-length robe made of brushed nylon, which is a wonderful heater in its own right. The robe is piped with satin, and instead of a sash it has a satin drawstring at the high waist. The color is red and the price is $23. Quilted nylon is cozy, too, and if you think a boudoir occupant on your list would like a short robe, Bloomingdale has a nifty bright-yellow one. It's double-breasted, with flat pearly buttons marching along in columns of two; $15. And Altman, temperature-conscious, too, has a long, warm robe that reverses—one side fleece, the other rayon satin. It comes in solid pink or blue; $55. As for Abercrombie & Fitch, it gets right down to basics: a lady's nightshirt made of red Viyella, for $17.50. All of which leaves the feet dangerously unprotected, but Lord & Taylor has the answer to that—fur boudoir boots. They're rabbit dyed to look like red fox, and they cost $12.

A FEW words about gloves. Kislav, the French glovemakers, whose New York outlet is Best, have all sorts of grand new ideas. They've thought, for example, of lining their eight-button-length black suède gloves with wool; $14.50. And they've thought of lining their eight-button-length kidskin gloves with nylon; $17. Happiest of all, they've thought of making unlined doeskin Kislavs ($22.50) in just about every con-

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ceivable shade of brown—from caramel, through taupe, to brown brown. *Voilà!* There's a pair of doeskin Kislavs to go with every shade of mink coat. Bergdorf sells outsize leopard gloves to go with a leopard coat. The palms and the palm side of the fingers are of capeskin, and the interior is lined with natural rabbit. The price is outsize, too—$137.50. At Hattie Carnegie, the response to the all-but-total disappearance of the sleeve is the longest white kid gloves possible—twenty-three-button, or shoulder length. They are from France and cost $45 a pair.

NOW it's time to get along to the children.

We'll start with the youngest, a girl who can use a baby bonnet. Lilly Daché has a melting white silk one with a satin ribbon on its crown and a triple lace ruffle to frame the face; $7.50. For the same girl or a near contemporary, Bonwit Teller provides a pink brushed-nylon nightgown-sleeping bag. (Its technical name is *sacque.*) It has a smattering of white nylon lace trim, and it closes, at the feet end, with a drawstring. There's a model for boys, too—blue, with no lace trim. The price is $4 either way. Bonwit Teller also offers a plaid blanket-wool bunting ("an outdoor garment for infants, as a large, loose envelope with hood attached," according to Webster). It has a zipper on one side, and it will keep a baby of either sex gratefully warm from now to spring. It costs $12, and a matching carriage blanket costs $8.

To a girl as big as size 1—but no bigger than size 8—you might present a chic little jumper of washable wool knit, the pattern red fleurs-de-lis on solid blue. The price ranges from $7.95 to $10.95, depending on the size. The same fabric makes a one-piece overall for boys; sizes 1 to 5, and $6.95. You'll find them both at Glad Rags, 1007 Madison Avenue (78th). The shop also has a complete family—sizes 1 through 12—of Loden storm coats, imported from England. They have extra tabs that fasten under the collars, snug cuffs, and plaid wool linings and hoods, and they're fine for both boys and girls. Glad Rags can show you gray, red, blue, and brown, besides the familiar Loden green. Prices range from $16.95 to $24.95.

You might enchant a little girl (between size 1 and size 5) with a complete ensemble from Finland—hat, dress, and matching bloomers. Everything is made of brightly patterned hand-printed cotton. The dress fastens with tin buttons, which proceed down the back from the round, collarless neck to the bouncy

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flounce at the hem. The set is $18 at D/R International, 866 Lexington Avenue (65th). Boys' overalls, also from Finland, are of brilliantly striped heavy cotton; $15, in sizes 1 to 4.

Or how about a mistletoe-green cotton jumper for a girl anywhere from size 2 to 6X? It's a modish modified trapeze in shape, it buttons down the back, and it is accompanied by a simple white piqué dickey, sewn in. Best is where you'll find it, and anywhere from $6 to $8 is what you'll pay for it. Best also has a beautiful white nylon flannel nightgown for slightly older girls (sizes 4 to 14). It's long, its sleeves are long, its yoke is perkily embroidered in red, and its warmth is the added attraction; $6.

If one of the children on your list happens to be any relation to intrepid Florence, the lady sea dog we were talking about earlier, you should know that Marcelle Julien, 698 Madison Avenue (62nd), has designed a cheerful seascape—three pink sailboats with blue sails, yellow sea gulls, and white clouds. She reproduces this salty scene on the yoke of a white English broadcloth dress ($46, in sizes 2 to 5) and on the shirt of a boy's two-piece outfit ($43, in sizes 1 to 3). These garments are handmade every step of the way—a point that the children may not appreciate, perhaps, but Florence will.

Picture a small girl (3 to 6X) in a red velveteen Christmas-party jumper, trimmed at the yoke with edelweiss and tiny red and blue flowers on a green background. Irresistible? Of course. It's $24.95 at Ingeborg Kuppinger, 22 East 65th Street. Her brother—if he wears anything from toddler 2 to regular 5—will look equally fine in red shorts from the same shop, their trusty suspenders enlivened with matching edelweiss-embroidered braid; $14.95 to $17.95.

A frothy party dress of white eyelet cotton over pale-blue Dacron, its hem a great beribboned flounce, is a standout among standouts at the Green Frog, 15 Christopher Street; toddler 2 to regular 10, and $11.95 to $14.95. For a little boy who would rather play with his Christmas finger paints than go to a party, the Green Frog has a sound navy denim smock, embroidered and piped in red. It's for artists in sizes 2 to 10, and $4.95 to $6.95.

A toddler 3-to-6X girl who has already decided on the college of her first choice can now announce it to the world—if she's the self-confident sort—by wearing a varsity-type sweater. It's a white turtleneck orlon-knit pullover with an embroidered letter on the left

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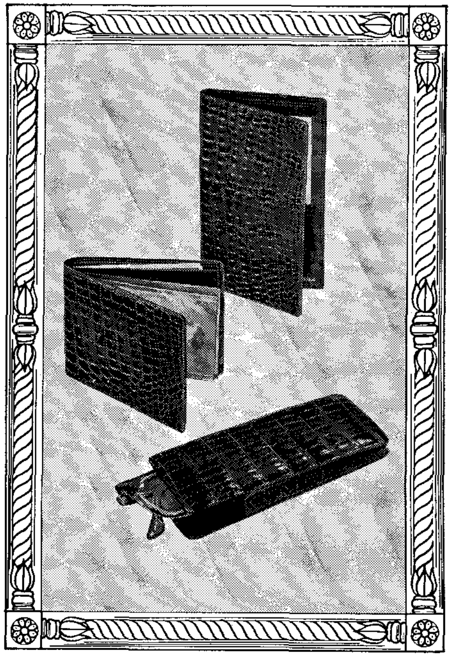

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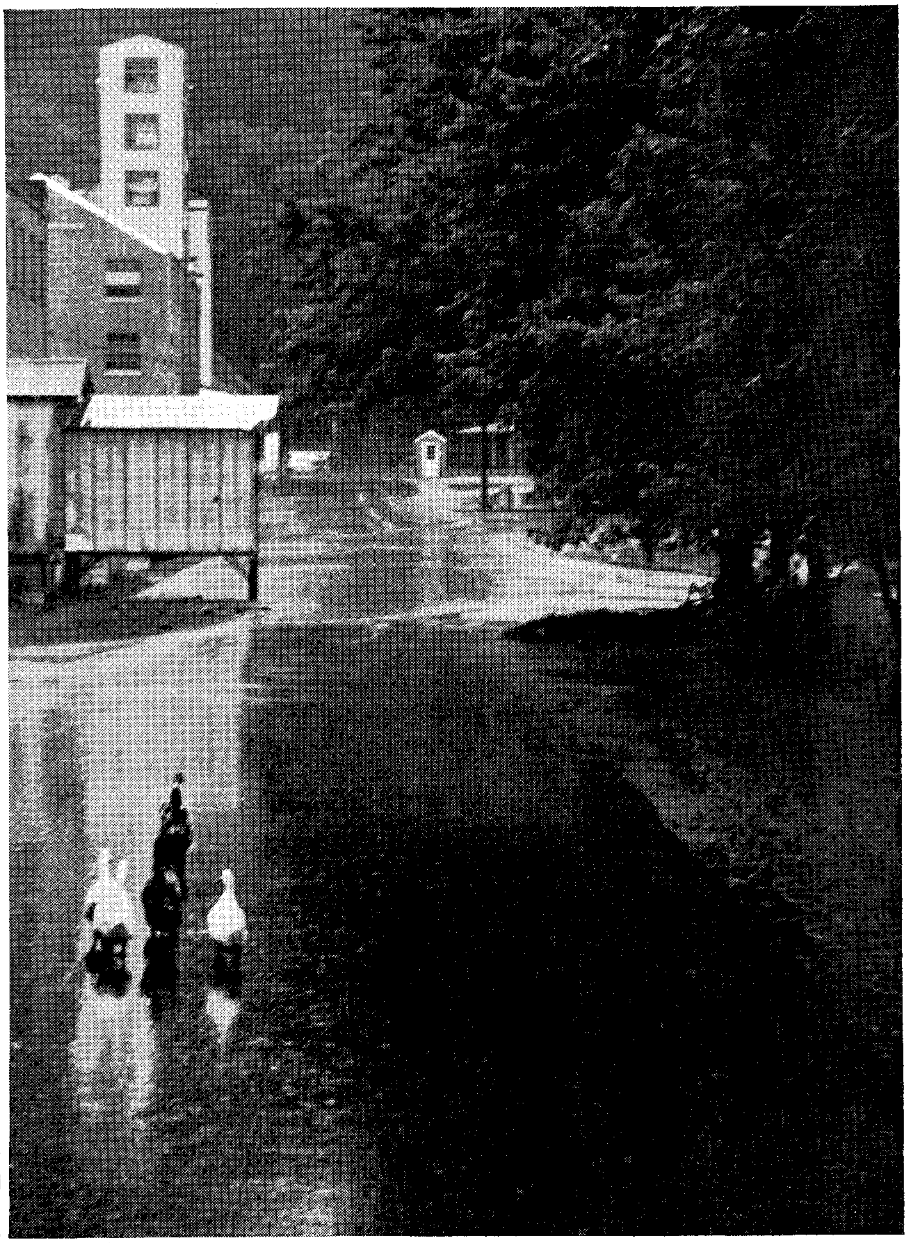
Jean Gale, 535 Madison Avenue (54th), is a knowledgeable specialist in girls' clothes that look grownup enough to delight the young, and still don't make them appear to be getting too far ahead of themselves. Her three-piece lounging costume—a pale-blue cotton shirt, delft-blue velveteen tapered trousers, and a Shocking-pink velveteen cummerbund—offers a middle-sized (7-14) girl a chance to feel like an adult while she listens to her Paul Anka records; $19.95. Gale's wide-wale corduroy skating skirt is red and as swingingly full as any girl could wish; the top that goes with it, though, is a sensible, roomy red corduroy pullover with a sensible white wool-knit hood; $19 all told, in sizes 4 to 6X.

If someone you know is decorating a nursery, she might appreciate (and so might the nursery's tenant) a hand copy, in pen, ink, and water color, by the artist Nancy Woodward, of Ernest Shepard's famous illustrations of the high points in the career of Winnie the Pooh—"Down stairs . . . bump, bump, bump," for example. Wakefield-Young Books, 746 Madison Avenue (64th), has a selection of sixteen such Pooh drawings, agreeably framed and matted. They're eight inches by eleven, and cost $27.50 apiece.

WE'RE joining the ladies once more, and now our subject is garments that provide a little something extra—warmth, perhaps, or décor, or both—such as scarves, stoles, and other throat-and-shoulder covers. Size is no factor here, or in any of the gifts from



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Bergdorf Goodman's black-dyed fox pillow muff is indeed as large as a pillow ($220), and in case a girl's neck gets chilly, too, a narrow (three-and-a-half-inch) but fluffy five-foot length of black fox is available for swirling and trailing ($104.50). At S. J. Glaser, 26 East 56th Street, there's an ingenuity of mink—two mink bands, each of a different color, each more than a yard long, and each equipped with several concealed snaps. These permit an artful owner to create all sorts of flattering two-tone-mink neck wreaths; $225. We know where you can get a sable stole, ninety glorious inches long, with a lavish fringe of plump sable tails. At Hattie Carnegie, that's where, and $1,650 is how much.

You can acquire a big fur hair bow—a semi-hat, really—at Sally Victor, 18 East 53rd Street. It comes in black American broadtail ($20.35), white India lamb ($27.50), leopard ($38.50), and ranch mink ($38.50). As for hoods, Saks Fifth Avenue has a handsome one, made of mink sides, in brown, black, white, or pastels, that hooks snugly under the chin ($44), and Mark Cross has a wide range of silk-lined ones, in mink ($104.50), nutria ($44), ocelot ($66), and seal ($165), and also in black leather and gold suède ($20). Excellent mink ear muffs are $10 at Hartenstein.

We've always admired the marvels that a tall, self-assured girl can perform with a feather boa. If there's such a girl on your list, take a look at the black ostrich-feather boa, six feet long if it's an inch, and adorned with a black silk tassel at each end, at Act 3, 1079 Third Avenue (62nd). The price is $38.50. Bendel's ostrich boa is taupe, and, lest this be found monotonous, its five-foot length is studded with four luscious pink silk roses; $80.

Ostrich is slathered all over a modest-sized triangle of chiffon at Saks Fifth Avenue. It's an evening scarf for a lady to tie loosely over her head in the unlikely event that there's a draft in the back

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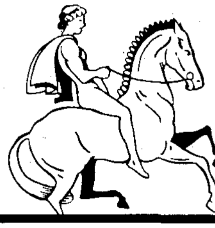

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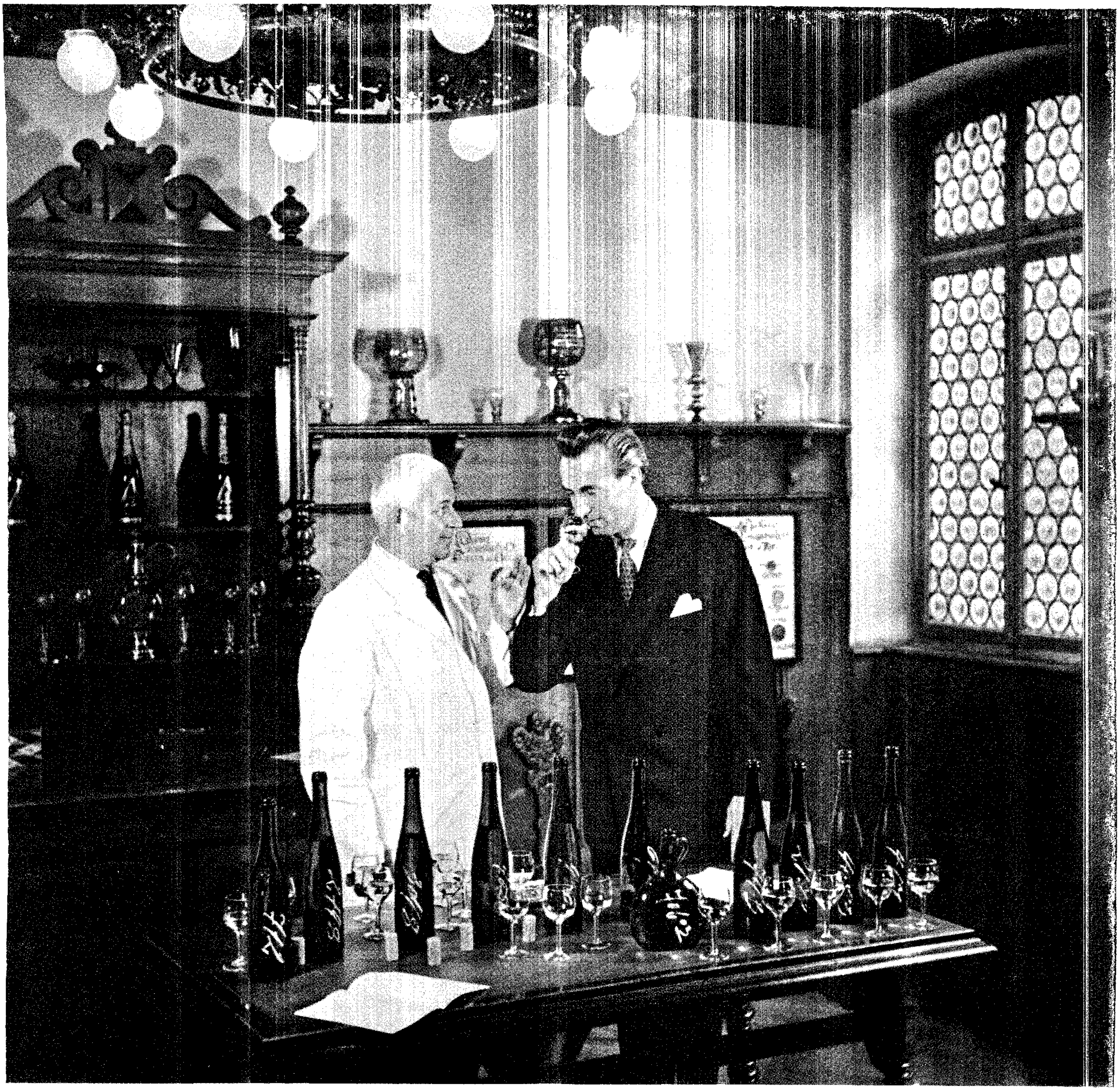

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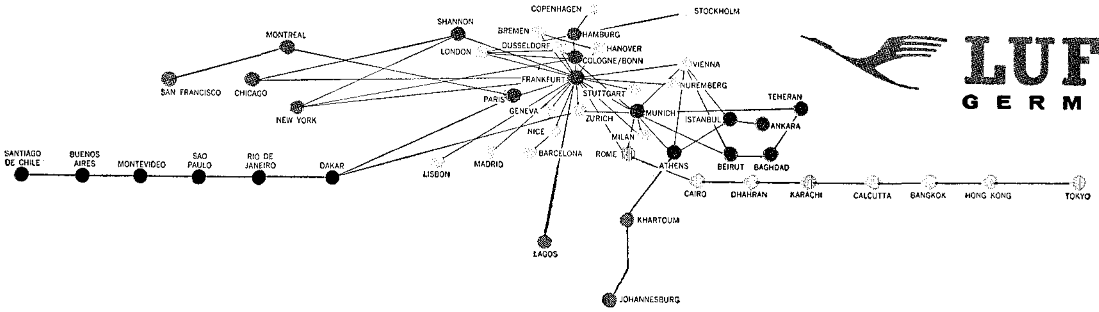
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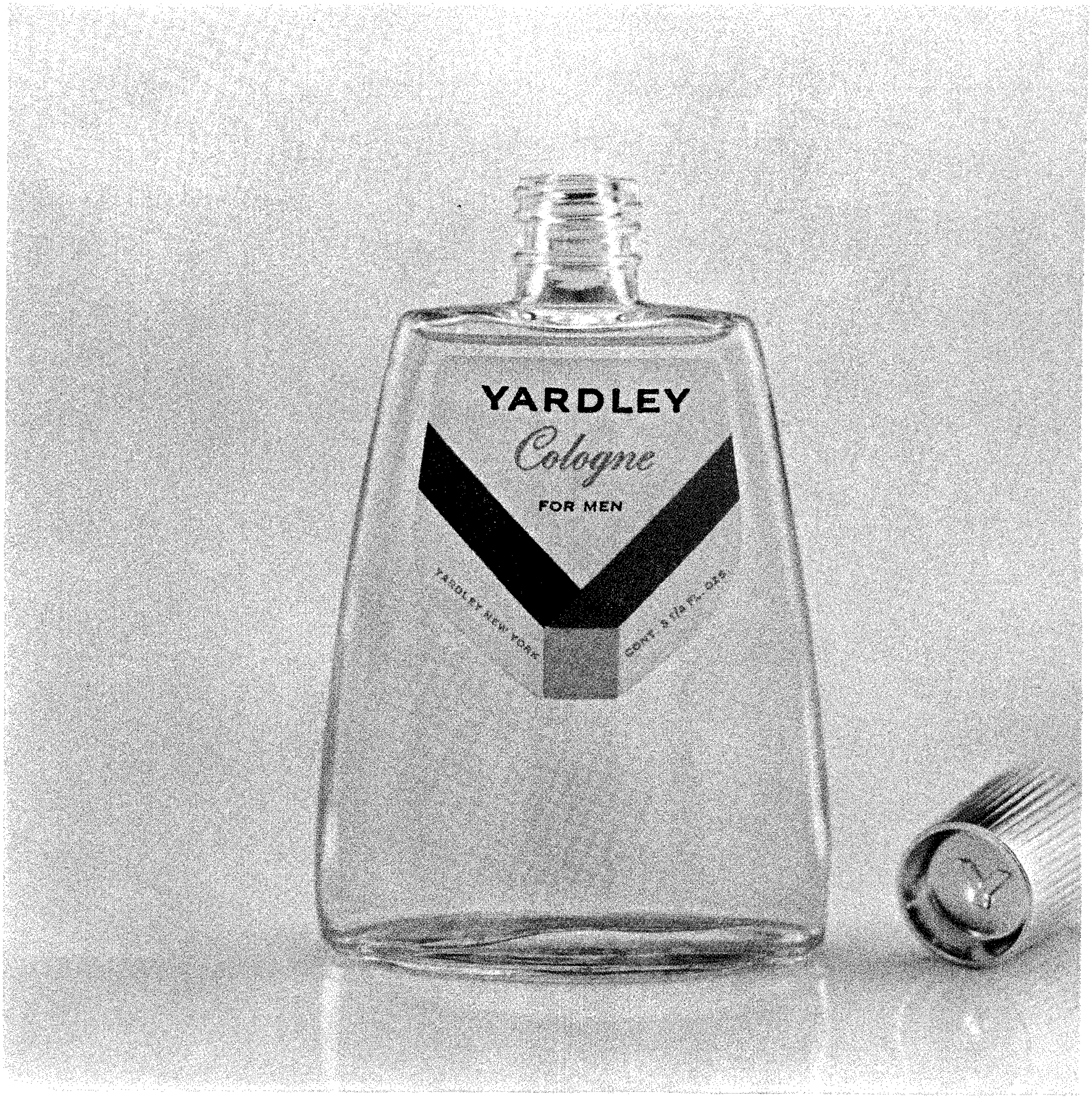

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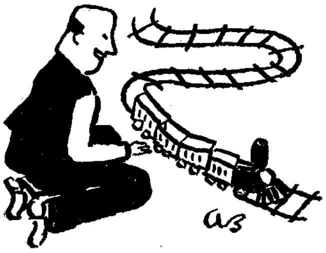
seat of the Rolls. It's delicious in white, and it costs $16.

Lots of poor girls with an interest in fashion have been yearning hopelessly for something by Balenciaga. Well, the great man hasn't been deaf to their pleas; he's turned his label into a silk scarf, a three-foot square with an inch and a half of fringe around the edges, that says "Balenciaga" over and over again in small black letters; $19.95 at Bloomingdale's Place Elegante. Maximum readability is attained when the scarf is white, but almost anyone can read it without glasses even on the mint green. Pierre Cardin, another redoubtable name in couture, has also taken to designing scarves, but his are practically anonymous (just letters about an inch high, confined to one corner). His large, filmy, one-of-a-kind printed-chiffon squares aim at—and attain—a mysterious sort of beauty. One shows large white doves against a mottled pink, orange, and taupe sky. The scarves are $19.50 at Helene Arpels, 665 Madison Avenue (60th), which also has quite a few of Cardin's printed-chiffon stoles. These are in the same meditative mood, and they're a yard wide, more than five feet long, and $59 in price.

The silk and satin stoles in Macy's Little Shop are cape stoles, shaped to fit the shoulders, and thus leave nothing to chance or to your dear girl's aptitude for adjusting drapery. They're good and long—closer to three yards than two—and more than a foot wide, so at winter resorts, or in warm weather, they're as much going-out evening cover as a lady needs. The stoles are fringed at the ends, and come in lustrous colors called ruby, emerald, topaz, turquoise, and white (why not diamond?), and they cost $32.50. The United Nations Gift Shop has big (six feet by two) woollen stoles sumptuously embroidered by hand, also in wool. They're from India, which is the source of the famous tree-of-life pattern that many of them repeat or refer to. Each one is an ad-lib invention, so it's hard to make promises about what you'll find when you get there, but not one of them is a disappointment; $35 to $45, depending on the embroidery. And D/R International has vast, warm stoles hand-knit by Bolivian Indians; the natural colors of the llama or alpaca



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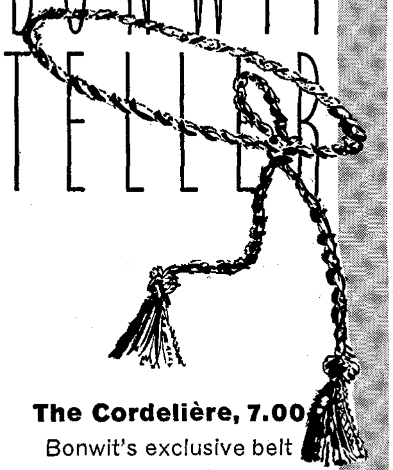
yarn are fine—anything from a black, brown, and white mixture to a nice hazy indetermination of beige and greige. These are $26.

There's probably someone in your ken who would be more than pleased to receive a steamer blanket this Christmas. One blanket we can suggest is in a big wool plaid, and comes in its own zippered plaid carrying bag; $10 for the set at Plummer McCutcheon, 3 East 57th Street. Another good bet is a lovely silk comforter, filled with Dacron and quilted in a giant rose pattern, at Mosse, 52 East 57th Street. The edges are scalloped, and pink is a good color choice. The single-bed size is $81.50.

WHEN women go out in the evening, they want a handbag that is small and magnificent—words that exactly describe an evening carryall of vermeil (vermeil is silver to which gold has been fused, and so cunningly that seventeenth-century vermeil still looks gold) at Black, Starr & Frost. It houses a lipstick, a mirror, and a compact; $440. At Marchal Jewellers, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th), the small magnificence is gold mesh, with a rosette of diamonds and rubies for a clasp. It will hold a lipstick and some Kleenex; $475. The House of European Specialties has a small evening bag that is magnificent though fake—a gold-metal carryall charmingly ornamented with tiny gold-metal flowers and miniature rhinestones. It's $69.50. More fake, but not fool's, gold: a plump, brushed-gold-metal scallop shell, its edges set about with stones of imitation jade, which is $27.50 at Lilly Daché. Macy's Little Shop has a slightly larger evening bag, made of interwoven gold- and silver-metal strips, shaped like a little box, and topped off with handy handles ($33), and an evening clutch bag of latticed gold leather strips ($14.29). For cocktail time, there's Bergdorf's sizable, elegant brown envelope-with-handles. It's a woven thing, too—velvet strands combined with a few streaks of leather. It's lined with leather, and costs $60.50.

Now for bags that can be carried all day long. This year's alligator bag at Henri Betrix, 702 Madison Avenue (63rd), is a generous envelope-with-handles, lined with glove leather. Its interior is as thoughtfully laid out as a submarine, and its exterior, of course, is Betrix's French chrome-tanned black, brown, or navy alligator, the apogee of alligator perfection; $313.50. At Art Bag Creations, 735 Madison Avenue (64th), there's a lizard envelope-with-handles that boasts an outside pocket



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for afterthoughts. It costs $87.55, and you can have it in black, brown, or navy. You'll be hearing more about the envelope-with-handles as our story proceeds. The envelope at Fred Braun, 189 West 4th Street and 21 West 8th Street, is of glove-tanned brown cowhide, and its handle is of bamboo; $33. The envelope-with-handles at the Miller Harness Shop is of English bridle leather, and is distinguished by its saddle stitching, by a small silver-metal ornamental stirrup, and by a handle that can be extended to serve as a shoulder strap; $18.95. The Murry Leather Handicrafters, upstairs at 43 West 16th Street, have a sturdy little cowhide bag that isn't an envelope—it opens at the top—but does have handles. Its simple decoration is four brass studs spaced across the top at each side; $22.95. Bloomingdale has a good flat black suède envelope *without* handles, for $12.08. And the House of European Specialties has a remarkably neat clutch—no envelope, no handles—of black calf. It has a brushed-gold-metal frame and a clasp of brushed-gold-metal acorns; $20.35.

When women travel, they want a handbag that's *big* and magnificent. Such as the big black calf prize—sixteen inches long and seven high—at the Seasoned Traveller, 175 West 4th Street. It's an envelope-with-handles, too, and the handles can turn into shoulder straps. The bag's flap has been rubbed and rubbed and rubbed (the technical word for this treatment—and, remember, you read it here first—is "scumbling"), so that its color is somewhat lighter than the rest of the bag; that is, a blackish brown or browny black. The bag, scumbling and all, costs $35.20. And T. Anthony, 772 Madison Avenue (66th), has a double-entendre of red hopsacking and black cowhide that appears to be no more than a splendid incarnation of our old friend the envelope bag. When a strategic flap is loosened, though, the whole business unfolds, and the owner has—depending on whether Paris or Gristede's is her next stop—a valued traveller's aid or a shopping bag; $20.85. A simple shopping bag, like the Stark Valla Emporium's beige, gold, orange, and avocado striped burlap example, isn't a lowly gift, especially when you think what an imaginative girl can find in the shops. This bag is lined with flowered cotton and costs $3.95, and Stark Valla is at 109 West 10th Street.

ONCE a girl has a bag, she needs things to put in it. A wallet, maybe. Carnegie's is black cut velvet lined

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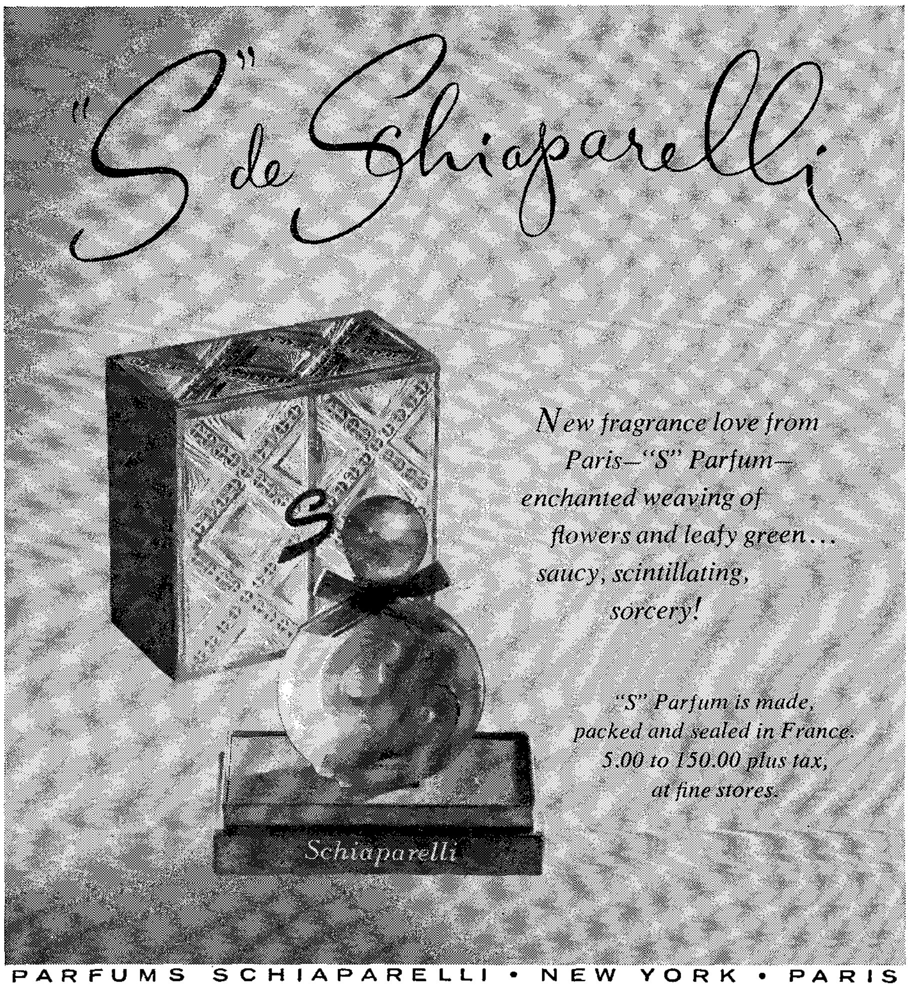
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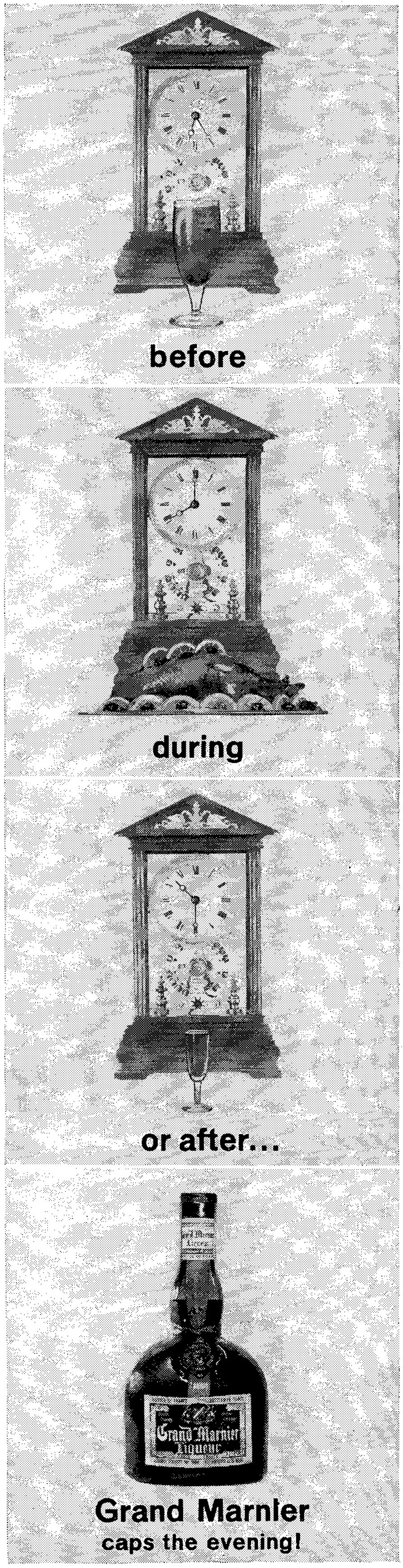

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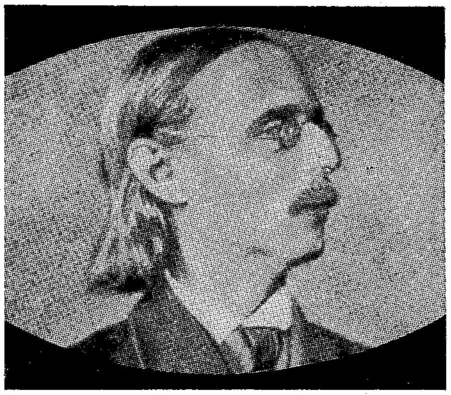
"Learn French the cordial way... for liqueur say Grand Marnier."

with gold kid—a frivolity of fabric that is in pleasant contrast to the sound practical arrangements it affords for bills, identification, credit cards, and coins. It's $14.30. Bendel has a small purse—a cross between a wallet and a change purse—in realistic mock alligator ($6.60), while Mark Cross has a change purse, with two pockets lined with leather, of even more realistic genuine alligator ($13.75). The change purse at the Miller Harness Shop is of suède, is shaped like a jockey's cap, and costs $3.50. And D/R International has a variety of colorful, sizable cotton purses from Finland that will hold a lady's makeup inside a big travelling handbag; $3.30 to $3.85.

A cigarette case? Tiffany's slender vermeil triumph is decorated with a restrained crossbar design and holds twelve king-size cigarettes, which is probably as many as she should smoke in a day; $130. A lighter? A working lighter inside a peanut-sized gold peanut is $180 at Black, Starr & Frost, which will be happy to help you contribute, further, a good small gold ball-point pen ($35), a tiny gold basketweave box, for those tiny saccharine pills, that emits one pill at a time ($64), and a key chain dangling from a minute golden globe on which the continents are clearly outlined ($35). Bloomingdale's key chain does double duty, being anchored to a flat brass cigarette lighter; the price is $4, the place the Place Elegante.

Two items to stow inside luggage rather than inside handbags—a capacious jewelry roll of a fabric that looks like tapestry but is infinitely sturdier ($8.50 at E. Braun, 717 Madison Avenue, at 63rd), and a red satin purse, about ten inches tall, containing a clear-plastic bottle that might hold eau de cologne ($7.50 at Bloomingdale's Place Elegante).

THERE'S always the Christmas apron, and Serendipity 3, at 225 East 60th Street, has a fine red one on which is reproduced, in black, an old Victorian theatre poster; $4. A cheerful printed cotton apron—like a Muumuu—in green, blue, red, or gray, that pulls over the head and covers a dress fore and aft costs $6.50 at Azuma, 802 Lexington Avenue (62nd). At Pampered Kitchens, on the eighteenth floor at 220 Fifth Avenue (26th), are some fat six-inch-square pot holders of Mexican cotton whose vividness is further enlivened by vivid Mexican embroidery; two for $3. If you happen to know a cook so fussy that she insists on



THE OH-SO VIRTUOSO

Fell flat on his face when he listened to his newly released record on his home phonograph. It didn't sound that way in the recording studio when it was played back for his approval. Where were the highs? The brilliance? The lows? Poor man. He didn't replace his worn-to-a-frazzle phonograph needle with a Duotone genuine diamond stylus ... made of a diamond that's been hand set and hand polished.

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bagging her own fish and fowl, get her Abercrombie's one-ounce Fiberglas trout rod and reel ($49.95, complete with a spool of line and a carrying case) or its lady's lightweight knockabout Italian shotgun with a checked walnut stock ($150 in 12 or 20 gauge).

Jewel boxes? Bloomingdale's Place Elegante has reproduced in miniature an antique walnut chest, with four drawers, that would hold jewelry very nicely; $45. Dunhill has a jewel box, lined in velvet, that would easily swallow up Lorelei Lee's entire collection. Its outside is cut velvet, and its price is $60. C. P. Leathercrafts, 21 East 57th Street, has gold-tooled leather boxes in fourteen colors and for every purpose known to woman—for three-by-five-inch file cards ($13.95), for instance, and for storing sheet music ($29.95). And Peck & Peck has a very small metal safe covered in gold-tooled red leather. It has a combination lock and costs $6. What could a girl keep in it? Fuses, old campaign buttons, outmoded three-cent stamps now (outmoded four-cent stamps after January 7), and the bits of metal insignia that so frequently fall off appliances.

This is the season for those mammoth cocktail or wassail parties where there is often not a chair to be found in all the hospitality, which is why Eleanor Beard, 446 Park Avenue (56th), has trimmed a standard English shooting stick with velvet, ribbon, and red velvet roses. A woman can take it to such parties and use it as an emergency seat. It's not the sort of gesture to go unnoticed, but perhaps you know a brave girl with tired feet; $29.95.

DO you think we've run out of ideas? Not a bit of it. A handkerchief—a tiny square of linen entirely surrounded by rose-point lace—is $65 at Plummer McCutcheon. A drawer liner—a big rectangle of satin and Alençon-type lace, with a replaceable filler perfumed by something that smells like Arpège—is $12 at the same store. A Victorian lorgnette? Macy's Little Shop has some old ones, with frames of silver or tortoise shell, at around $15. (Prescription lenses can, of course, be fitted to them.) A four-by-five-inch picture frame at the Sally Victor Boutique is a rococo oval of dull gilt leaves and scrolls rococoed up with fake coral; it has an easel back and costs $9.63. A leatherette cover for paperback books, with a gold-bordered botanical print on its front, costs $2.50 at the Elder Craftsmen, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th). A sea-blue alabaster soap dish at Blooming-

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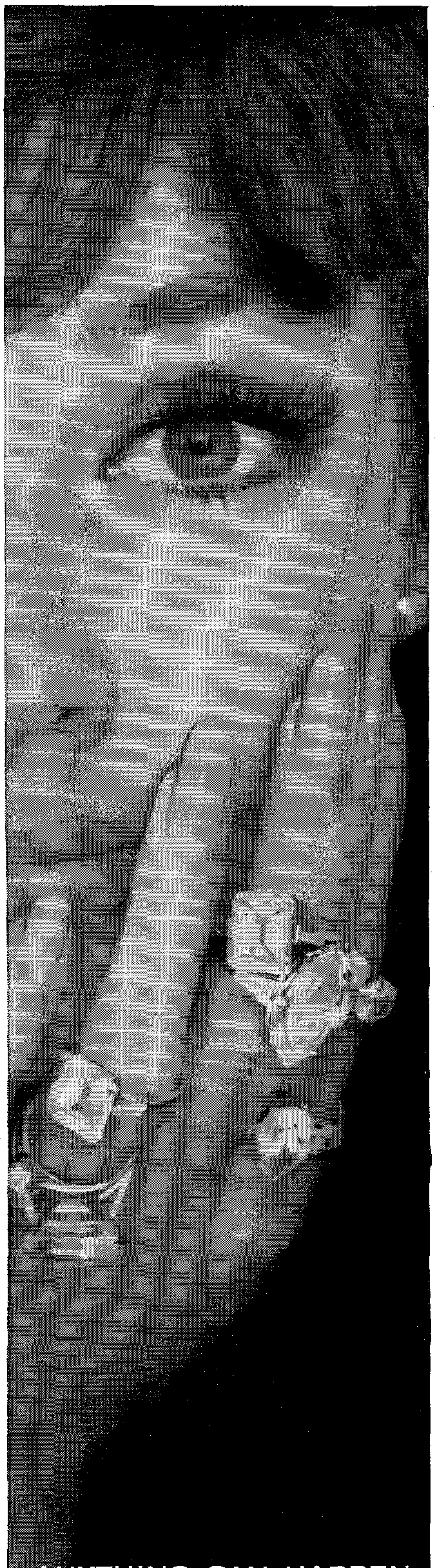

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN WHEN YOU WEAR

FAME

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dale's Place Elegante is shaped like a scallop shell, is supported by three brass dolphins, and costs $8.98. A copper bowl full of lily-of-the-valley pips, which are scheduled to bloom three weeks after they arrive, and thus brighten up January, costs $5.95 at Max Schling Seedsmen, 538 Madison Avenue (54th). A Swedish-modern telephone that is earpiece, mouthpiece, and dial all *in one* is on hand at Hammacher Schlemmer, for $60, but you'll have to have the Telephone Company install a jack for it. A rattan beach chair at Anne Davis, 347 East 55th Street, folds into next to nothing for storing now, and opens, come spring, into a comfortable, easy seat for a terrace; $15.95. A slip-on cover of brilliant felt that gussies up a plain old wire clothes hanger (and reduces wear and tear on clothes) costs $1.25 at Americraft, 903 First Avenue (51st). A music box incorporating a little shadow-box stage set on which Punch and Judy perform to the tune of the gavotte from "Mignon" costs $35 at Pique a Boutique, 235 East 53rd Street. And a papier-mâché lipstick holder for the dressing table, with space for four lipsticks, comes from Kashmir, is painted with birds and leaves and flowers, and costs $5 at the Museum of Natural History's gift shop.

What a Christmas! Shotguns! Sables! If she wasn't the Girl Who Has Everything, she is now.

•

THE NEEDLE

Wasps in their brown death
cling against the glass;
flies buzz and spin;
so does the autumn pass
its needle out and in,
embroidering frost
on grass-blade and wing.
Nothing is wholly lost
on this first morning
when over the dun fields
silvery cloth is thrown.
The shapes of summer's yield
show the shaping bone;
chestnut and oak trees high
in the abundant sun
drink blueness of the sky,
yet are monochrome.
On in the darkness now,
the needle flashes fine,
stitching a quilt of brown
with an intricate design,
piercing the spinning fly,
the wasp in a chilling caul;
the thread in its blank eye
is white as snowfall.

—Gene Baro

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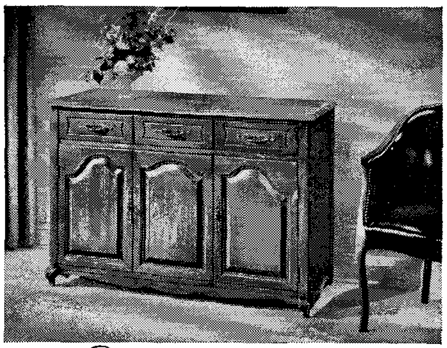

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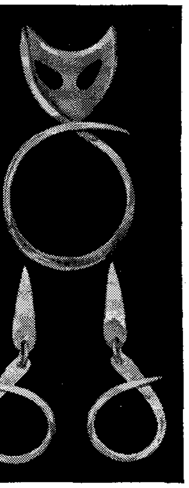

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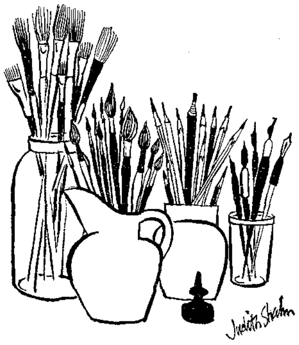
THE ART GALLERIES

The Game of Illusion



IN earlier times, the hero was "represented" by a statue of marble or granite. In Moscow today, the tomb of Lenin contains the actual body of the leader as a statue. The tomb is the world's greatest collage; by means of it physical reality is converted into a powerful substance of fantasy. Such transformation of fact by displacing it into fiction, and of fiction by giving it a setting of fact, is the specifically twentieth-century form of illusionism. "The noises of waves, revolvers, typewriters, sirens, or airplanes," explains Erik Satie, a contemporary of the Cubists, in commenting on his ballet "Parade," significantly subtitled "Ballet Réaliste," "are in music of the same character as the bits of newspapers, painted wood grain, and other everyday objects that the Cubists frequently employ to localize objects and masses in Nature." Another contemporary of the First World War era, Jean Arp, contended that his sculptures ought to be come upon as one comes upon a stone polished by a river; that is to say, that his creations were on a par with those of geology.

Given the enormous dissemination of simulated nature through window displays, motion-picture and television screens, public and private photography, magazine advertisements, art reproductions, car and bus posters, five-and-ten art, it is plain that in no other period or place has the visible world been to such an extent both duplicated and anticipated by fictions. Perhaps the ghostliness of our surroundings has augmented both the fascination of art with the game of substitutions and that distaste for mere picturing which first became a powerful force in painting and sculpture around the middle of the nineteenth century. The most pervasive term in modern art is "New Realities." It has been used as the title of vanguard art magazines, of art movements (both abstract and ultra-representational), and of group exhibitions. Painters and sculptors in every mode, from Albers to Shahn, have applied to themselves the name "Realist" (being "New" usually goes without saying). Since it signifies something different for everyone who uses it, the label is meaningless. Its popularity does testify, however, to the belief, all but universal among twentieth-century artists, that a work of art ought to be a thing added to the world of things rather than a reflection of things that already exist. In short, while the work of art today is not illusory in the sense of being a representation, it is of a nature to give rise to new forms of mystification.

Imagine that a cut of pie manufactured by Ma So-and-So, Inc., is reproduced in plaster in a display case that also contains a show card on which the pie is painted in colors and tones so luscious you can taste the blueberries. To extend this game of the real pie that is ersatz and the painted pie that is full of the flavors of memory, the artist creates, out of plastic or fabric, a segment of pie that looks like fabric, not pie, that is utterly non-suggestive of flavor, and that is six feet long. This "sculpture" is an illusory object, which—since it creates no illusion—is, logically, reality itself. Yet a piece of plastic or fabric pie is not real, either. It is the bastard child of illusion, and its only excuse for existence is to enter into the processes of the aesthetic imagination during the past century, so one would not be inconsistent in considering this inedible nonlikeness of pie pure art. The only hindrance is that the pie does not look like art; it is purposely not like art any more than it is like pie, for the quality of its looks is not the point of it. It exists as a demonstration model in an unspoken lecture on the history of illusionism as it occurs in both painting and the streets of big cities. Since the purpose of the pie is to dispel illusion, it might more properly be called a criticism object than an art object. To emphasize his point, in case anyone missed it, the artist (critic) suspends from the ceiling of his gallery a pair of denim pants about size 64 (presumably one who eats six-foot pies will need the largest pants he can get).

This is art comically talking about contemporary art in terms of things—a kind of farce ballet, with credits due to "Ballet Mécanique" and "The Gold Rush." The performance should be appreciated by anyone who has reflected on the Pygmalion fable or experienced the shock of running into Mr. Schweppes,

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Looking toward
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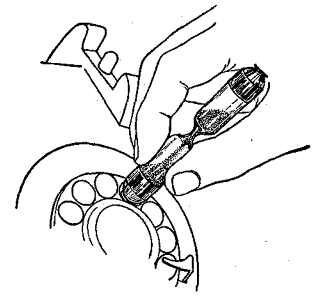

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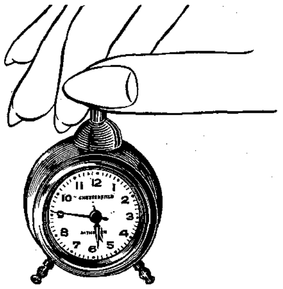

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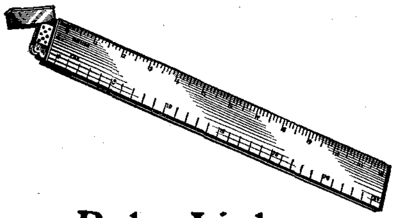
Remove stopper and you have dripless pourer Invento..11.00



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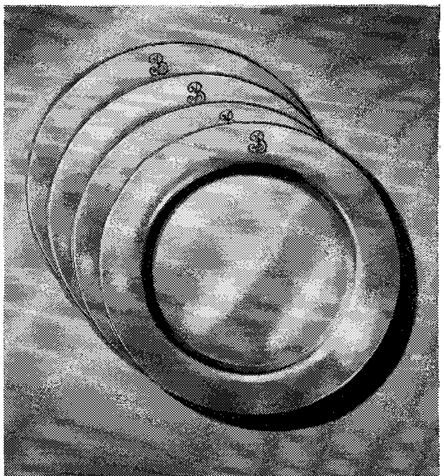
parted whiskers and all, not in an advertisement but face to face on Fifth Avenue. In a civilization in which public events and personages exist for us primarily through the communications media, in which (indeed) events often are made to occur exclusively for those media, discourse on illusionism is entirely relevant.

The pie and the pants I have described are, with perhaps some difference of detail, the creations of Claes Oldenburg, the most skillful gamester of illusion among the New Realists, as the creators of this type of art are named by the Europeans, with paranoiac persistence, or "pop" artists, as they are called here and in England. Yesterday's generation of illusionists was headed by Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns.

A FEW weeks ago, on Halloween, Sidney Janis, whose gallery represents de Kooning, Rothko, Guston, and other top Abstract Expressionists, opened a two-locations exhibition of "factual" (i.e., illusionistic) painting and sculpture. Under these auspices, and after fifteen years of the austerity of abstract art, the new New Realism hit the New York art world with the force of an earthquake. Within a week, tremors had spread to art centers throughout the country. A good part of the impact is attributable to the fact that illusionistic art is easy to talk about, in contrast to abstraction, whose rhetoric has been reused until it is all but exhausted. This is a powerful advantage for the new work, since much of contemporary painting and sculpture is art only through having sidled, leaped, or been smuggled into the universe of art words.

Coupled with the sudden availability of language was the sense that art history was being made, in that it was from the leading emporium of American abstract art that these appetite-wrecking collations and misplaced home furnishings, advertisements, and comic strips were peeking. Exhibitions with much the same content had been given in the past few years by the galleries of individual "pop" artists (the Castelli, Green, and Allan Stone galleries), by Martha Jackson, and by the Museum of Modern Art, in its massive "Assemblage" exhibition. The visual puns of Rauschenberg and Johns, Larry Rivers' adaptations of playing cards and cigarette packages, and (before these) the refined associationism of Joseph Cornell's "boxes" had connected American illusionist vanguardism with the "ready-mades" of Duchamp, Schwitters, Man Ray, and other artists of the First World War pe-



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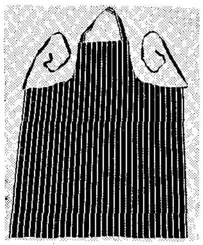

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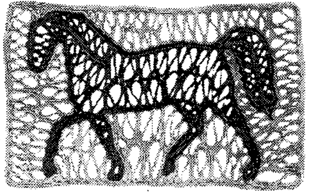

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ibson Oh-
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night."

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other vodkas.
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beautiful
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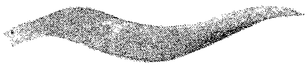
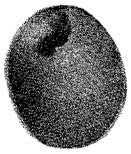
together."



"Don't
look now,
girls,
but Wolfschmidt
just took off
with that
tomato."



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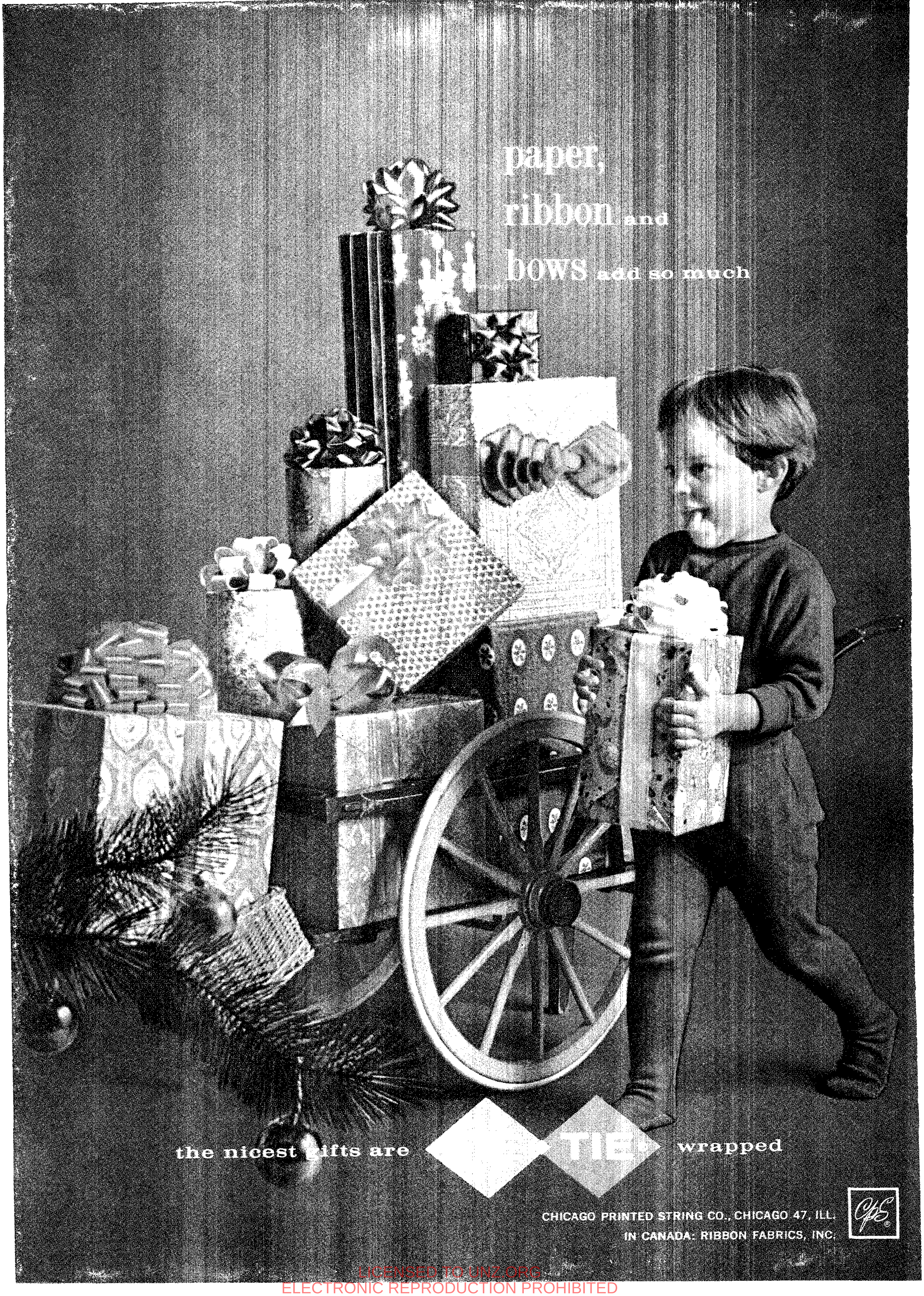
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riod. But with the Janis Gallery converted to the "pops," art politics sensed the buildup of a crisis. Was this the long-heralded dethronement of Abstract Expressionism? Conversation turned to speculation about treachery, secret motives, counter-strategies. What was generally disregarded was that this gallery had prospered by following the decisions of art history without handicapping itself by preferences of taste or ideology. With the New Realism, the Sidney Janis Gallery is venturing for the first time to create a bit of belated art history on its own account—an undertaking not unusual in the present art situation.

The New Realists exhibition proves on analysis to be itself an "assemblage" uniting half a dozen tendencies of the art of the past fifty years. Most of the European exhibits, amounting to more than half the total, and a few of the American had no connection with the theme set in the show by the new United States anti-appeal art packages. Some, like Enrico Baj's "Style Furniture," Mario Schifano's "Propaganda," and Tano Festa's "New Shutter" (these artists are all Italian), merely employ everyday images and surfaces to create works of art in the conventions of Cubism, Expressionism, and Neo-Plasticism; the other day a newsreel showed a young Parisian carting off old billboards to make into new art. Yves Klein's sponge sculpture and reliefs, Peter Agostini's plaster clothesline, and Robert Moskowitz's "Untitled," a handsome gray-on-gray using a glued-down window shade with wrinkles as its upper half, are in the same category of work in accepted art forms created out of odd stuff. In contrast to these things-as-art, other works in the exhibition do not belong because they are simply *things*, without overtones of dream or the power of self-comment. These include accumulations of swords and faucets by Arman, Martial Raysse's "Hygiène de la Vision," and Jean Tinguely's skeletal radio receiver, "WNYR 7," all from France. One of Tinguely's two "Works in Progress," a refrigerator that razzes the spectator who opens it, does, however, belong; so, too, do the ominous cord-and-wrapping-paper bundles of another Frenchman, Christo. In the past, the Europeans have had a much more sophisticated visual vocabulary of illusion than the Americans, while we have plunged into the dream-fact and, as they say, made it work, from millions of chock-full-o'-nuts sandwiches to a lighted waterfall on top of a Broadway building. Perhaps the organizers of the show were hampered in their choice of

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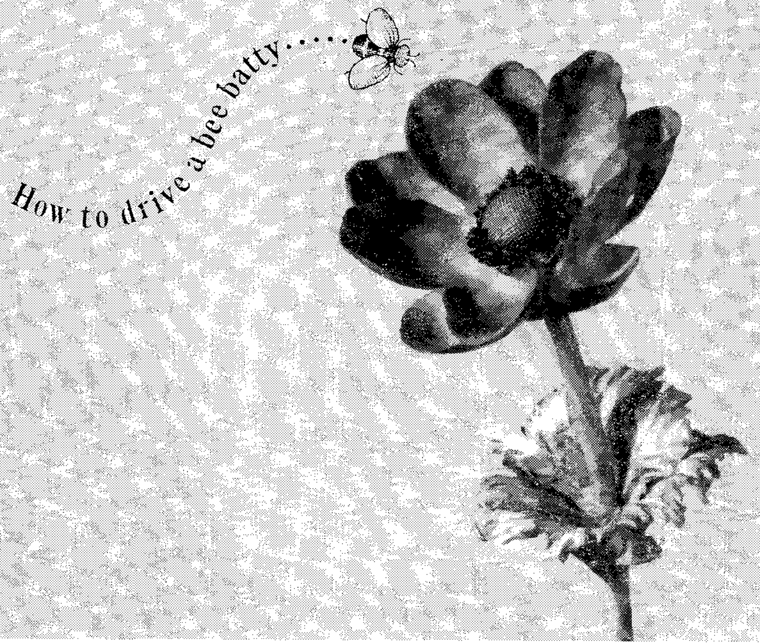

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European examples by putting to work again that nice old term New Realism.

Among the Americans in the show, the most imaginative and critically conscious are Oldenburg, Jim Dine, and George Segal. All three use paint and modelling materials to cause the idea of art to abut upon commonplace objects without lending glamour to them. Oldenburg's plastic-steeped ladies' underwear in the window of the store Janis rented to supplement his gallery for this occasion brings to Fifty-seventh Street shoppers an atmosphere not very different from that of the contents of windows on Fourteenth Street. The essential distinction between the objects as objects is the art reference of the Oldenburgs, provided by the identification of their maker as an artist and the place of exhibition as an art gallery. This is a routing of art qualities that goes far beyond the famous "White on White."

Dine incorporates a lawnmower into art by leaning it against a canvas marked with some Impressionist strokes of green paint, which has also splashed down on the mower. Similarly, carpenters' tools, soap dishes, and a lead pipe become art by hanging or jutting from painted surfaces. The implication is: art is paint and canvas and anything connected (literally) with it—a formula that satirizes the abstract painting of the past ten years.

Segal's plaster family sits around a wooden dining-room table, one member holding in his plaster hand a beat-up aluminum coffeepot. The imprecisely realistic creatures suffer from the fatiguing weight of actual wood and metal, and in this group and in his strangely anguished "Bus Driver," flanked by a genuine coin receptacle, the game of illusion reaches a pitch of pathos that belongs equally to sculpture and the theatre. Segal is the only exhibitor who uses the new illusory combination to create a new feeling rather than as a commentary on art.

Old-fashioned street and shop signs and the patterns stencilled on packing cases arouse in Robert Indiana a nostalgia for Americana. Tom Wesselmann reiterates the common point about art and fake by pasting a romantic "fine-art" portrait behind the cutout of the smiling lady who offers standard brands, hamburgers, and hot dogs. Like James Rosenquist's collages, this is advertising art advertising itself as art that hates advertising. Wayne Thiebaud is a competent painter who depicts rows of sandwiches, salads, and ice-cream sundaes in perspective instead of the more customary rows of trees and shrubs. Art lovers who discuss Thiebaud in terms of "paint-

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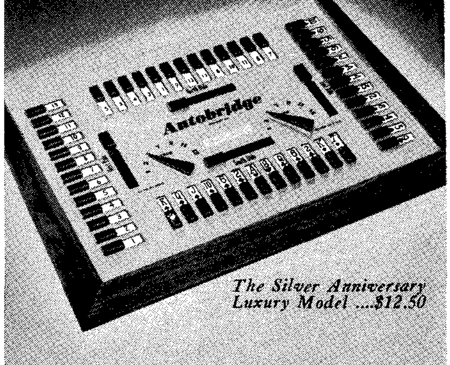

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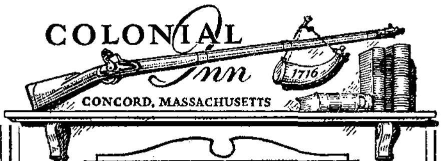

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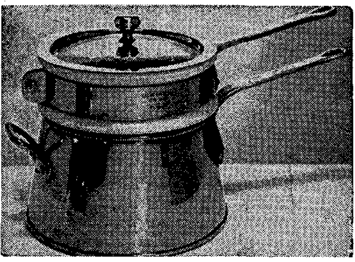

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erly" qualities will miss his point, which is to be painterly but with "no artificial color added." Something similar is true of Roy Lichtenstein, an academic draftsman retooled to blow up comic strips, and of Andy Warhol, who does columns of Campbell's Soup labels in narcotic reiteration, like a joke without humor told over and over again, until it carries a hint of menace.

The new American illusionist contrivances have a deeper identification with commercial art than the plagiarism or adaptation of its images. They share the impersonality of advertising-agency art-department productions. They are entirely cerebral; the hand of the artist has no part in the evolution of the work but is the mere executor of the idea man's command, though in this case the artist himself is the idea man. Nor is the self of the artist engaged by the process of creation. As a phase in the history of modern illusionism, the American contributions to this exhibition, with the exception of Segal's, represent a hyper-objectivism that keeps the game of fictions in the air without a landing spot in reality. If, as some have maintained, there is terror in this art, it comes from its irremediable deadpan—a grin in porcelain.

The attempt to purge Abstract Expressionism by polemics against it in the art pages of the press produced nothing more than ideological nagging. The purging of art by works of art based on a different premise is, however, always vitalizing. Those artists, dealers, and curators who have functioned on the assumption that the look of Action Painting is sufficient to authenticate a canvas have been put on notice by the new illusionist objects that any image, including Coca-Cola lettering or the numbers on a pinball machine, can be equally viable. In sum, there is no greater aesthetic virtue in copying a de Kooning than in copying the design on a beer can. If you do either, you are talking to the audience about itself, not necessarily engaging in creation. In dramatizing this principle, the new art is a contribution to art criticism.

—Harold Rosenberg

•

12:30 p.m.: Opening Luncheon
Feature Address: Dr. Carl S. Winters, head of First Baptist Church, Oak Park, Illinois. A popular inspirational speaker, Dr. Winters appears through the courtesy of General Motors Corporation. The speaker, who has spent much of his life helping in the rehabilitation of young people, will talk on "Human Relations in Advertising."—*Reporter of Direct Mail Advertising.*

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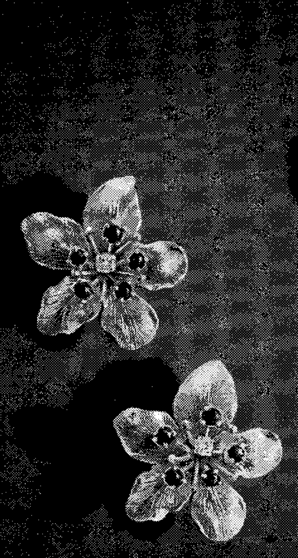

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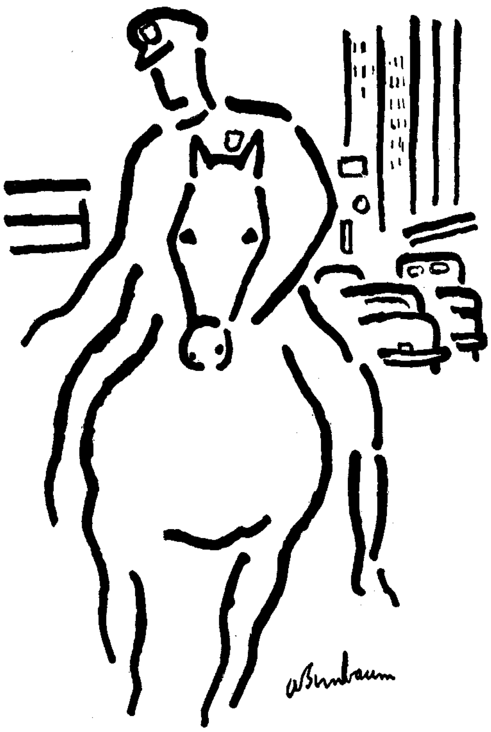
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE MOUNTED MEN

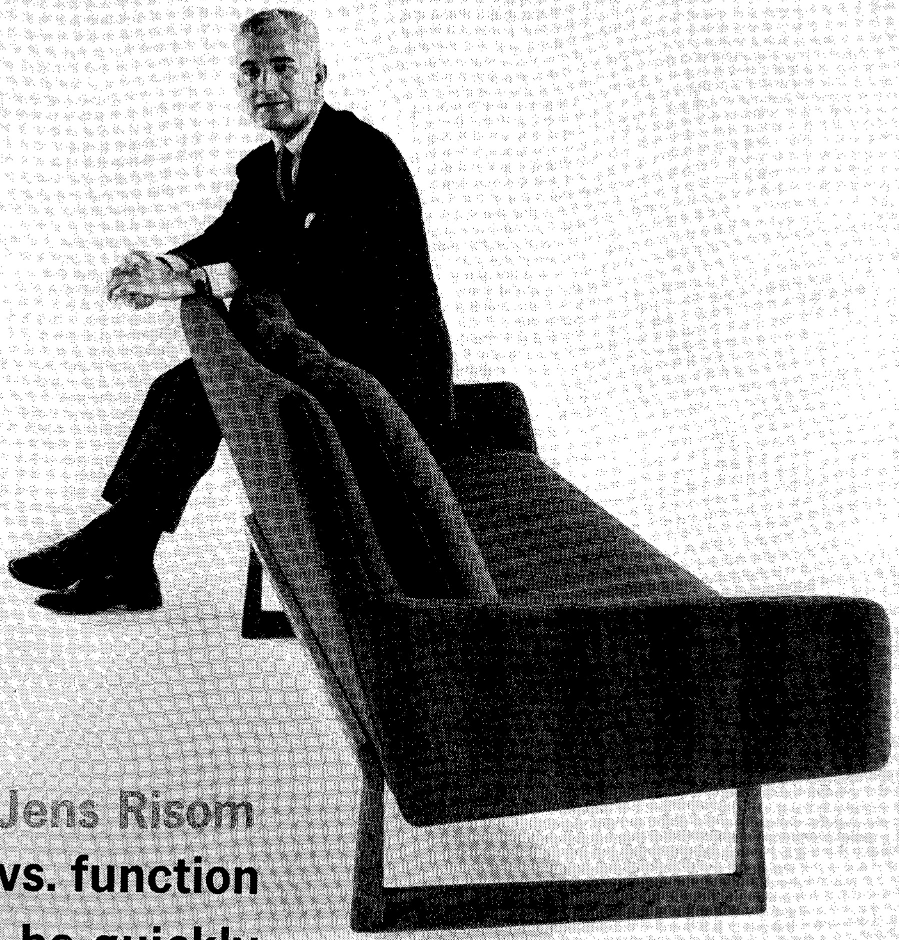


LEAVING the theatre one evening not long ago, I caught sight of a mounted policeman riding down the street, his bay horse picking its way delicately among the taxis and limousines, guided by only the faintest motion of the reins in the officer's left hand. It was drizzling, and the horse and the black waterproof coat and hat of the policeman were glistening. To one who has always loved horses, as I have, this was a beautiful sight. It struck me as old-fashioned and reassuring, and I began to wonder how such an anachronism had managed to survive in the wild congestion of this motorized city, and why. I was still curious the next morning, so I called the office of the Police Commissioner of the City of New York and said I'd like to know something about the organization and training of the mounted police. The voice at the other end of the wire directed me to go to the headquarters of the Mounted District, which is what the Police Department calls its horse-borne division, at 230 West Twentieth Street. "If it's horses you want to know about, Ma'am, they are the fellows to tell you," the voice said. "We'll let them know you're coming."

When I got to 230 West Twentieth Street, a dingy old building in a grimy, tired neighborhood, I found no horses outside. I had expected some sort of stable, but this turned out to be simply the Tenth Police Precinct Station, and I found the Mounted District headquarters to be a small suite of rooms on the second floor. There was not even a good-luck horseshoe over the door, and when I entered, my face must have registered my disappointment at the unhorsy sight of two policemen in their shirtsleeves comfortably seated at desks, for one of them rose, smiling, and waved me forward with a flourish. "Welcome to the Mounted District," he said. He told me I was expected by the officer in charge, and ushered me into an inner office, whose decorations, at least, hinted at some equine activity. On the walls were several photographs of mounted policemen and a couple of A.S.P.C.A. anatomical diagrams of horses. A tall, gray-haired man wearing a navy-blue jacket and riding breeches, black leather puttees, and silver-colored spurs rose from behind a desk and introduced himself. I will call him Lieutenant John Dearing. (I'm not using any real names here, because most of the men I talked to preferred to remain anonymous; also, police assignments are constantly being changed by retirements and transfers.) Lieutenant Dearing said that he was on duty that day as senior officer at Mounted District headquarters, although he was regularly assigned to Troop B, which has its stable at 387 West Twelfth Street. "I should explain how we're organized," he said. "The chief officer of the Mounted District is a deputy inspector, and he's primarily an administrator. He patrols in all five boroughs—by car, of course. The rest of us, except for seven clerical workers, are all mounted. There are three captains—one for each of the two squadrons that make up the force, and a third for their relief—and there are fourteen lieutenants, fifteen sergeants, two hundred and sixty-four patrolmen and two hundred and fifty-six horses, a harness-maker, five blacksmiths, and forty-four hostlers. I believe ours is the largest mounted-police force in any city in the world, but then there is no other city that has quite our concentration of crowds—eight million people living in an area of three hundred and nineteen square miles, with five hundred and eighty miles of waterfront, thirty-five thousand acres of park, and six thousand miles of street. Every year there are about a hundred parades—every motorcade up Broadway for a visiting dignitary officially constitutes a parade, and at least eight to ten of the mounted are assigned as an escort. Parades produce crowds, and there is nothing that can take the place of a mounted policeman for controlling crowds. In any disturbance, one mounted man is as good as ten on foot. He has greater mobility and a better view of what is going on, and people will always move back to avoid the horse's feet. Nobody is eager to be stepped on by a horse. Police cars and motorcycles can be turned over, and frequently are, but who wants to take on a horse? Our budget is about a hundred and thirty thousand dollars a year, exclusive of salaries, and since we pay salaries to only two hundred and ninety-five men, out of a total police force of twenty-four thousand, you might say that the city gets a lot of protection for a little money."

The chain of command in the Mounted District, which the Lieutenant outlined, has a military simplicity. Squadron 1 covers Manhattan, the Bronx, and Staten Island, and Squadron 2 covers Brooklyn and Queens. Squadron 1 is subdivided into four troops: Troop A, with twenty-nine horses, serves lower Manhattan and Staten Island; Troop B, with fifty-nine horses, serves the garment, theatre, and waterfront areas; Troop C, with fifty-two horses, is the "Central Park Troop;" Troop D, with sixteen horses, serves Van Cortlandt Park and the Pelham Bay neighborhood. Squadron 2 is composed of Troop E, patrolling all over Brooklyn, including Prospect Park and the Brooklyn waterfront, and Troop F, which operates in the business section of Jamaica and patrols Queens parks. The Police Department owns five stables, accommodating about a hundred and forty horses. Fifty-five horses are kept at the Ninety-fourth Street Armory, between Madison and Park Avenues, and the rest occupy rented lodgings in the few remaining private livery establishments.

During the summer, some horses are shifted from business districts to park and beach areas—Coney Island, for instance, where the winter contingent of fourteen horses is increased to thirty. When the new post is not within reasonable riding distance of the old one, or when there is a hurry call for mounted police, the animals and men



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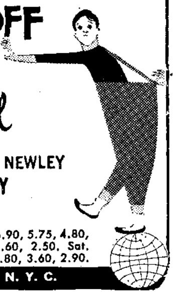

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are transported in a green-and-white delivery van with a fine head of a horse painted in color on both sides and on the back.

Since the greatest value of the mounted police is in the handling of big crowds, which are always potentially dangerous no matter how amiable the purpose of the gathering, horses and riders are frequently called from their regular posts to cover anything from a waterfront riot to a runaway bargain sale. Doings at and around the United Nations often keep them hopping, and the 1960 General Assembly meeting, attended by, among others, both Nikita Khrushchev and Fidel Castro, and known in Police Department annals as Operation Security, brought the entire mounted force into Manhattan. Over two hundred horses were on the streets every day during that meeting, working more than eight hours a day, seven days a week. The horse van was on twenty-four-hour call at the Ninety-fourth Street Armory, and was used mostly to rush patrolmen and their mounts to hotels and apartment houses where U.N. dignitaries appeared unexpectedly or on short notice. On several occasions, it lugged a task force to the Hotel Theresa, in Harlem, to deal with high-spirited crowds celebrating or protesting Castro's presence there.

The Mounted District's strength in recent years has remained fairly steady at about two hundred and sixty, with an average of about twenty-five men and horses being retired and replaced annually. "In the last ten years, we've lost most of our old-time mounted men," Lieutenant Dearing said. "Our force is nearly all young men now, recently assigned to us from the rest of the Department. Any man already in the Police Department can volunteer for mounted duty, and about a hundred officers do so every year. The first requirement for our candidates is a spotless character, because each man is in charge of a valuable possession, whose usefulness depends on the way it's handled. We prefer men under thirty. They should weigh not more than a hundred and seventy-five pounds and be not more than six feet tall—otherwise we would have to get them bigger horses. The smaller the rider, as a rule, the better his seat, but the smallest man the Department will accept is five feet eight inches."

A stocky, bald policeman had come in while the Lieutenant was talking. Now he put in, "Some fellows will do anything to stretch themselves to qualify. We tell them, 'Don't hit yourself

"IT MUST BE SEEN!"—Kerr, Her. Trib.
EVERY EVENING AT 8:00 SHARP!
UTA HAGEN ARTHUR HILL GEORGE GRIZZARD
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Alan Schneider
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ORIGINAL
BROADWAY
CAST RECORDING
★★★★

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Irving Berlin Heads The Men Behind "Mr. President"

Seated at the piano is Irving Berlin. Standing, l. to r., are Howard Lindsay, Russel Crouse, Leland Hayward and Joshua Logan.

ROBERT RYAN, NANETTE FABRAY STAR IN "MR. PRESIDENT"

With Mr. Ryan in the title role and Miss Fabray the beautiful but down-to-earth First Lady, the provocations of politics give way to warm moments of relaxation.

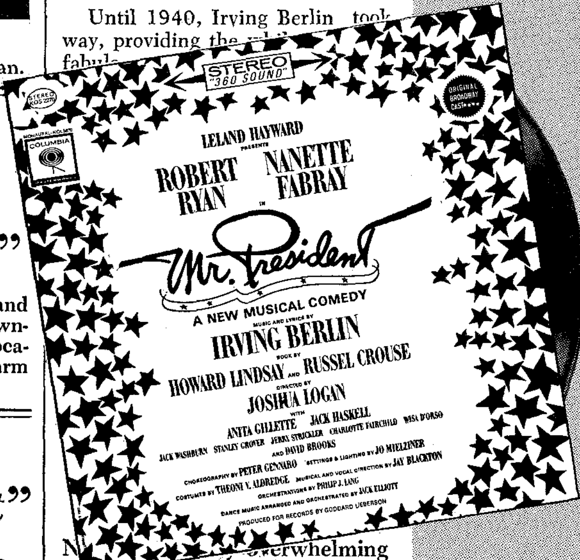
"Mr. President" Advance Sale $2,500,000

With the largest pre-opening income in Broadway's history, "Mr. President" has been a financial hit since the moment it was announced.

Broadway Brain Trust Masterminds Musical

Irving Berlin comes back to Broadway with a star-spangled saga of the Washington world. Focusing on the appealing Presidential family, Mr. Berlin's score sparkles with top level tunes and timely lyrics. From White House galas to good will tours, from the secret service to the county fair, life in these United States takes on an air of hilarity under the talented tutelage of the Broadway brain trust.

Until 1940, Irving Berlin took [illegible] way, providing the [illegible] fabul[illegible]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NANETTE FABRAY
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MUSIC AND LYRICS BY
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BOOK BY
HOWARD LINDSAY AND RUSSEL CROUSE
DIRECTED BY
JOSHUA LOGAN
WITH
ANITA GILLETTE JACK HASKELL
JACK WASHBURN STANLEY GROVER JERRY STRICKLER CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD WISA D'ORSO
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DANCE MUSIC ARRANGED AND ORCHESTRATED BY JACK ELLIOTT
PRODUCED FOR RECORDS BY GODDARD LIEBERSON

N [illegible] erwhelming p[illegible] opinion, the theatre going public has elected the Irving Berlin-Howard Lindsay-Russel Crouse musical, "Mr. President," to a long run at the St. James Theatre on Broadway. Simultaneously, Columbia Records has announced the release of the Original Broadway Cast Album.

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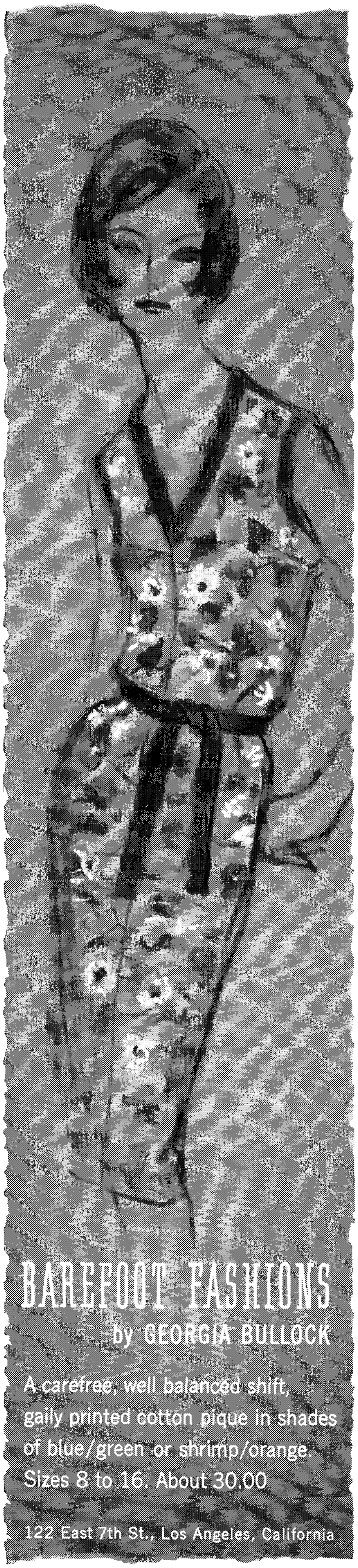

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on the head and get a lump—that's definitely out.' "

Lieutenant Dearing grinned. "Twice a year, the Police Department has what is called an 'open period,' lasting thirty days, when men can apply for transfers. Their applications are forwarded to the office of the chief inspector, and when we need to train a new group, we get names from his files—usually about fifteen at a time—and put in a formal request that the men we select be assigned to duty at a thirty-day school of horsemanship. The school meets at our Remount Training stable, in the Ninety-fourth Street Armory, and if at the end of this training a man qualifies, he goes on a waiting list and is permanently transferred to the Mounted District when a vacancy occurs. He gets the same pay, and is on duty for the same eight-hour day and forty-two-hour week as the rest of the Department, but his uniforms cost him about a hundred and twenty-five dollars more a year than an ordinary policeman's—and every policeman, you know, pays for his uniforms out of his own pocket. Most of our men wear out about three pairs of breeches a year, and breeches cost thirty dollars a pair. Besides paying more for uniforms, the mounted officer spends a lot of his own time caring for his horse. It's pretty strenuous work, and occasionally there's a man who says, 'This is not for me,' and goes back to regular duty. A fellow really has to like horses. And we don't have to keep a man just because he graduates from horsemanship school. For instance, we occasionally turn down someone who is accident-prone. And we had a fellow recently who developed a terrific case of hay fever—allergic to horses. Two men dropped out of the last class of their own accord. Myself, I was a stenographer when I was appointed to the force, back in 1926, but I always had it in the back of my head that I wanted mounted duty, and in 1928 I was assigned to Riverdale, in the Bronx—one of the last places where the mounted worked around the clock. Our work is now chiefly in the daytime, and no one is on duty between 1 and 6 A.M."

I asked the Lieutenant to tell me something about how the horses were obtained. "Well, three of our men—Inspector Omar Craig, who's in charge of the District; Mr. George Patterson, of the City Controller's office; and Captain Mike Wales, who is in command of Squadron 1—just returned from a four-day horse-buying trip in Oklahoma," he said. "The order called for twenty horses, but they couldn't find

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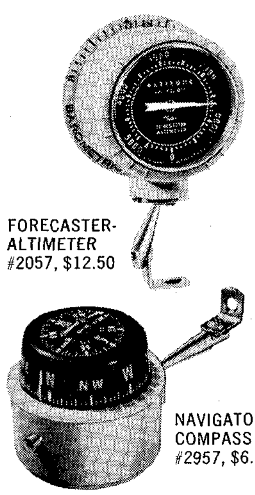

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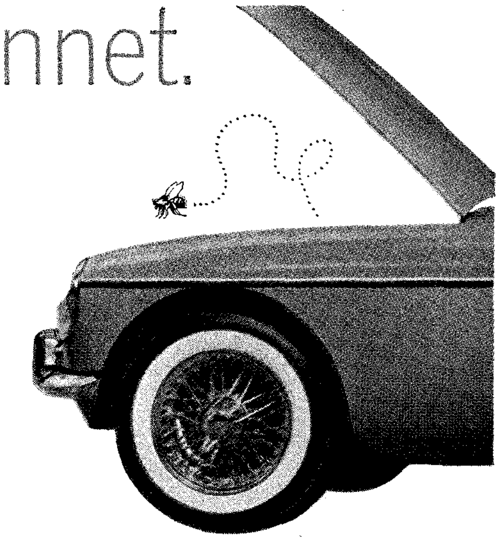
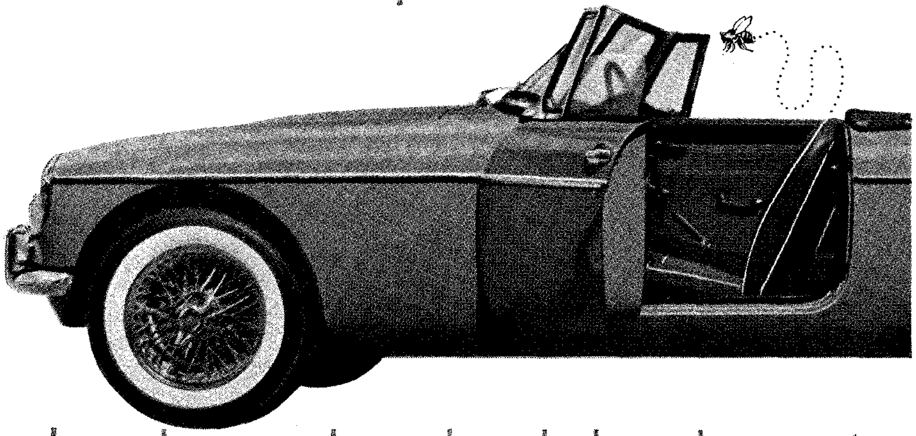
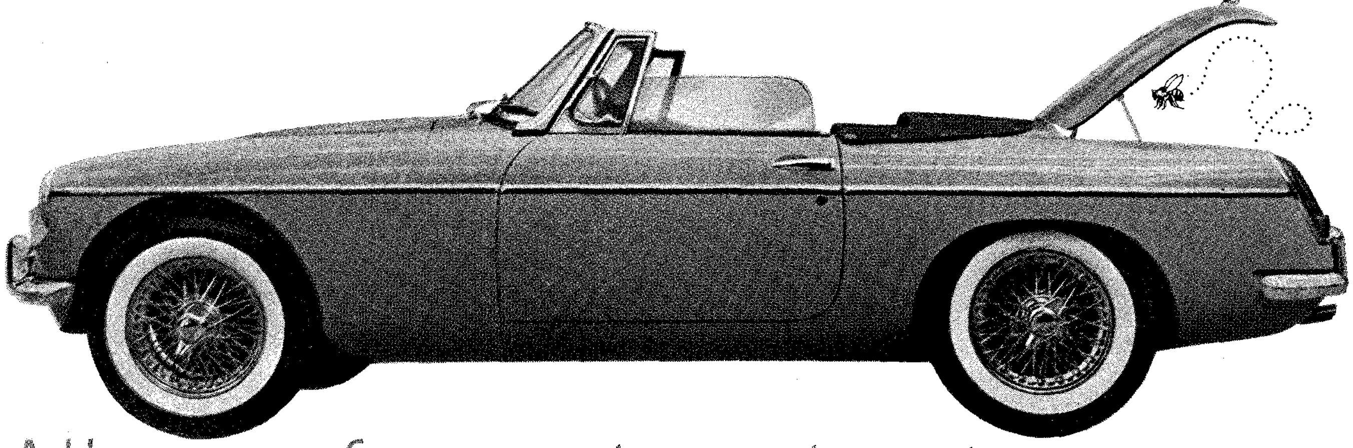
Busier bee in her bonnet.



Her windows wind up. And down.



More room in her lockable boot.



All new from stem to stern.

MGB

Candid advice to the gal who has accepted an invitation to share a test ride in the new MGB for '63. If he wants to bet that your hairdo will stay done, don't bet. He'll simply wind up the windows. If he says that he can easily top a 100, he's right. Don't worry. Remember, the MG is the "Safety-fast" car. When he balks at letting you drive, don't argue. Let him have his fun. Just smile to yourself and enjoy all the luxurious passenger conveniences instead. After all your BMC dealer is an understanding guy. He'll be glad to arrange a test-drive just for you. Warning: Once in, you won't want out.

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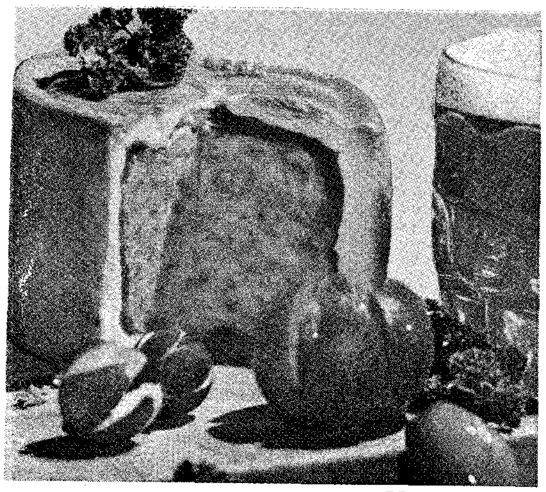
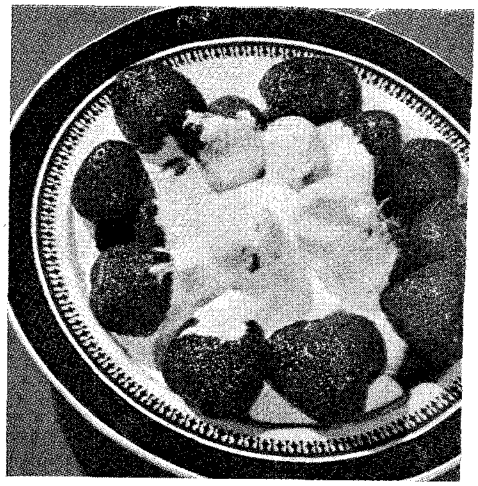


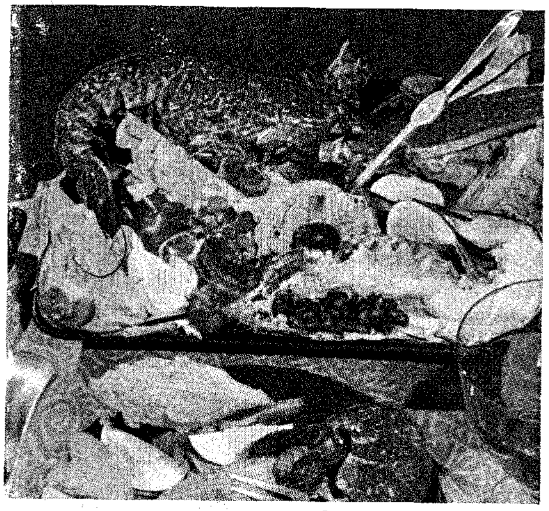
MELTON MOWBRAY PIE. Usually eaten cold with a pint of beer. Also try steak-and-kidney pie—*hot.* Puncture it and sniff the blissful steam. Some cooks add oysters to the recipe.

A gourmet's tour of Britain

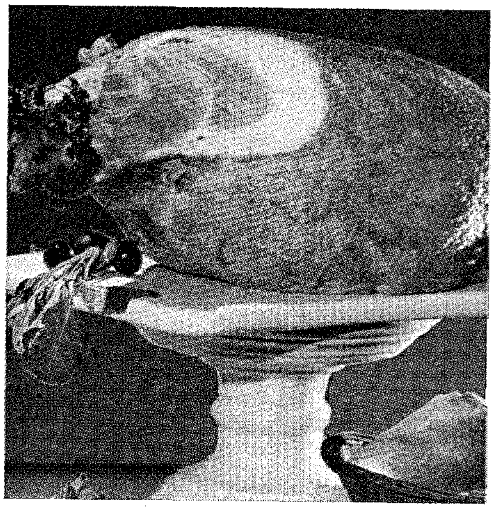
(To help you track down these delicacies in their native habitat, send for illustrated booklets—see photograph, bottom right)



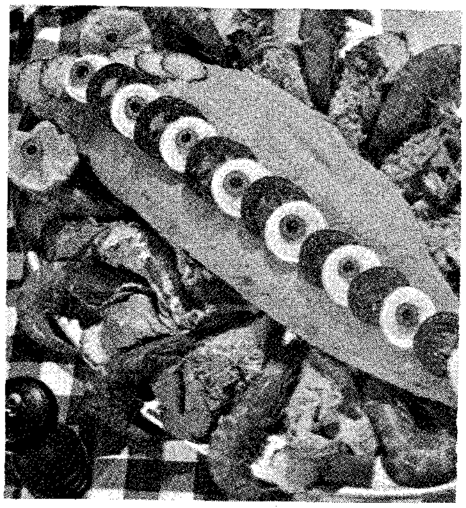
DEVONSHIRE CREAM. Stay at an inn in Devon. No reservations are needed in the Spring and Fall. Then try this cream with Britain's incomparable fruit—or spread it on a bun *with jam.*



CORNISH LOBSTER. So sweet it's almost a sin to add mayonnaise. The same goes for English crabs. No place in Britain is more than 75 miles from the sea, so fish is always fresh.

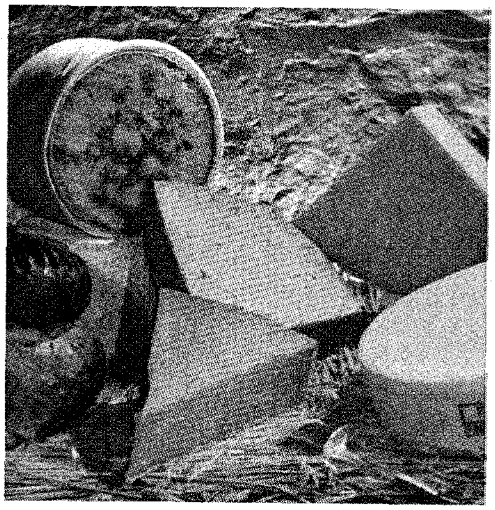


BALLYMONEY HAM. Taste this Northern Irish ham with peach sauce. Ulster inns are charming and take pride in cooking. London to Belfast is 1½ hours by air—overnight by train and boat.



WYE SALMON. This aristocrat comes from Wales. The Welsh and the Scots argue about the merits of their native salmon. Judge for yourself. Wales is an easy day's drive from Scotland.

SCOTCH BEEF. Much of the Roast Beef of Old England owes its nobility to a Scottish breed—*Angus.* Cost? About $1.20 at most inns. You can get four good meals a day in Britain for $7.



LOCAL CHEESES. Crusty British bread brings out the flavor of all the local cheeses. Britain is the home of *Cheddar* and *Stilton.* For a cheese few Americans know about, try *Wensleydale.*

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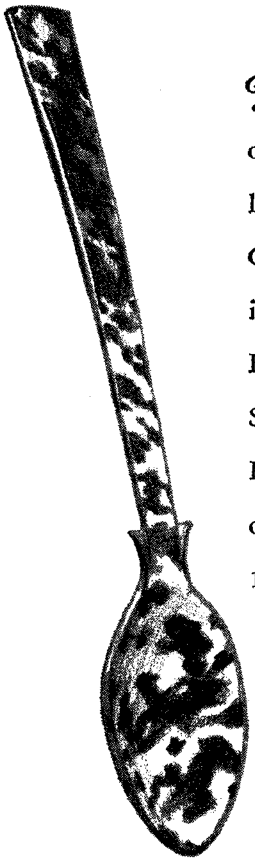
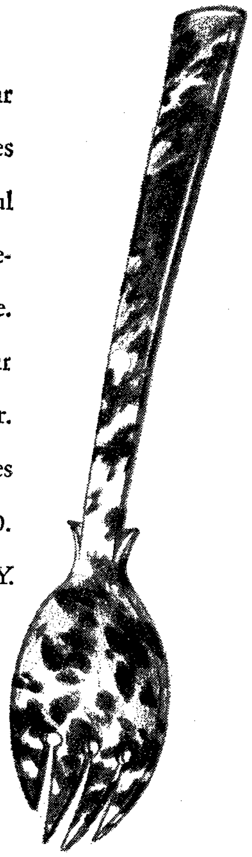
more than sixteen that were—we have a phrase for it—'serviceably sound.' " He riffled through the papers on his desk. "Let's see, where are the specifications?"

The stocky policeman opened a filing case, pulled out a sheet of white paper, put on his glasses, and cleared his throat. "I'll read them to you," he said, and Lieutenant Dearing nodded. " 'The horses must be intelligent, possessing quality, good conformation, and a kind disposition. They must be tractable and quiet enough to be shod without difficulty. They shall have an easy gait, with free and prompt action at walk, trot, and gallop, be free from vices, with no unsightly brands, and be of a type suitable for New York City Mounted Police Service.' " He glanced up over his glasses, and continued, " 'It is the desire of the Police Department to obtain well-set-up, good-conformation, quality horses. Age, four to eight years; sex, gelding; weight, one thousand and fifty to twelve hundred and fifty pounds; height, fifteen three to sixteen two hands; mane, preferably long; tail, preferably long; color, bay; health, serviceably sound. . . . Any horse presented for selection and found to be not in strict accordance with specifications will be rejected.' "

The patrolman put the paper back in the filing case, and Lieutenant Dearing said, "There's a ten-day probationary period after the horse arrives when he can be rejected, and if we have any doubt about a horse's health, we can ask for an extension. We used to get horses from Kentucky and Ohio, and then from Kansas City, but horses of the type we want are getting so scarce that we have to go farther West for them now. The city lets dealers know that it is accepting bids, and this time Mr. Harvey Ward, out in Oklahoma, was low bidder, at something a little over three hundred dollars a horse. I've met him. He's a big horse dealer and cattleman—a regular Western type, who wears a ten-gallon hat. In his corral, Ward showed our committee about thirty head of horses he'd assembled from Wyoming, the Dakotas, Saskatchewan, and the Lord knows where else. Captain Wales did most of the riding and made the preliminary examinations. We used to have a Department veterinarian, and he always went on the buying expeditions, but now we use only outside vets, and it would be too expensive to take one along. Most of the horses our men buy have never seen a pavement or a pail of oats until they get here. Out there,





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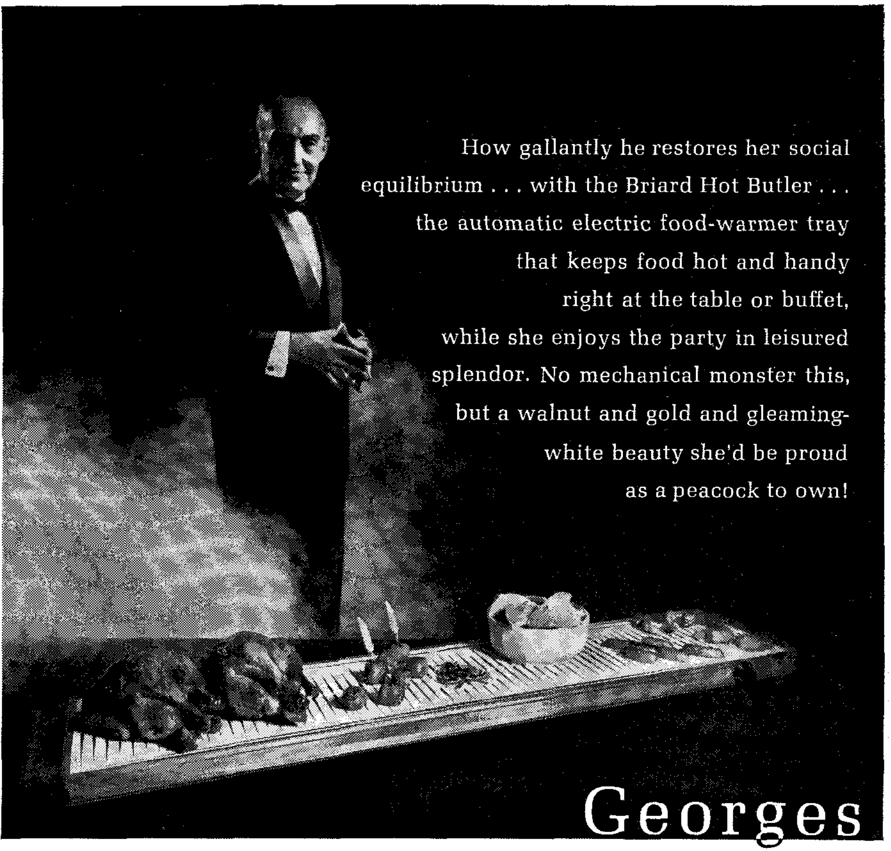

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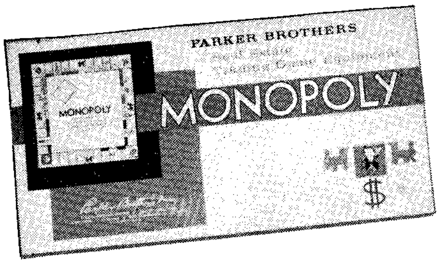

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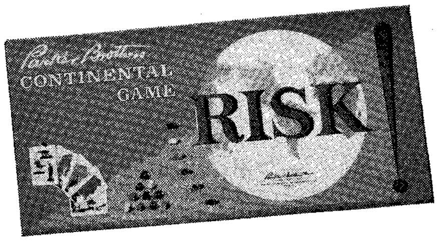

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they feed on grass or straw or anything else they can find on the range, and, coming right off the plain, they are only half broken—just enough to give us an idea of what their riding form will be. Well, the sixteen horses our people picked were loaded into one big van last Saturday morning, and they should be here next Wednesday. It's cheaper to send them by van than by rail, and better for the horses, because the van will stop several times a day to give them a rest. Most of them will be a little sick when they arrive, but they'll be well again after a week or two. Anyway, the day after they arrive they'll get a thorough going over from Dr. Kelvin MacLaurie—a veterinarian who has worked with the Department off and on for the last thirty years. We'll have that inspection at ten o'clock Thursday morning, at the Ninety-fourth Street Armory. Why don't you come up and watch?"

PROMPTLY at ten o'clock the following Thursday—a cold day—I arrived at the Armory, where the mounted police occupy a stable area set aside for them by the National Guard. I detected a strong smell of horses and ammonia as I approached a pair of iron lattice gates covering the large, arched, medieval-looking doorway leading to the police area. While I was wondering how to get in, there was a clatter of hoofs behind me, and I turned to see a blue-overcoated officer dismounting from a bay horse. He flicked the reins over his arm and pulled the heavy gates apart. I told him I had been invited to the examination of the new horses, and he and his horse escorted me inside. "Amazing old fellow, Dr. MacLaurie," the officer said, closing the gates behind us. "Some people put his age as high as eighty-seven, but you would never guess he was much more than sixty."

We were standing now in a vast, vaulted room about fifty feet wide by a hundred and fifty feet long, its lower walls green, its upper walls and ceiling white. Two men in old nondescript clothes were standing on ladders, painting the walls. The officer greeted them, and told me they were patrolmen. "This is a state building," he said. "So the city won't authorize much in the way of repairs for it, and our appropriations aren't big enough to pay the rent and hire labor, too, so we do everything ourselves—carpentry, painting, all the rest." He tied his horse to one of a row of columns and began to remove the saddle. I noticed four large door-

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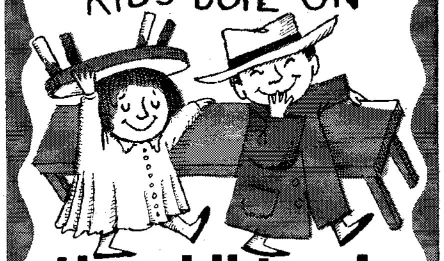

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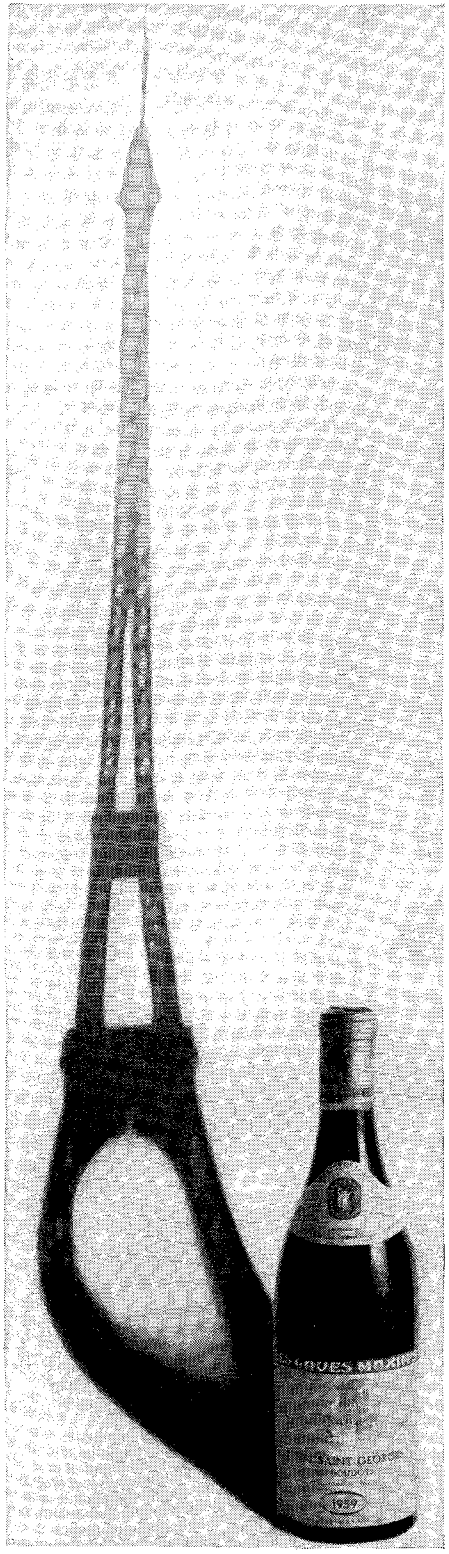
ways opening off the room we were in and asked if they led to the stables. "Yes," he said. "Troop C horses are in the first two aisles, and Remount Training has the third and fourth. They'll have the examination down at the end of the fourth aisle there, next to the office of Lieutenant Francis Dolan, who heads Remount. Dr. MacLaurie is probably there now."

I started toward the fourth aisle, peering into the other aisles as I passed them. Down the first aisle, beyond the broad brown backs of horses in their stalls, I could see a blacksmith's shop, where an elderly man in a blue shirt and long leather apron was holding a glowing-red horseshoe in tongs over the bright coals of a forge. The second and third aisles were filled with horses and hay bales. I passed a tethered horse drinking at a long watering trough and entered the last aisle, where I was greeted by a handsome, heavyset man in khaki pants, brown riding boots, and a thick white sweatshirt. He had a round face, a ruddy complexion, and iron-gray hair. "I'm Lieutenant Dolan, in charge of Remount," he said. "Headquarters called and said you were coming. I'm afraid you're going to get a pretty poor impression of our horses at this examination. You see, when the new ones arrive from the West, at least half of them have what we call shipping sickness—a congestion of the lungs, caused by the change in climate and by germs they've picked up from one another. It's a sort of distemper, rather like a cold, and we isolate them as soon as we see the signs—runny nose, red eyes, a cough, poor appetite, and a temperature of anything over a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, which is normal for a horse. If it's over a hundred and two, Dr. MacLaurie gives them penicillin and knocks out the fever in a day or so."

We walked to the end of the aisle and joined a small group of men who were standing there. I was introduced to Inspector Craig, a large, husky man in civilian tweeds; to Mr. Patterson, a middle-aged man in a checked topcoat, who was wearing glasses and nervously chewing gum; to Captain Wales, a man in his late forties, stiff-backed and military; to Mr. Milton Riley, a sad-faced, elderly man from the city's Department of Purchase; and to Dr. MacLaurie, a small, trim man with a neat white mustache, a full head of white hair, and horn-rimmed glasses. The Doctor was nattily dressed in a blue business suit, a blue-and-white striped shirt, and a dark-blue tie, and he looked about sixty-five. I noticed that as protection against the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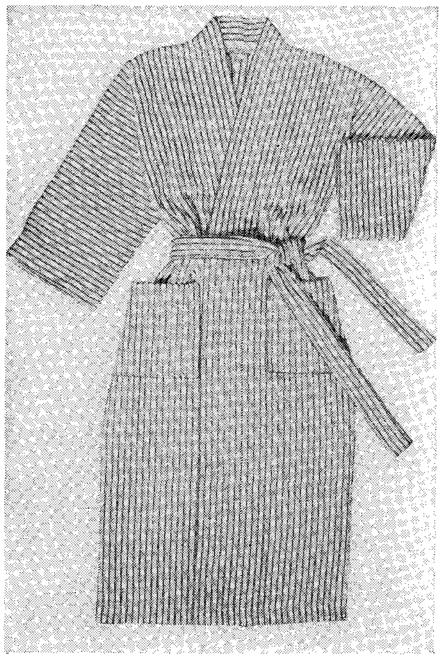
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cold he was wearing a sweater under his vest, and shoes with heavy rubber soles—the latter to insulate him against the icy stone floor of the stables; the rest of us, in thinner soles, were already beginning to shift from foot to foot.

"What do you look for in this examination?" I asked Dr. MacLaurie.

"Oh, we look for general soundness, good conformation," he replied. "We want to be sure to spot defects that would interfere with the usefulness of the horse, such as splints—those are bony enlargements on the legs, which can interfere with the action of tendons or joints—or any malformations, ruptures, or old wounds that might be bothersome. These horses are here on a ten-day trial, which gives us a chance to get acquainted with them. We're looking for police mounts, which means that the horse must have good weight-carrying ability and a good wide chest, with enough lung space for endurance, and that he must walk and trot normally, not weave from side to side. Of course, he must have good sight and a strong tail. I would reject a horse with a broken tail as unsound, not only because it gives him a poor appearance but because he must use his tail to brush off flies. The horse should also have a full, strong mane, and I don't like feet that are too big. Clumsy-footed horses may stumble, and when a police mount stumbles, we want to know why, every time."

He broke off abruptly and hurried over to look at a shaggy, rough-looking horse that had just been led in by a patrolman. I wondered how this jittery, wild-mannered animal could ever become as sleek and composed as the police horses I saw in the nearby stalls. This first candidate had a large "1" painted in white on its left side. Captain Wales put on his glasses, glanced at a paper, and announced, "Doctor, this is a dark-bay gelding, five years old. He's got a white mark on his front near coronet."

Mr. Riley, who was standing next to me, explained in a whisper that the coronet is an area just above the hoof, and that "near" means the side on which the rider mounts and dismounts—the left. Sure enough, there was a white mark low on the horse's left foreleg. Mr. Riley whispered another piece of information: "They should be as close to all brown, or bay, as possible, for the sake of uniformity. They'll be rejected if they have too much white."

The Doctor, standing on his toes, gently opened the horse's mouth and peered at its teeth. "You've aged him right," he said to the Captain. "The corner cups are there. He should have

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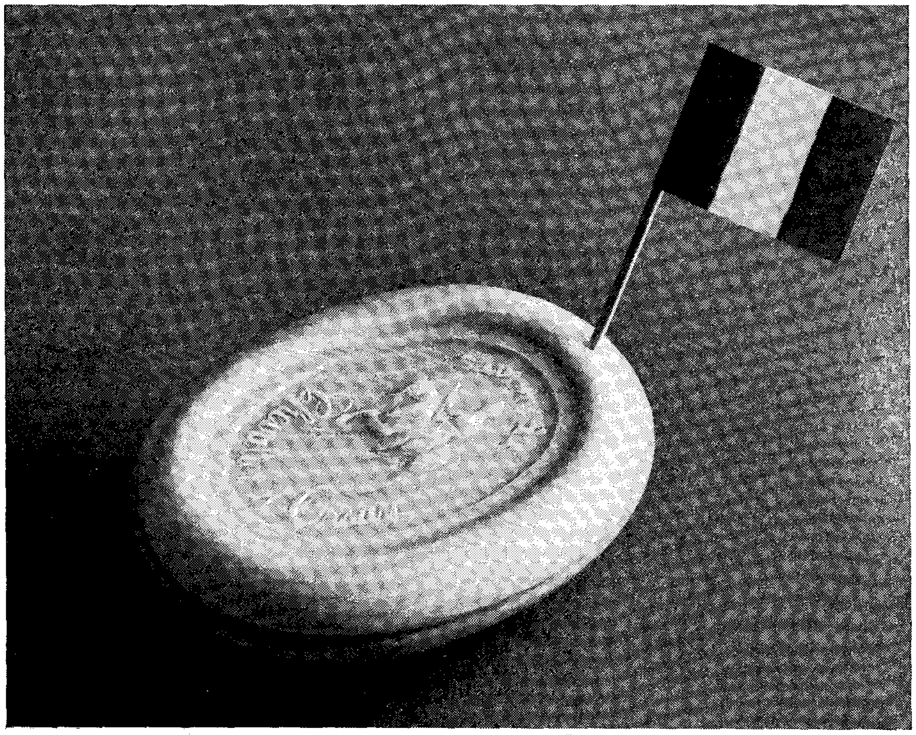

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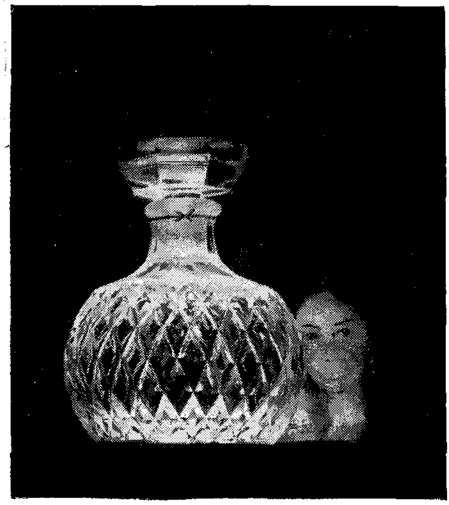

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a full mouth, top and bottom, by the time he's five. He's a good size, too."

Dr. MacLaurie took a pencil flashlight out of his pocket and shone it into the horse's left eye. "See the pupil contract?" he said. He moved the light slowly around in a circle. "In a sound eye, I get a reflection in three different ways—on the cornea, on the front of the lens, and on the rear of the eye." He turned off the light and poked his finger close to the horse's eye. The horse blinked. He repeated the entire procedure on the horse's right eye, and then gently moved his hand down the length of its neck and felt carefully along its front legs and feet. Next, he held up one rough, unshod hoof, and whistled. "Look at the width of that heel!" he exclaimed.

"They've had no care," Captain Wales said, chewing on an unlighted cigar. "They've never been shod."

The Doctor was still feeling the horse's legs. "There's a scar on the left front hoof. No shoe-nail holes here at all." He moved his hands down the length of the animal's body, swung its tail back and forth, and examined the hind legs and feet and the hindquarters. Then he took a small black notebook from his pocket and jotted something down. "That's No. 1; gelding, five years old. He's pretty clean—just that little scar. O.K."

Everyone relaxed, and Captain Wales lit his cigar. The horse was led away, and I looked at my watch. The examination had taken twelve minutes.

No. 2 was brought in—an animal with a large center patch of white on its face, and two hind white socks. "I'm worried about this horse," Captain Wales said as the Doctor proceeded with his examination.

The Doctor shrugged. "He's running a temperature of a hundred and three," he said. "He's pretty droopy." He put his ear to the horse's chest and listened. "Sounds like static congestion. I think we ought to give him penicillin right away." From his black bag, on the floor nearby, he took out a large syringe, saying, "I'll give him three million units. That'll knock it out." With a powerful and sure thrust, he jabbed the needle into the horse's breast muscles, pulled it out, then rubbed the spot with a piece of alcohol-soaked cotton. The horse stood quietly throughout. "This beats the old-fashioned way," he remarked as the horse was being led away. "We used to use something we mixed ourselves and called fever medicine. We would fill capsules with it and push them down the horses' throats. This is quicker and safer.

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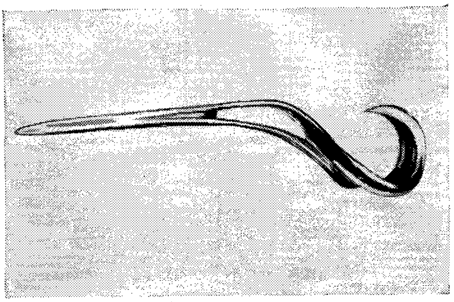

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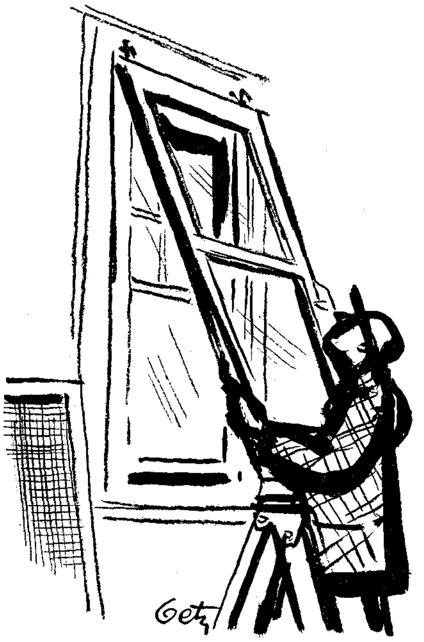
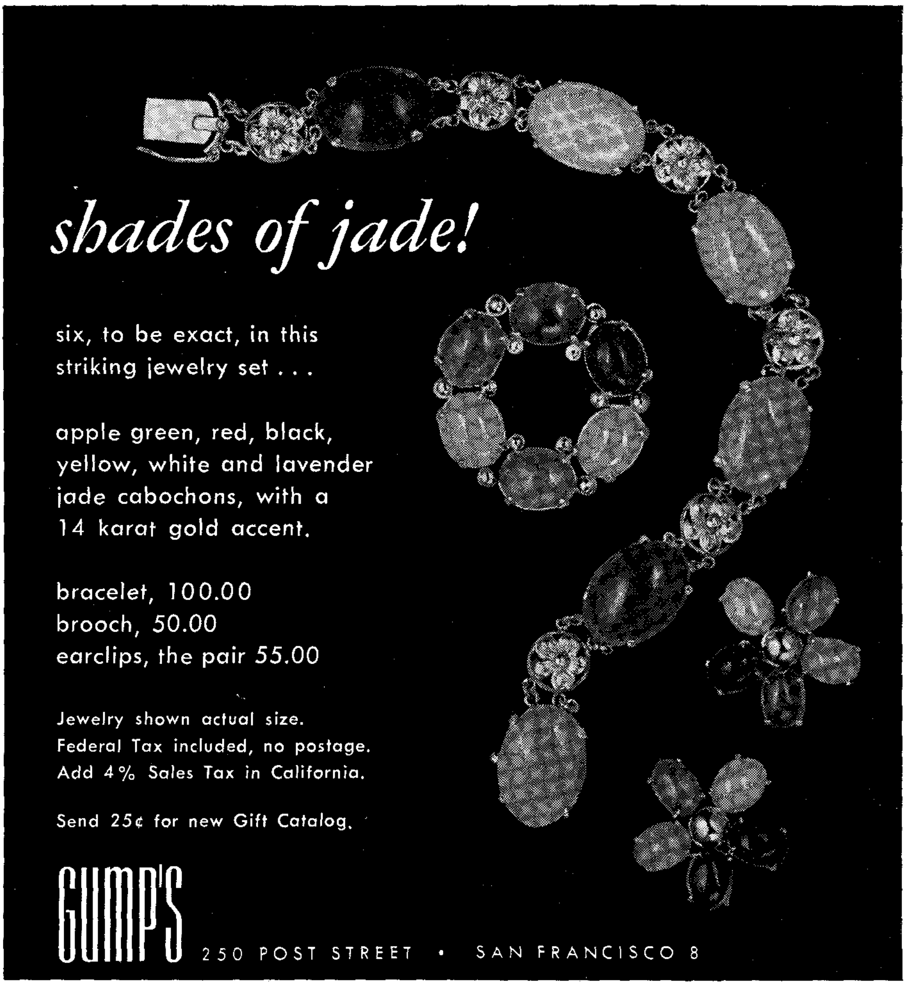
Your danger with fresh horses like these is a lung involvement. They can sometimes get banged around in one of those cattle wagons. Why, I had one once that was scalped, when the van had to stop short and all the horses were thrown down."

The examination settled into a routine, broken only by an occasional comment on some horse's idiosyncrasies. No. 6 had large knees, and Lieutenant Dolan assured the assemblage that the animal would walk better when it was properly shod, with corrective weights on the outer edges of its shoes. No. 8 came in shaking his mane, and reared back and tried to break loose when the Doctor took hold of his mouth. Dr. MacLaurie whistled when he looked inside. "Why, he's a baby," he said. "Three and a half. Pretty well developed, too. You'll do fine with this fellow. He'll make a good street horse."

When No. 7 had first been brought in, he had refused to let the Doctor touch him, so he had been taken out and brought back later, and even then wouldn't submit to an examination until he had been led out of the aisle, away from the group of onlookers. Standing in the outer, vaulted room, the Doctor slowly fed him a few wisps of hay and talked to him quietly, and then, before I could fully understand what he was doing, he slipped a sort of small garrote—a stick with a looped rope attached to it—over the horse's upper lip. He twisted the stick gently until the horse stood quite still, quivering. Then the Doctor opened his mouth. Mr. Riley said, "They call that thing a twitch. You might say it's a way of twisting the horse's arm. The Doctor won't keep it on any length of time, and he won't

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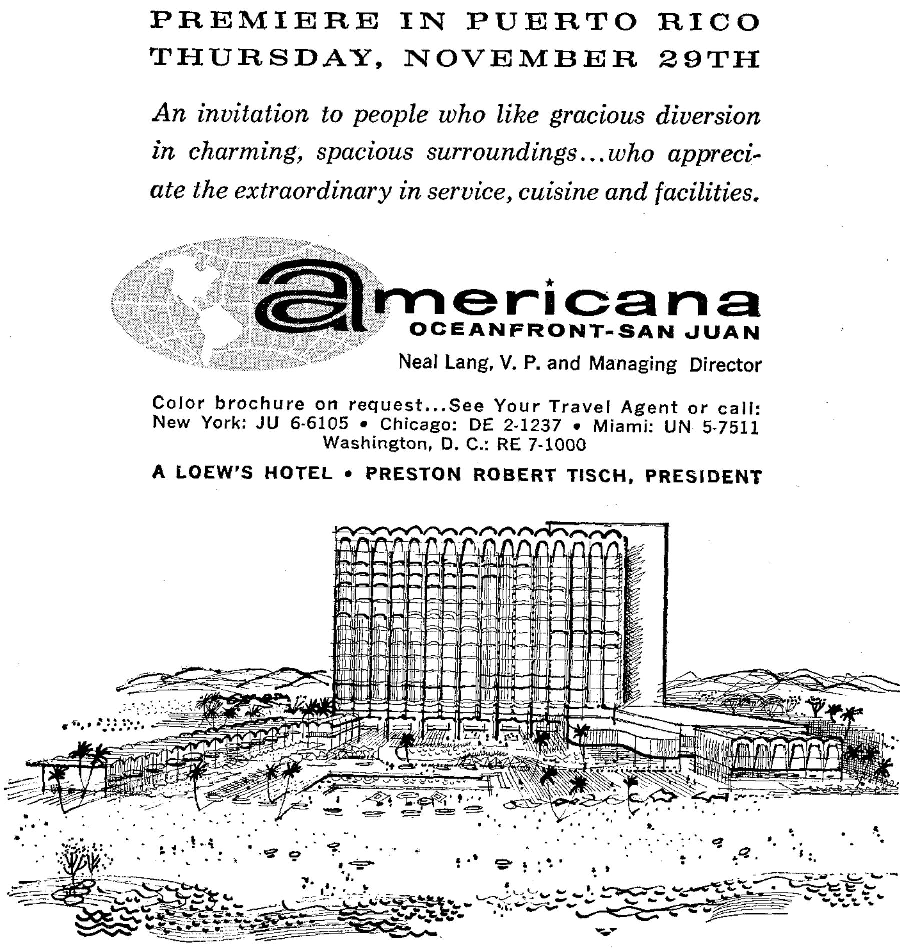
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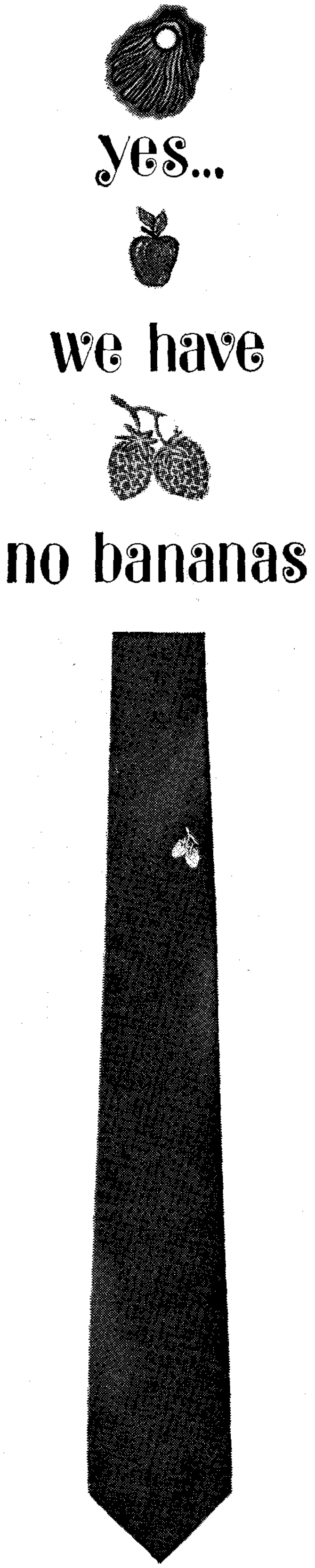

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finish the examination until later, when he comes back to treat the sick horses, with nobody else around."

Dr. MacLaurie came down the aisle, frowning, as the horse was led off. "Did he act up before?" he asked Dolan.

"Not a bit," Dolan replied.

The Doctor scratched his head. "I'll be danged if I know what's bothering him, but something is. No sense examining him any further today."

Several horses were running fevers, but all except one—No. 12, an animal with a sore eye—had been given the Doctor's tentative O.K., subject to further tests, when No. 15, a dark bay, fifteen hands high, was led in. "This is a thoroughbred, registered with the Jockey Club. A Jockey Club number is tattooed inside his mouth," Captain Wales said.

Dr. MacLaurie raised his eyebrows in surprise, and then turned back the animal's upper lip. A number was clearly visible on the inside, in blue letters about half an inch high. "This horse was discarded as a racer for some reason," the Doctor said. "He wasn't fast enough, or they found something wrong." He began carefully feeling the body and legs of the horse. Suddenly he stopped. "There is some irregularity, a growth of some sort, on this back leg. I'll just make a note of that. You'll have to watch him. We've got ten days to decide."

No. 15 was led away, and No. 16 was brought in, examined, and pronounced a "dandy little horse." The Doctor looked at his watch. "One o'clock," he said. "We'll wind the horses next week, instead of now. If we winded the sick ones now, we might damage their lung tissue. Well, gentlemen"—he turned to Captain Wales, Inspector Craig, and Mr. Patterson, who had gone into a huddle to compare notes—"you didn't do bad picking, to my mind." They all smiled. He picked up his bag. "I've got two horses to examine at Belmont, and four more coming in to Idlewild from England, so I'll be going. I'll be back to see those sick horses tomorrow, but I won't be seeing all of you until next week." As he set off at a brisk pace down the aisle, Mr. Riley explained to me that "winding" a horse simply meant testing his wind.

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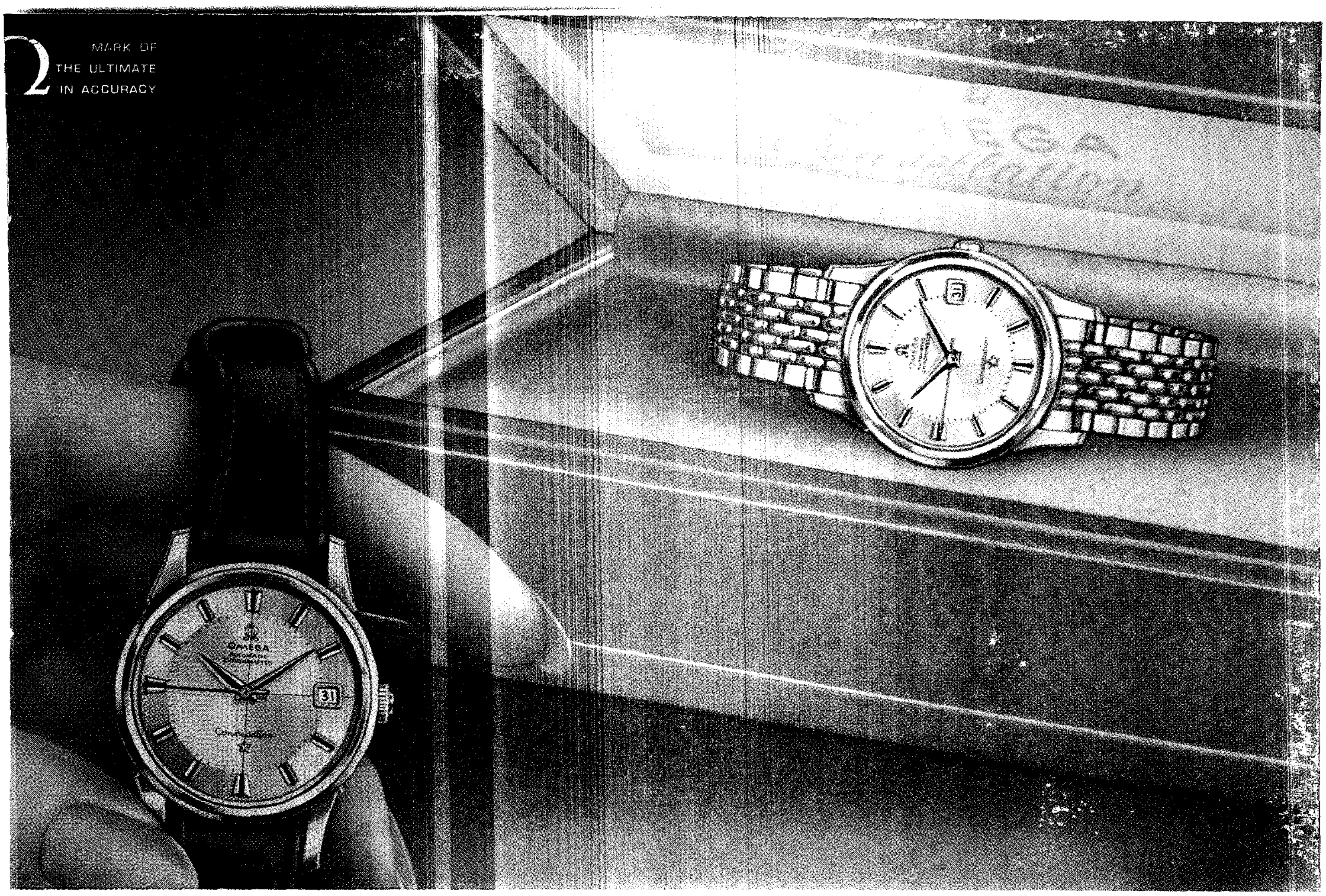

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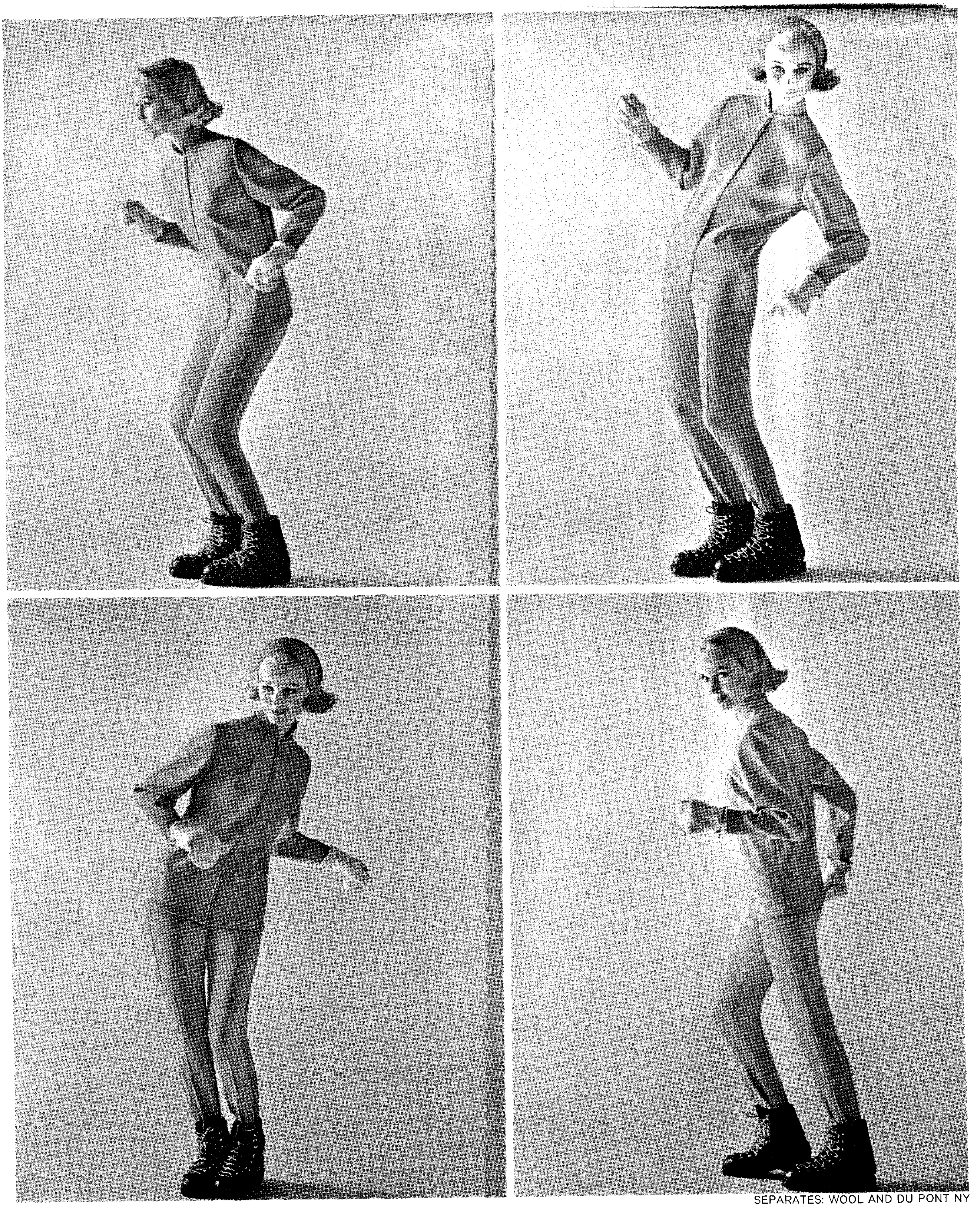

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"All right, let's get started with No. 1," the Doctor called out. "Trot him straight away down to us."

A patrolman brought the horse around the ring at a stiff trot, while the Doctor stood slightly bent over, with his feet apart, staring with deep concentration.

"Good trot. Has anything been done to his feet?" he asked.

"Some of the horses have been shod," Dolan replied.

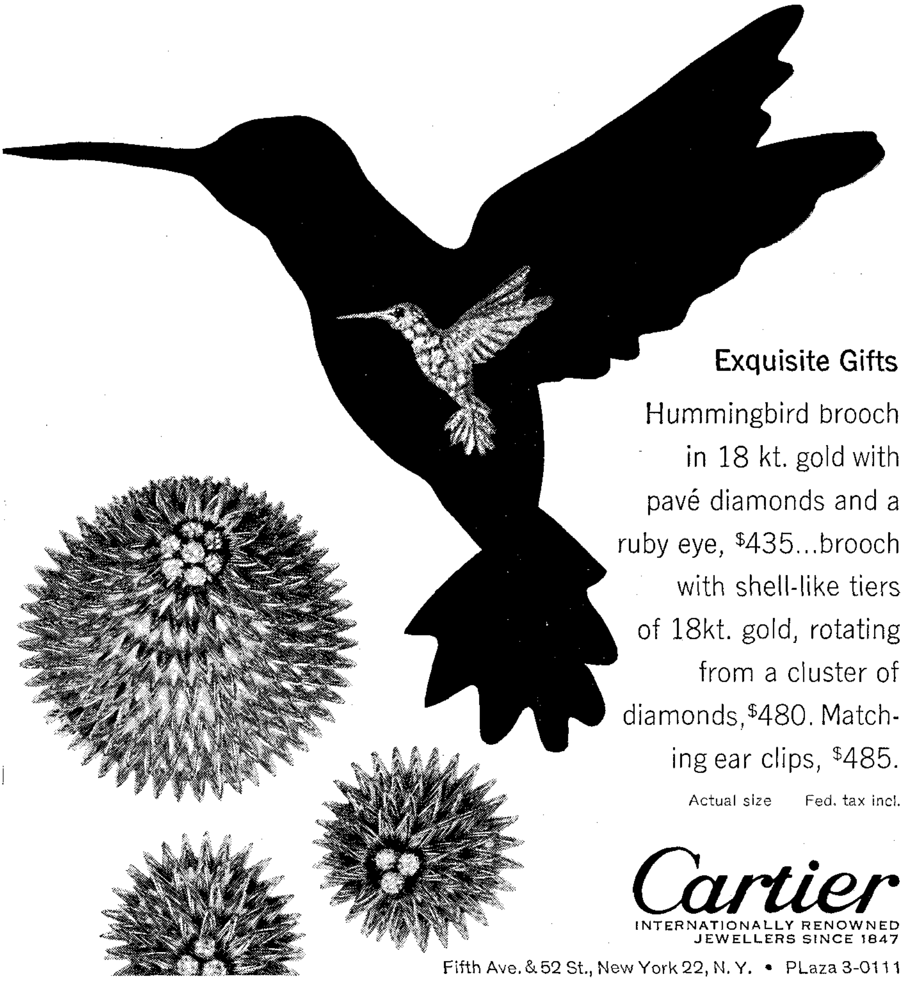
"Now wind him, Bobby," the Doctor said, and the patrolman spurred the horse directly toward the Doctor at a gallop, stopping short just in front of him. The Doctor quickly pressed his ear against the horse's chest. "I wish my lungs and heart were as good as his," he said. "He's O.K."

Captain Wales cleared his throat. "That horse is accepted," he said, in the solemn voice of a train announcer, and the onlookers, each of whom had a list of the horses to be tested, made marks on their papers.

While we were waiting for the second horse, I asked the Doctor what he was principally watching for. "How the horse travels, and whether it has respiratory problems," he said.

As the other horses trotted out, he looked sharply at each, listened to each chest, and made his decisions. When a neat brown horse whose rider had him under perfect control was identified as No. 7, I remembered that this was the animal that had balked at being examined before, and I asked Lieutenant Dolan what had happened.

"He didn't like the halter we had on



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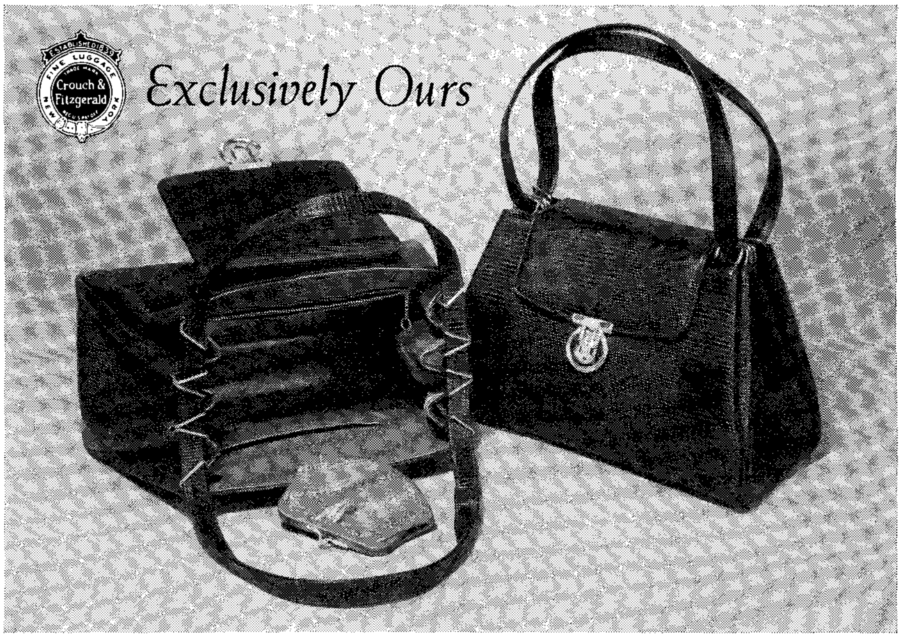

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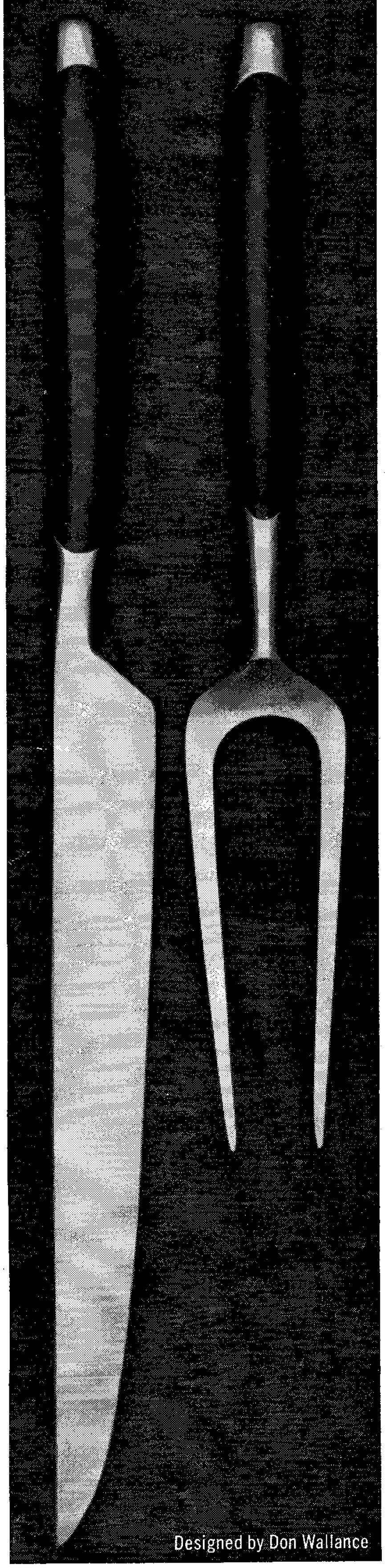


Designed by Don Wallance

him," the Lieutenant replied. "The minute we changed it, he was all right."

Horse No. 12 still had a half-closed, runny eye, and when Dr. MacLaurie examined it the horse reared. Unperturbed, the Doctor gripped the bridle and circled the eye with his flashlight. "I thought it might be a foreign body, but it's conjunctivitis," he said. "We'll give him chloromycetin ointment and ask for another ten-day extension, with final approval contingent on the condition of the eye."

When No. 15, the thoroughbred, was brought in again, the group grew tense. The Doctor frowned as he looked in the animal's mouth and felt under the chin and down the legs, and then he turned to Dolan. "Notice anything?" he asked.

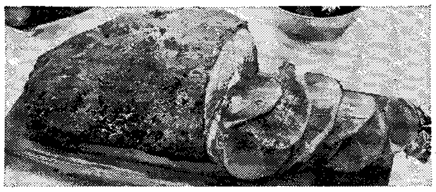
"Well, he hasn't picked up any weight at all," Dolan said.

The Doctor shook his head. "Poor conformation, a bony growth; he's too small in body and bone, and he lacks weight-carrying ability. He's not the type we want. Rejected. Write Ward that at the end of the horse's probationary period he failed to meet the requirements."

The last horse was quickly approved, and the officials leafed through their notes. "That does it," the Doctor said with a sigh. "We got one reject and one extended. That eye looks good, though. He sees out of it."

I caught up with Lieutenant Dolan as we walked back down the ramp. "Too bad about that thoroughbred," I said.

He nodded. "Once in a while, we get a thoroughbred that someone donates to the Department because he can't take care of it in New York and wants to make sure it has a good home," he said. "Six or seven years ago, we were given a steeplechaser that used to be a winner at Belmont. But if someone said to me, 'I can get you a Rolls-Royce for three hundred dollars,' I'd naturally ask, 'Has it got an engine?' We used to have fine-looking horses specially bred in various eastern states for the Police Department, but, at the prices we're now allowed to pay, that's no longer possible, and the horses we get are often undersized. Also, we don't have as many lightweight men as we once did. It's a Department rule that the men dismount for ten minutes every hour, when that's possible, to give the horses a rest, but even so, you can't assign a man who weighs a hundred and seventy-five pounds to a horse that weighs anything less than twelve hundred pounds and is less than sixteen hands high. We only get what we pay for. Still, you'd be sur-



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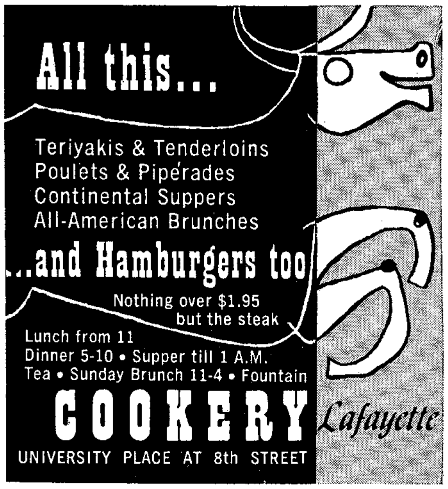

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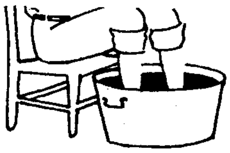

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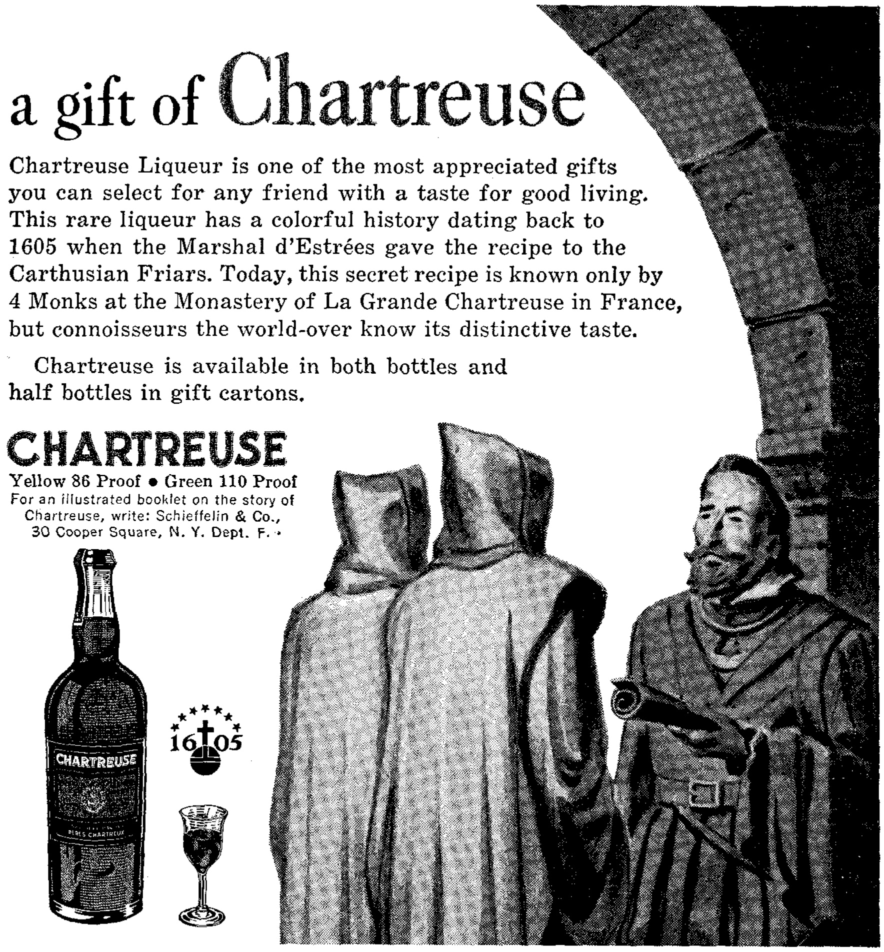
prised how these horses will shape up with feed and handling."

As we reached the stable area, I saw one of the rough-coated new horses standing next to a regular police horse, and there didn't seem to be quite the contrast I had remembered between the glossy coat of the veteran mount and the shaggy coat of the newcomer. I asked Lieutenant Dolan if I was imagining things, and he laughed. "Not at all," he said. "Come back one day soon, and I'll tell you how we do it."

A FEW mornings later, I dropped in at the Armory again and found Lieutenant Dolan in his office. On a blackboard outside his door the temperatures of several sick horses—two of them over a hundred and four—had been noted in chalk, together with instructions that the horses be given half feed, individual drinking pails, and various kinds of medication. The Lieutenant's office was just big enough for a desk and a wooden chair, and on the wall was a framed copy of "The Prayer of a Horse," which begins, "To Thee, My Master, I offer my prayer. Feed me, water and care for me, and when the day's work is done, provide me with shelter, a clean, dry bed and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort . . ."

I inquired about the fourteen horses that Dr. MacLaurie had approved, and Lieutenant Dolan told me they were all now officially members of the Police Department. He showed me an order giving each horse a name and a Police Department number. That "dandy little horse," No. 16, was now Teddy, with the Department number 97, and the others had been named Boxer, Central, Crafty, Decoy, Gayboy, Pastor, Whisk, Art, Bangle, Dude, Musty, Sarge, and Stranger. "The Inspector usually picks out the names, preferably something plain and short, not too difficult to pronounce or spell over a telephone," the Lieutenant said. "They are named after retired cops, too, and we still have a Grogan and a Murphy and a Riley. That last one was named for a cop known as Lock 'Em Up Riley, who had the reputation of locking up everybody he saw. My own horse is Malachy—he was new two years ago—and the Captain's, in the box stall, is Larry, No. 87. We burn the number into the hoof of the horse when he's shod."

The Lieutenant put the list of new horses back in his files, picked up his riding crop, and suggested that we go and see how their schooling was coming along. "It takes anywhere from a month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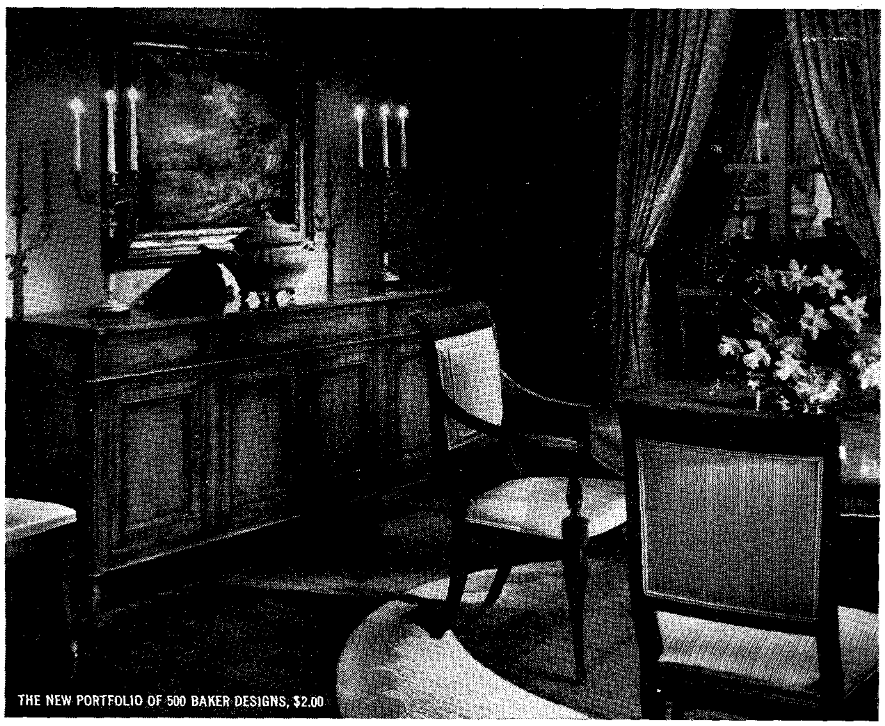
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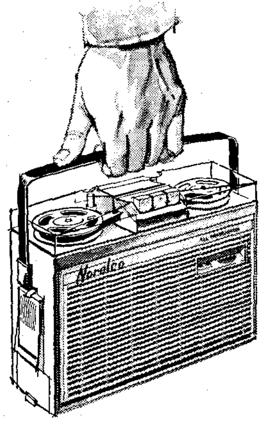

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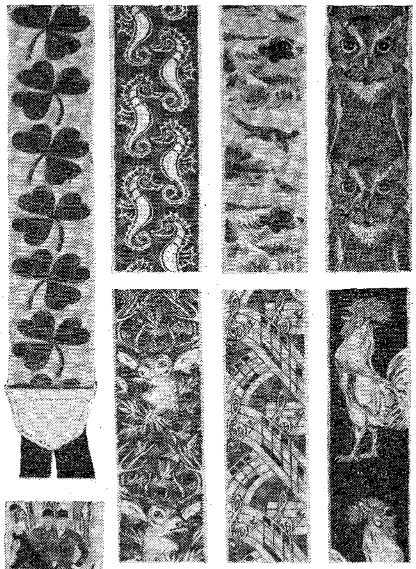
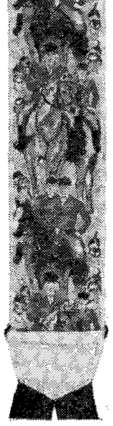
to six months to train a new horse," he said. "And it takes a couple of months of proper exercise and feed to put solid weight and muscle on one of them. They're used to wild, dry prairie straw, and they can't digest whole oats yet, but eventually they'll get the regular rations. That's eleven pounds of oats, twelve pounds of hay, and a pound and a half of bran every day, divided into two feedings—one at six in the morning and the other at five in the afternoon. Every Saturday, all the horses get a special mix, made according to a hundred-year-old formula—oats, bran, linseed meal, salt, and hot water. It's especially rich in vitamins, and, along with regular grooming, it gives our horses the shiny coat everybody admires." He pointed to a trough on wheels and said, "We pour hot water in there and the mix soaks for an hour before it's distributed, about two in the afternoon. When the trough comes around, the older horses whinny. They love that mix. They have salt licks in their stalls, too."

When we reached the drill ring, we leaned against the wooden partition surrounding it and watched his three patrolmen helpers working with the new horses. At the far end of the ring, one patrolman was riding in figure eights and another was riding in a circle, and at our end the third patrolman was standing on the dirt floor with a saddled horse on one end of a long rope and guiding it around and around in circles. A fourth patrolman, who, Dolan told me, was on temporary assignment to help in training the new animals, came into the ring, leading an unsaddled horse by its halter. "Each of these men has four horses to train," Dolan told me. "We don't work the horses too hard at first, but we do give them plenty of exercise before they're ready for duty. I try to see to it that no one gets hurt, and I try to pick even-tempered men to break and train the green horses. If a man is excitable, the horse gets excited and loses what little intelligence he has. When the horse is quiet and relaxed, he responds to instruction. The important thing in early training is to give the horse confidence. Some horses catch on quickly. The duller ones are easier to handle but take longer to respond. They are the ones we eventually send to patrol the garment district, because none of the noise and traffic down there bothers them."

The last patrolman who had entered the ring tied one end of a long rope he was carrying to the horse's halter and walked toward the center of the ring, paying out rope until the horse was cir-

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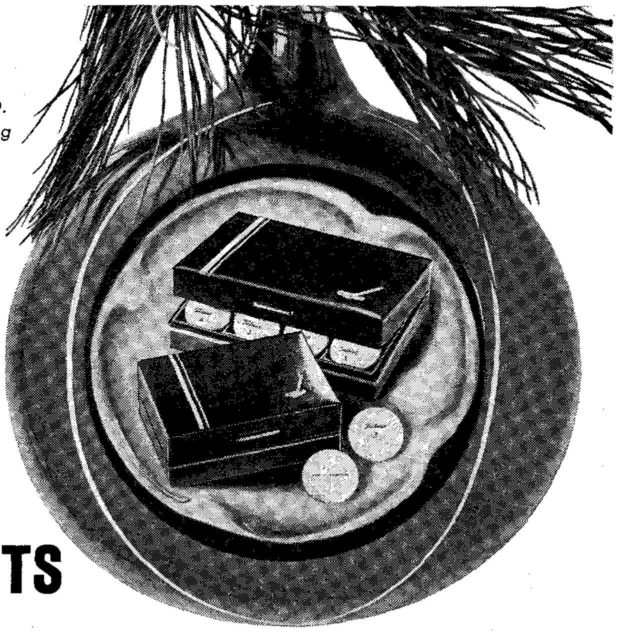
cling him at some distance. "That long line is called a lunge line," Lieutenant Dolan said, pointing with his crop. "Lunging makes the horse supple and responsive, and builds up the big muscles of the hindquarters, loins, and back. That's the way we teach a green horse to follow the commands of his trainer and to respond to the pressures of the bit. Next, we'll put on a saddle and progress from the halter to a snaffle bit, and then we'll add the curb bit, and eventually that patrolman will mount and ride him with a bridle, and then we'll teach him the main motions required of a police horse." I asked what they were. "First, there's the walk," he said. "All police horses on patrol must be ridden at a walk, except in emergencies or to make up time. Five minutes, twice a day, when conditions permit, the men let them stretch their muscles by trotting. When a patrolman needs to cover a lot of ground, the trot—that's the horse's second gait—is also to be used alternately with a walk. The third gait is the canter, used mostly in parks, to chase runaway horses on bridle paths. It is a very dangerous gait on city streets, because of the poor footing. The fourth motion—a very important one—is backing, which the rider accomplishes by putting direct pressure on both reins and sitting back with his heels touching the horse's flanks. This is used in tight spots in traffic. The fifth motion, also very important, is called 'passing right or left,' and in this one the horse steps sidewise, using the whole length of his body to force a crowd back, but doing it so slowly and gently that the people are unaware it's happening. This movement is used to make crowds avoid falling debris, for instance, or to control a mob. Let's say the officer wants to pass his horse right. He leads with his right rein, presses his left rein against the horse's neck, and touches his left spur lightly to the horse's flank, behind the saddle girth. This signals the horse to move his left feet almost simultaneously in front of his right feet, in crisscross fashion. Finally, there is the motion called 'the about on the forehand,' for turning around in a tight spot. The horse pivots on his front feet, moving his hindquarters either to the left or to the right, but it's not used very often."

"It seems to me there's a lot for the horse to learn," I said.

"Oho! That's only the half of it," Lieutenant Dolan said. "When the horse has mastered these six motions, which takes about six weeks, we start getting him used to strange sights and



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sounds. We go out to Central Park, starting out in a group of three or four, with a regular patrolman on an experienced horse. After a few minutes, we separate and go it alone. We gallop the horse short distances to develop his wind and leg muscles, and when something frightens him—even a rock formation, perhaps—we take him right up to it and make him stand there. Then we take him out on the streets, and, through gentle handling, he gradually becomes accustomed to city noises and city sights, like buses backfiring, ashcans rattling, steam rollers, fire engines, pneumatic drills, cement mixers—anything that is strangely shaped or makes a loud noise. One day he might spook at a wagon some kid is pushing around the street, and the next day at a mechanical loader on a garbage truck. Whatever it is, we take him right up to it and hold him there and let him get used to it. Boy, you should see horses the first time they come upon those rotating brushes on the street-cleaning machines! Those things are especially frightening to horses, and are best avoided in any case."

Lieutenant Dolan suggested that we look in on the tack room, where the police officers keep their gear, and, after waving goodbye to the men in the ring, he turned and led the way back downstairs. "Men who need new horses are sent here, and it's my job to sell the horse," he said. "That's the phrase we use for assigning it, which means matching the man and the horse. We never put a new man on a new horse; his crude horsemanship would spoil the horse. We try to give a small horse to a lightweight man, a spirited horse to a quiet man with good hands, and a quiet horse to a man of the more nervous type. If all goes well, man and horse remain a team as long as the horse is in service. The men become very attached to their horses, and vice versa. A policeman can go through his whole career with only two horses assigned to him, because the average working life of a police horse is fifteen years and a man can retire on a pension after twenty years—though retirement isn't compulsory until he's sixty-three. When a police horse reaches twenty, we begin to watch him, and when we feel he can't be used regularly, we retire him. We used to give the horses to people who wanted them and could provide good homes for them, but now giving them away is forbidden, and it's much better this way; we don't offend anybody. We send them all to the Health Department's farm at Otisville, New York, in the foothills of the Catskills. The De-

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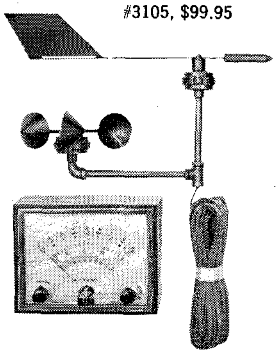

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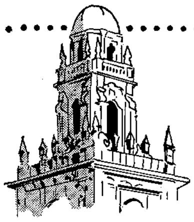

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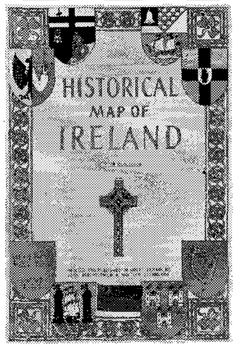

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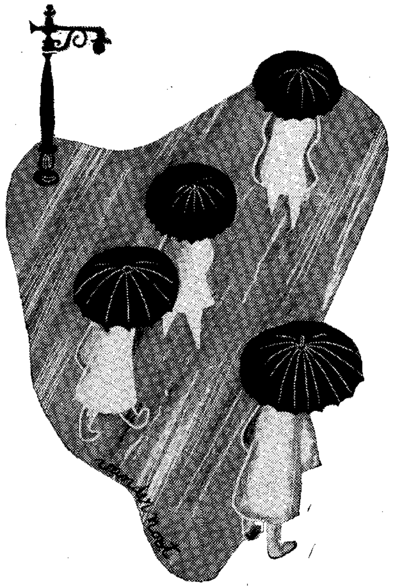
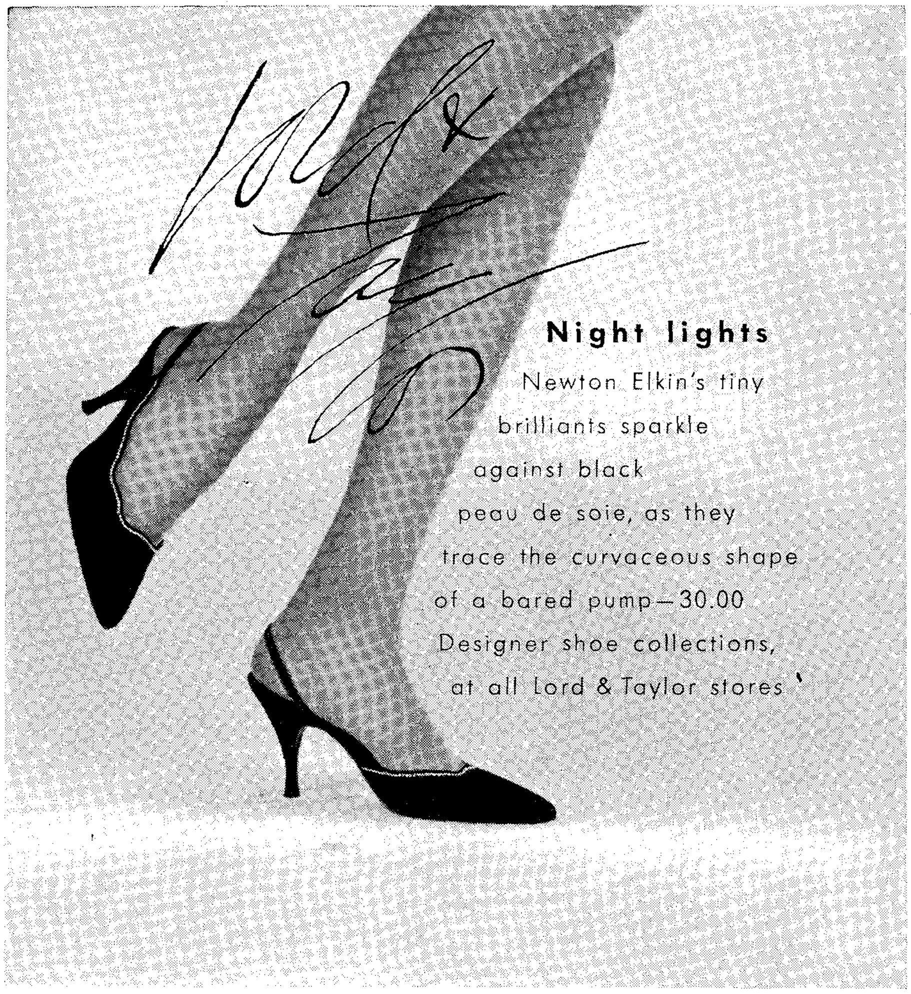
The tack room, a large, square room with a white ceiling and green walls, was lined with racks for saddles and other equipment. "Each man has his own set of equipment and is expected to care for it regularly with saddle soap, hot water, and plenty of elbow grease," Lieutenant Dolan said. "We use a saddle that has a lower, wider pommel than the Army's McClellan saddle but has the same center vent to relieve pressure on the horse's vertebrae. The stirrups are metal, and have a trigger release, so that a man thrown from his saddle can't catch his foot and be dragged." I noticed that in addition to the ordinary felt saddle pads there were leather ones, with raised brass Police Department medallions on both rear corners, and that the saddles had two brass loops on the rear (to which officers strap their raincoats, the Lieutenant explained), and sockets for nightsticks.

Lieutenant Dolan said it was time for him to be getting back to his office, and,





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after escorting me to the stable proper, he left me, with an invitation to make myself at home and have a look around. Attracted by a musical ringing from the blacksmith's forge, I wandered into the smithy, where a large police horse stood stolidly fastened to a ring in the wall. A man with a great shock of white hair, who was hammering vigorously on a red-hot shoe, shouted cheerfully, "How do you like the anvil chorus?" He stopped working, and introduced himself. He was Matt O'Grady, who had been with the force eighteen years. "I learned to shoe a horse in Ireland," he said. "My father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were blacksmiths before me, and even my mother could shoe a horse, but my children refuse to learn. I love it. There are two of us on duty regularly, from eight to four, and we shoe six or seven horses a day." I asked him how often a horse was shod, and he said about once a month. He walked over to a cabinet and took out a batch of long yellow sheets of paper. "We have one of these for each horse," he said. "It gives his number, his name, the dates he's been shod, the way he reacts to shoeing, any shoe corrections he needs, and the size of his shoe."

I said that I hadn't known horseshoes came in sizes—that they all looked exactly alike to me—and he seemed shocked. "Mercy, no!" he said. "We use five sizes, beginning with No. 1, the smallest. Most horses take a 2, 3, or 4. Very few wear 1s or 5s." As he put the sheets away, he added, "I can look at a horse and tell his shoe size."

I remembered having read somewhere about some new shoes the police were using, which were made of steel encased in rubber and were supposed to last six months. I asked O'Grady about them, and he sniffed. "They may be good for pavement, but in the parks we use the old open iron shoe. You have to take those new shoes off every five or six weeks anyway and trim the hoofs, or the horse will be thrown off balance. And whenever you need to make a permanent correction in the balance of a horse's hoofs, you have to use the old iron shoes, which can be shaped on the anvil. If a horse is pigeon-toed, we correct it, or if he cross-fires—strikes a hind foot against a front foot—we can weight the hind foot."

The horse waiting to be shod pawed the ground impatiently, so I thought I'd better be going, and said goodbye. As I was walking along the aisle, a large striped gray cat came scooting past me and raced toward an old lady in a shabby coat, who was setting out a large pan

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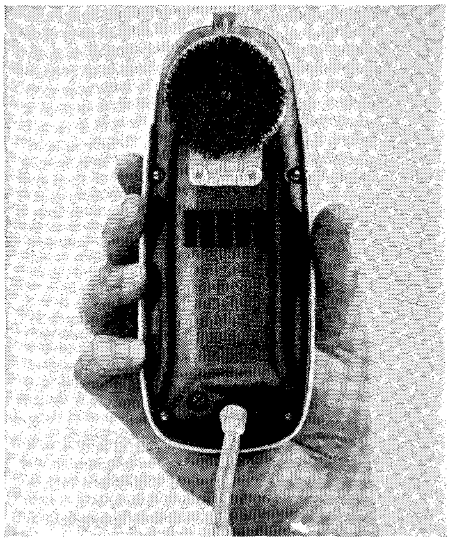

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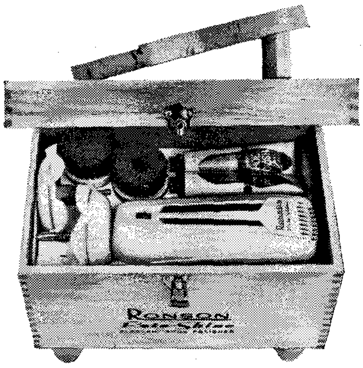

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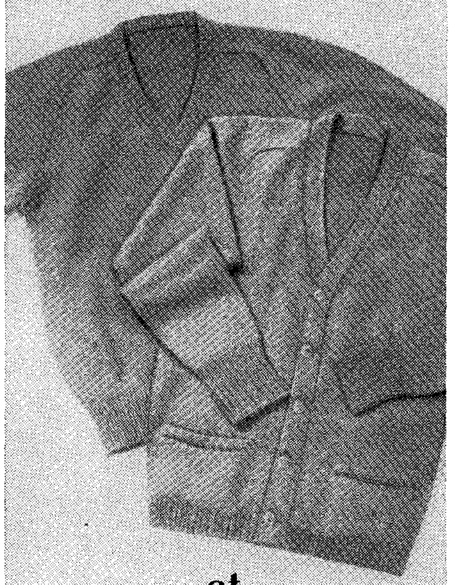

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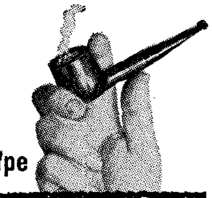

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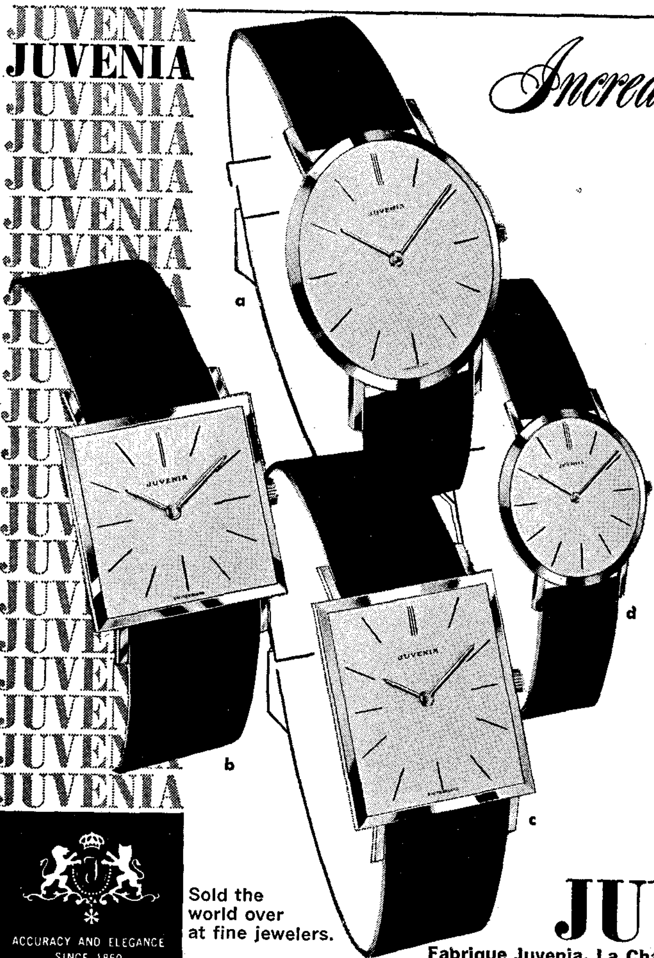
of cat food on the floor. Cats came hurrying up from every corner of the stable, and I stopped to look. The woman turned. "Please go away," she said. "The cats can't eat if they think you're watching them."

I backed off hastily, and almost tripped over a uniformed policeman who was grooming his horse. He laughed and tapped his temple. "That dame never misses a day," he said. "She must feed fifty cats here. Somebody told me one time that she was on the Titanic before it sank." He shrugged. "Oh, well. We get all types in here. We used to have one of those well-meaning dames who came in every Christmas Eve with five pounds of lump sugar, and she'd leave directions that each horse get a lump on Christmas Day." He scratched his head. "Come to think of it, she hasn't been around for some time. A lot of people like to give the horses sugar, but we don't encourage it. I once watched a woman at a St. Patrick's Day parade stop and pat a horse, and he reached over and snitched a button off her fur coat. The officer had to dismount and put his arm down that horse's throat up to his armpit to get it back."

I asked him how long he had been with the Mounted District. "Fourteen years," he said. "I've worked in all the stables, and right now I'm detailed to Troop C in Central Park. Our hours of duty follow the sun, more or less. In winter, we work a ten-to-six shift in the Park, and then, beginning in April and on until fall, there's also a 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. shift."

I asked him if he thought of mounted-police work as dangerous, and he stopped sponging the horse and thought about it. "We have our share of accidents," he said. "About one a month, for the whole Mounted. The horse, after all, is a dumb animal, and you have to think for him. Most of our accidents are due to the sudden shying of a horse, or slipping on wet pavements or manhole covers. Our greatest hazard is heavy traffic. There are more injuries to horses in the garment district than anyplace else, and it's amazing that it isn't worse. That's the most congested area in the city, and the mounted men are especially needed there, because so many deliveries are made and so many trucks are parked that it's a field day for the parcel thieves, who are forever running off with bolts of cloth. Depending on the position of the trucks, we can see and be seen twenty cars down, or anywhere from one to four blocks. A radio patrol car could



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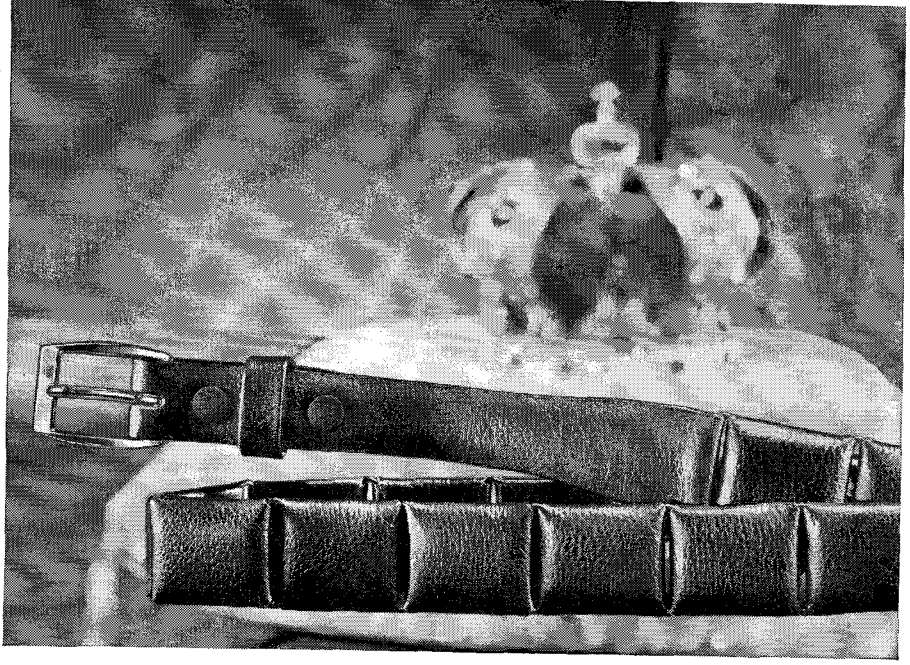

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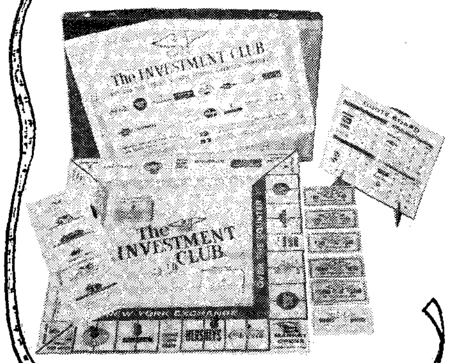

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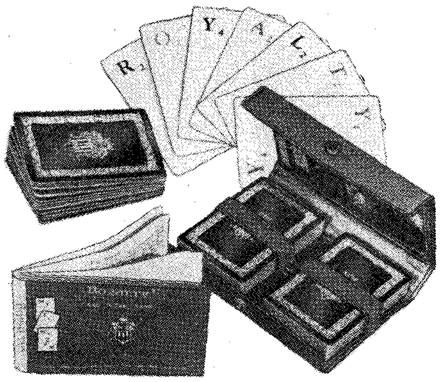

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never get through, but when it's absolutely necessary, in an emergency, we can always ride up on the curb. The garment district is nerve-racking duty, and requires the most experienced men and the steadiest horses. Just the other day, a horse got upset by a loose canvas on a passing truck and shied into a dress platform and cut himself. Dr. MacLaurie had to take several stitches, and that horse will be on the sick list for a month. He's here in Remount now, and before he can be sent out again he'll have to be ridden for a few days in the ring, to be sure he's ready for it. It's surprising, though, how few horses are hit by cars. I suppose it's because if a careless driver comes too close, we dismount and write out a summons that can carry a five- or ten-dollar fine in Traffic Court."

Applying a currycomb to his horse, he continued, "The Park is different. That's what I call a character spot—it's so full of characters. I cover about ten miles a day on my horse, and I've seen every kind of odd bird in there. My horse doesn't spook any more at a punch-drunk fighter running around the reservoir shadowboxing, but the other night I darned near lost control of him when we suddenly came on a man doing setting-up exercises in the dark. Although a mounted man is a policeman from the minute he leaves the stable, our work is more to prevent crime by our presence than to make arrests. I was looking at last year's statistics the other day, and the Mounted District gave out thirty-one thousand summonses—ordinary tickets, for minor offenses—but made only a hundred arrests, for serious offenses like assault, larceny, robbery, impairing morals, juvenile delinquency, and disorderly conduct." He looked up as Lieutenant Dolan came striding past, his three assistants walking several steps behind him. "Do I imagine it, or are they together so much that they're beginning to look alike?" he asked me.

I said I thought they did.

"It must be noon," he went on. "I don't even have to look at my watch. They always walk by in the same formation at the same time going to lunch, and then again when they're going off for the day."

I asked him what mounted patrolmen ordinarily did with their horses at lunchtime, and he said, "When we're on duty on the streets, we're supposed to tie our horses in a friendly garage, if we can find one, while we eat, but in the Park there are no garages, so a lot of us bring our lunch and come back

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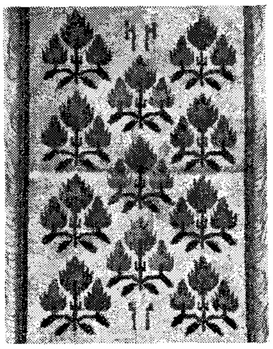

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to the Armory. Here comes Officer Macklin, for that very purpose." A tall young man walked down the ramp, leading a powerfully built horse that followed briskly at his heels. "Don't tell me that horse of yours is in a *hurry!*" he called out to Macklin.

"Pueblo isn't lazy, he just likes to sleep," Macklin told me, after we'd been introduced. "Pueblo and I came into the Mounted about the same time," he went on, "and he's won every prize around here for sleeping. Several times, rookies have seen him lying sprawled out in his stall and have reported a dead horse. You can sit on him or lie down on him, and he won't move. If I offer him sugar while he's taking a nap, he just raises his head, opens his mouth, takes it, and lies back down again."

"Does he snore?" I asked.

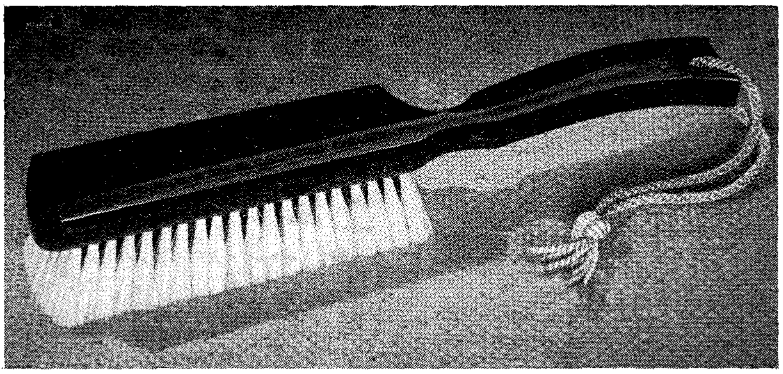
"He does," Macklin replied. "But he's a mighty fine horse and I wouldn't trade him. He just knows how to relax."

Before leaving for my own lunch, I looked in on Lieutenant Dolan, and he walked to the door with me. "We'll be training a class of new men one of these days," he said. "The Mounted has put in a request for approved volunteers. A class could start tomorrow or three months from now—we never get much advance notice—but we'll call you when the time comes, and you can drop in and watch."

AS it turned out, several months passed before a class was called up, and meanwhile I had dug into the history of New York's mounted police. Its genealogy can be traced back to July 10, 1871, as noted in the Second Annual Report made by the Board of Police to the mayor, who was then A. Oakley Hall:

> Since the avenues leading to and beyond the Central Park have been laid with wood and other smooth pavements, and for that reason have become crowded with vehicles, there has grown up a practice by a certain class of persons, of fast and reckless driving through these much-frequented thoroughfares, at rates of speed perilous to the lives and property of themselves and more prudent and orderly citizens. . . . With a view to a more complete suppression of this rapidly increasing evil, the Board . . . established a horse patrol, called "The Mounted Squad No. 1," to cover the avenues in question.

That squad consisted of a sergeant, twelve patrolmen, a hostler, and fifteen horses, and its headquarters and stable were at 154 West Thirty-first Street. Its area of responsibility was Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Avenues from Fourteenth Street to Fifty-ninth, and Lex-



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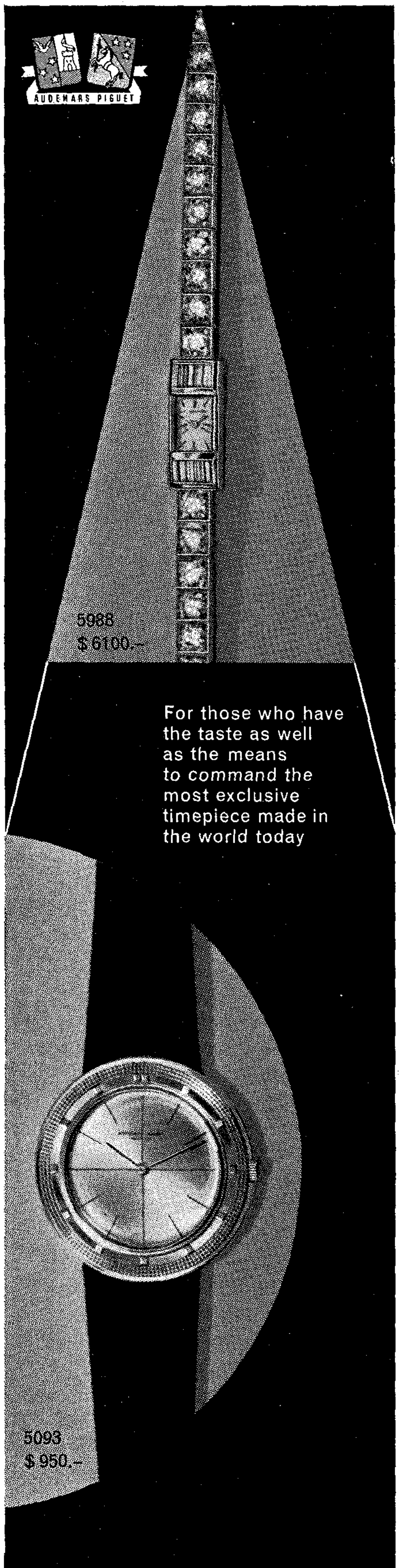
ington Avenue from Fourteenth to Thirty-fourth. The squad made four hundred and twenty arrests the first year, and was credited with having "reduced the casualties and injuries from fast and reckless driving." The Annual Report went on to say, "The avenues in question can now be used by orderly and quiet citizens, with a degree of comfort and safety not hitherto . . . enjoyed." A few years later, the demand for mounted policemen was so great that the squad was abolished and the men were distributed among the various precincts—especially the precincts in the open spaces of upper Manhattan and the Bronx, where a mounted officer could cover three times as much ground as a foot patrolman. The number of horses in the Police Department increased steadily, and in 1899, when a "training stable and school of instruction" was established, there were three hundred and eighty-five, two hundred and thirty-eight of them for the mounted men, the remainder for pulling paddy wagons and other vehicles. It was the second year of Greater New York's corporate existence, Robert A. Van Wyck was mayor, and William S. Devery was chief of police. That fall, Admiral George Dewey returned from the Spanish-American War to a hero's welcome in New York, and the mounted-police tactic of the flying wedge, which is still in use, was tried out for the first time. Devery noted in the Annual Report for that year:

> . . . There has never, perhaps, been assembled in any city, for any occasion of the kind, such a large crowd. . . . I determined to place at the head of the column the strongest possible formation of horsemen, and to that end the idea of the flying wedge, so to speak, was utilized. . . . A Sergeant rode at the head, behind him two roundsmen [an 1899 sergeant corresponded to today's lieutenant, and a roundsman has become a sergeant], and behind them forty patrolmen so arranged that the first rank following the two roundsmen contained four men, the next six, the next eight, the next ten, and the rear rank, containing twelve men, riding abreast, filled the street from curb to curb. The wedge, so formed, was preceded by four roundsmen and fifteen patrolmen as skirmishers. This scheme . . . was as effectual as it was novel.

"The flying wedge is about the oldest thing going, and it's still indispensable," a mounted policeman told me the other day. "The wedge moves into the heart of a demonstration and splits the crowd in half. The minute you split the crowd, you have complete observation, and the patrolmen on foot can move in and grab the troublemakers. Our men are trained in the formation, but many of them have



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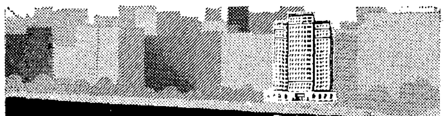

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never seen it employed. It was brought out of mothballs in 1961, when there was a big demonstration at the United Nations protesting the death of Patrice Lumumba and the crowd started marching along Forty-second Street toward Times Square at about 6 P.M., just as the traffic was at its worst. The mounted men formed the wedge, and stopped the marchers before they reached Broadway. Nobody got seriously hurt."

The equine strength of the Police Department reached its peak in 1910, when police horses were bought for an average of three hundred and sixty-three dollars apiece and the Department owned seven hundred and twenty-four. A few years earlier, the Department had bought two experimental horseless patrol wagons, one powered by electricity, the other by gasoline. From 1911 on, there was a slow but steady decrease in the number of horses bought by the Department, and a corresponding increase in all types of motor vehicles. (The Police Department's bicycle force, which was organized in 1895 and numbered six hundred and fifty bicycles at its peak, began to decline about the same time, and went out of existence altogether in 1927.) The year 1919 was a hard one for the mounted police, owing to the rash of postwar parades, strikes, and riots. On October 20, 1919, the mounted police were credited with "preventing serious disturbance" when servicemen threatened to storm the Lexington Avenue Opera House, where a performance of a German opera was scheduled. The opera was quickly withdrawn.

In 1929, under Mayor Jimmy Walker's administration, Police Commissioner Grover Whalen took the mounted men out of the precincts and put them once more under a single command, which was to be known from then on as the Mounted District. American Legion conventions, St. Patrick's Day parades, and the arrival of crowned heads from abroad kept them busy during the next ten years, and in February of 1939 they had a real workout, when the German-American Bund held a rally in Madison Square Garden, which was besieged by protesting groups. The mounted police succeeded in keeping the anti-Bund forces far enough from the building so that there was no bloodshed.

The Mounted District lost some strength after the Second World War. For one thing, horses were difficult to obtain, and, for another, private stables were rapidly going out of business, mak-

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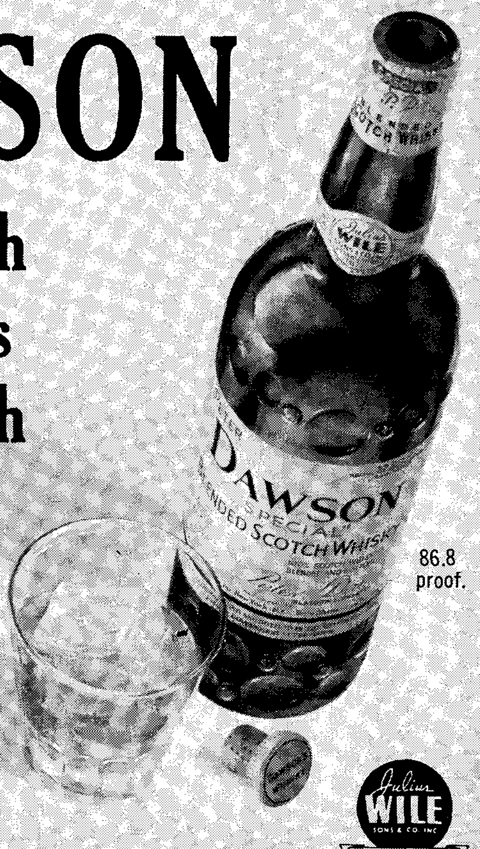

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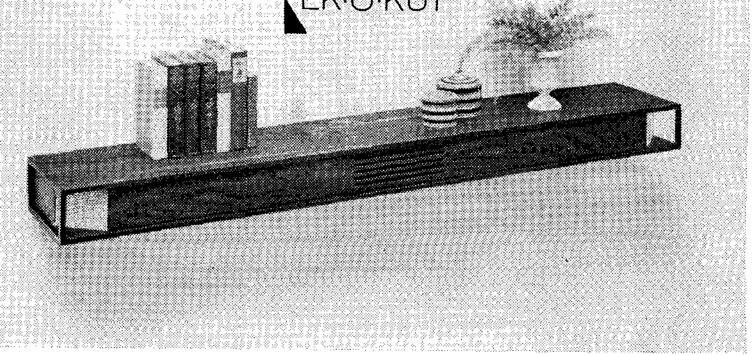

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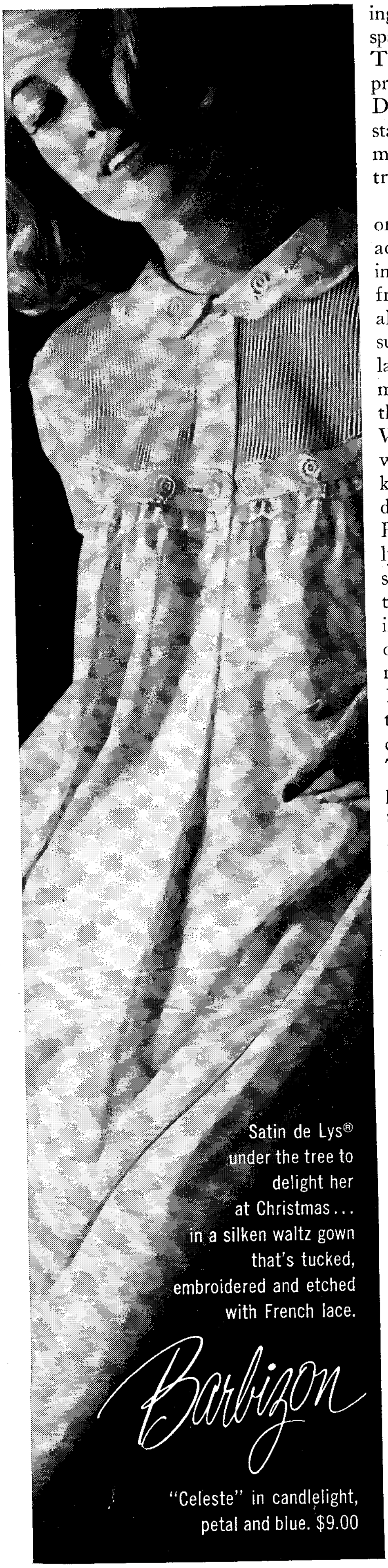
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ing it hard for the police to find stable space. This is a continuing problem. The Ninety-fourth Street Armory will probably be torn down soon, and the Department has made plans to build stables for Troops B and C and Remount near the Eighty-sixth Street transverse in Central Park.

As the largest mounted force in any one city, the District receives requests for advice from all parts of the world, and in recent years, mounted-police officials from Thailand, Japan, and Iran have all stopped over in New York for consultations. In the United States, Cleveland and Jersey City, among others, maintain horse-borne contingents, and there are mounted park police in both Washington and Philadelphia. Elsewhere in the world, probably the best-known forces are in Canada and London. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police, however, now are mounted only on ceremonial and symbolic occasions, and R.C.M.P. recruits are taught to ride primarily as an aid in "developing courage, stamina, and coördination of mind and muscle." The London mounted police trace their origins to 1758, and for many years after that they were known as "Redbreasts," because of the scarlet waistcoats they wore. The London force now consists of approximately two hundred men and a similar number of horses, the latter named so that all horses acquired in a given year bear names beginning with the same letter of the alphabet—Alamein, Alma, and Angela for 1946, Bernadette and Blenheim for 1947, Clara for 1948, and so on. For many years, Queen Elizabeth—and, before her, King George VI—rode a police horse called Winston at the Trooping of the Colour and other ceremonial events, and Winston's likeness appears on coins struck for the Coronation and on the new Great Seal. Since Winston's death, a few years ago, the Queen has ridden a police horse named Imperial (1954), and the Duke of Edinburgh occasionally rides Alamein.

WHEN word reached me from headquarters that Lieutenant Dolan was starting to train a new class of mounted policemen, I went straight to the Armory, and discovered that the course had already begun. The men—there were fifteen of them—were in their second day of training, having spent the first in familiarizing themselves with their equipment and with the grooming and walking of the horses. I climbed the ramp and settled myself in one of the seats beside the ring. The

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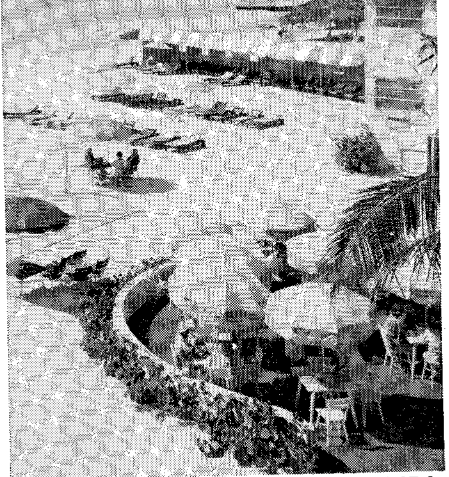
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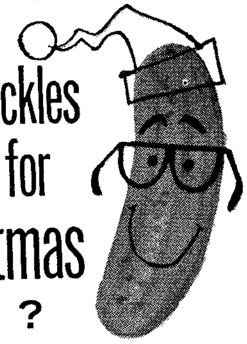
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brown dust was thick on the chairs, and I could hear the blacksmith's anvil somewhere below. A black cat sat at a discreet distance on another seat, cleaning itself. Lieutenant Dolan was on his handsome dark-bay horse, Malachy, in the center of the ring, with one of his three assistants at his side. The two others were weaving skillfully in and out among the fifteen rookies, who were jouncing about on sleek, experienced-looking horses. The new men wore costumes ranging from flowered shirts and blue jeans to old cavalry outfits with wrapped leggings. None of them could ride very well, but some were worse than others. They were all concentrating intently on their riding, looking straight ahead, and one of them, bouncing along with his tongue hanging out, kept pleading to his horse, "Take it easy. Oh, take it easy, Bud. Please take it easy."

The horses clearly hadn't had such fun since the last class of rookies. They stopped and started when they pleased, went from a trot into a canter at will, and took outrageous advantage of their riders' inexperience—all with the air of authority that trained horses automatically assume with novices.

I heard Dolan call out sharply "What's going on here?" as he rode over to a husky fellow sitting on his horse at the gate to the ramp, trying to turn the animal back toward the ring.

"This horse gets over by the gate and it's the end," the rookie said bitterly. "This is the fourth time I've been here."

Dolan showed him what to do with the reins, and led him back to the ring.

Just then, a horse broke into a fast gallop on the other side of the ring, and his rider, gripping the beast's mane desperately, cried out in anguish, "How do you stop this horse?"

Dolan called out, with reassuring calmness, "Just lean back and pull on the reins—but not too hard."

The rider gave the reins several frantic yanks, and the horse stopped as abruptly as it had started.

An officer from Troop C came in and paged one of the new men, who was wanted downtown at the Traffic Court, where he had a case coming up. The Troop C man lingered for a moment to watch the show. "You'd think they would never get the hang of it," he said to me. "But they do, and in a surprisingly short time, too. It's very strenuous, intensive training, with a different horse every day, and even by tomorrow some of those fellows will already have caught the rhythm of the trot and canter. The first three days,

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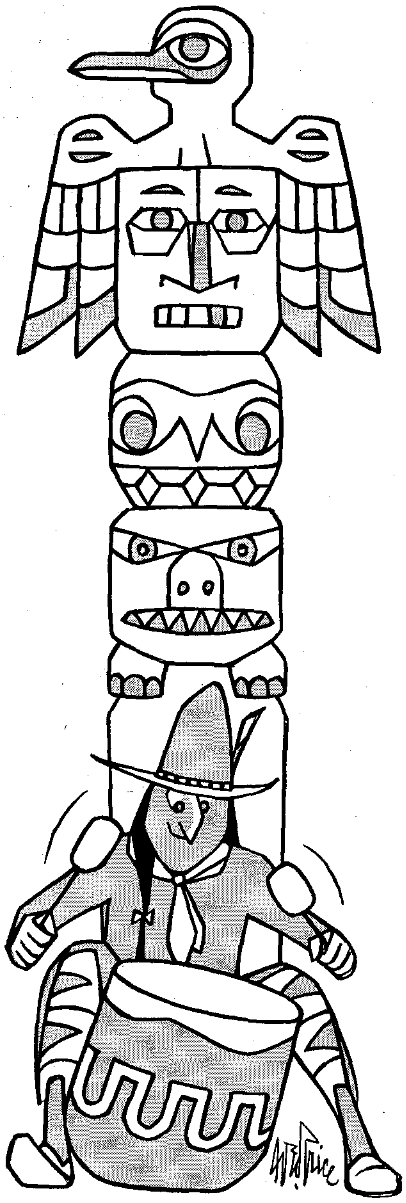

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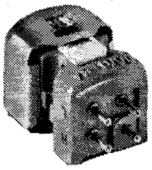

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they just get used to horses, because most of them have never been on one before. They learn balance and get a bit of confidence. After that, the real instruction begins."

Shortly after he left, I saw the animal that had previously broken into an unexpected gallop cutting up again. Both Dolan and an assistant shouted "Lean back!" and then Dolan turned to his aide. "Take him off that horse," he said.

The aide rode up to the runaway, grabbed the reins, and held the horse, and the embarrassed rookie dismounted. The rookie was grounded for the session, and came over and sat down beside me. "It beats walking, anyway," he said, shrugging. "The only time I've ever been on a horse until yesterday was a pony ride at Coney Island when I was a kid. I've been in the Police Department a year and a half, and this is a lot better than the precinct. I planned to volunteer for the Mounted all along, and I guess I'll get the hang of it."

Dolan ordered the men to walk their horses, and after a few flurries and several breaks toward the gate the class settled down to a sedate walk while the horses cooled off. When the men dismounted and began leading their horses down to the stables, I walked over to talk to Lieutenant Dolan.

"I always get the best and quietest horses for training, and I sometimes have to send to other stables for the ones I want," he said. "The first few days are very boring. We just walk the horses and teach the men how to turn left and right and to trot, for a whole week. The second week, we go over what they picked up the first week, and then we work on their balance and their ability to guide their horses, and we may begin backing and passing. I also make the men ride with their feet out of the stirrups. It helps them develop balance, and assume a more natural position in the saddle. We ride a military seat here, and all our men must ride in a uniform manner, with the feet not too tightly pressed into the horse and the ball of the foot on the tread of the stirrup. They must carry their hands low and keep the horses' heads up, and ride on the snaffle bit, but before they can go out on street duty they must learn to use the curb bit, which keeps the horse under better control but requires a more experienced hand. At the beginning of the third week, we take up cantering and riding in formation, and teach the men to pass left and right, and in the last week we review everything we've done,

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and do some jumping over low obstacles. If a man has a good seat, he learns rapidly, and if he has courage, confidence, good hands, and an interest in the public welfare, he'll be a good Mounted man."

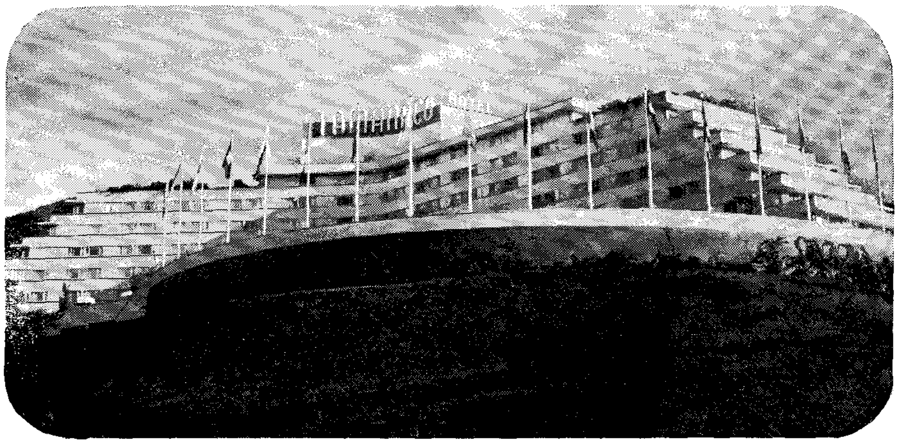
I said he seemed to enjoy teaching, and he smiled. "I've never taught anybody but policemen," he said. "I've been with the Department twenty-five years. I spent five years on foot patrol before I came into the Mounted, but I had done a lot of riding as a boy in Brooklyn. Not everybody is interested in green horses, or green riders, and the man selected for this job has to be."

During the next few weeks, I dropped in at the Armory from time to time, and was amazed to see how rapidly the men progressed. I arrived one morning during the third week to find half the class cantering around the ring, many with the reins held casually in one hand, while the other half were practicing passing and backing, occasionally bumping into one another with shouts of laughter. Halfway through the morning, Lieutenant Dolan ordered them all to line up, had them mount and dismount, and made them ride in formations of two, four, and eight horses abreast. "Come on, stay alive down there!" he yelled to a straggler in a column of eight. "Get into line! What the hell do you think this is—a Sunday-school parade?"

One of the Remount assistants moved over near me, and I said, "They look really good now."

"They really *are* pretty good," he replied. "We don't have to worry any more. We just assign horses the way they come now. We go out in the Park once a day, and ride around the reservoir when it's nice. These men will be assigned to the Park for at least six months before they are put on street duty."

On their last day of training, the men were to be reviewed at eleven o'clock in the morning by Inspector Craig, and when I arrived, a good half hour before the appointed time, I found the class riding stiffly around the ring, eyes forward, backs ramrod straight. Lieutenant Dolan and his assistants were drawn up in the center of the ring on their horses, and as eleven o'clock came and passed they began to throw nervous glances toward the ramp. At twenty minutes past the hour, I heard the deep voice of the Inspector from below, and then he and Captain Wales appeared. Lieutenant Dolan dismounted, and the three men stood in the center of the ring and looked impassively at the riders



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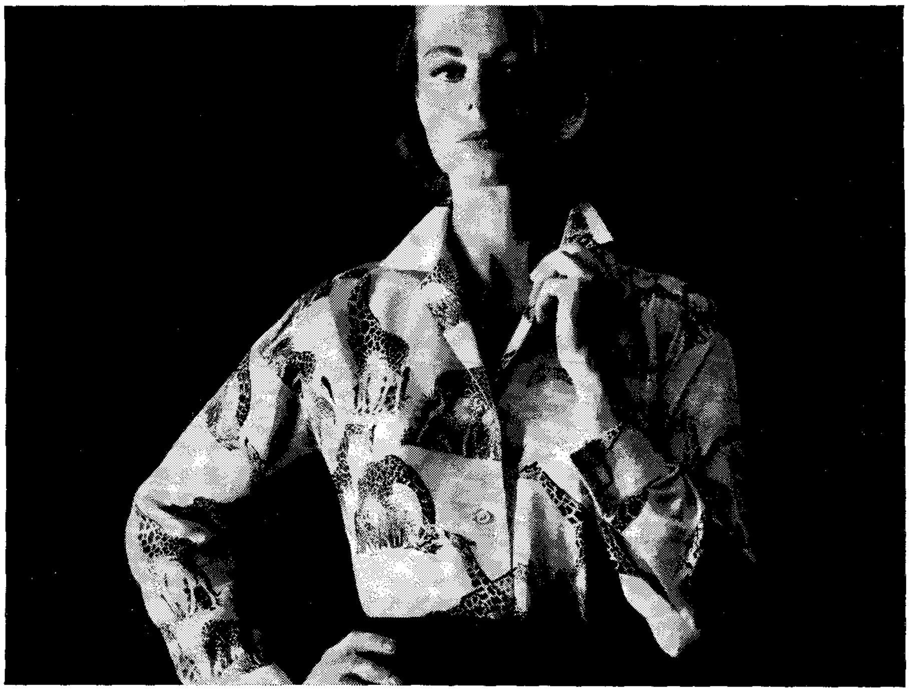

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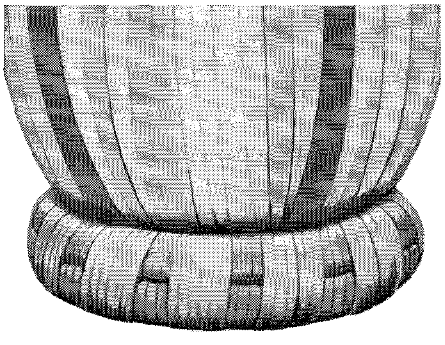

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for a few minutes. I heard the Inspector say, "I want to look them over today. I must make recommendations," and then, after a few minutes, "They look pretty impressive."

Lieutenant Dolan called out loudly, "If you men want to graduate, sit up and look good, or you'll be left back and have to stay here for another year!" Everyone laughed, and Dolan ordered the class to line up against the wall. "Forward, ho-o!" he commanded, and they all moved forward. "Halt! Back center, ho-o!"

The Inspector put on his glasses, and Dolan ordered the first man in the column to pass a horse left and then right, which the man did deftly. The second man was directed to circle his horse in one spot, which he did, and each of the other men went through some maneuver that all had learned. Then they were ordered to dismount, and the Inspector made the shortest graduation speech I have ever heard. "If you don't like the job, let me know and I'll pull you out," he said.

The men were still cooling off their horses in the ring when I left. I stopped downstairs to talk to the Troop C officer with whom I had watched the rookies training. He was wearing his uniform pants and an old quilted blue jacket, and he had a brush and a pail of water and was washing his horse. "It's my day off, and look what I'm doing," he said with a big smile. "Did anybody ever tell you how you can make a horse look fierce?" I shook my head. "Easy," he said. "By holding him fully collected—that is, pulling him up. Make him arch his neck and show his teeth and step higher—I guess you'd call it prance—and flare his nostrils, if he has that natural talent. He automatically collects himself when he's excited, anyway—by drums and bands, or by noise and excitement. Why, he can stop a fight just by looking fierce. The people become so preoccupied with getting out of his way that we simply go in and cut up the pie and let the foot men take the pieces."

I thought that one over for a moment. Then I said, "I've always wanted to ask a mounted policeman how he really feels on a horse, stalking past all the people on foot."

"I'll tell you the nicest thing ever told to me," he said. "An elderly lady came up to me in the Park one day and said, 'Officer, your horse looks majestic, and so do you.' I remember feeling as if I was on top of the world. And I guess the real word for it is the one she used. 'Majestic.' " —EDITH IGLAUER

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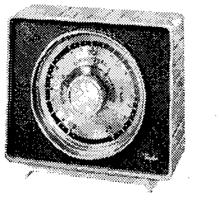

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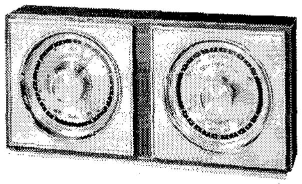

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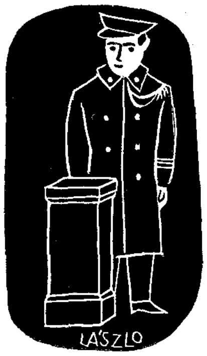

"TWO ON A TREADMILL"—I beg your pardon, "Two for the Seesaw"—owed its Broadway success in part to its extreme staginess and in part to the skill, in roles tailored to them, of Anne Bancroft and Henry Fonda, its entire cast. Any play with only two characters resembles a magic trick, which we don't so much believe as long to be deceived by. The playwright-magician William Gibson doubled the effectiveness of this particular trick by calling for a set that showed us simultaneously the two characters in separate abodes; there the characters were, onstage, thirty feet apart, and yet supposedly with miles of uncaring Manhattan between them and only the wonder-working telephone to bring them together. Our pleasure in the illusion was heightened by the Great Gibson's deliberate banishment of any other human creature or prospect. Thanks to Miss Bancroft's plausibility as a tough, generous-hearted girl from the Bronx and to Mr. Fonda's masterly well-bred whining as a lawyer on from Omaha, we scarcely heard the steady whir of the clockworks as the not very intricate toy slowly, sadly wound down and came to a rueful stop.

On the screen, the trick has had to be discarded—the camera, being itself a form of sleight of hand, depends on reality to provide illusion. Now our lonely couple freely escape their shabby quarters, walk the streets of the city, are jostled in the crowd, have friends and neighbors and places of employment; in short, they exist in the dense, complicated, ordinary world, and we are forced to perceive that in such circumstances the girl from the Bronx and the lawyer from Omaha would have nothing in common—perhaps not even as much as the sorry awareness of having nothing in common. Like all the rest of us, they could touch a thousand times and never meet each other's eyes. Miss Isobel Lennart's valiant efforts to breathe life into her screenplay—her invention of an evenly bad-tempered Jewish landlord, cunningly played by Billy Gray, does much to brighten several dark corners

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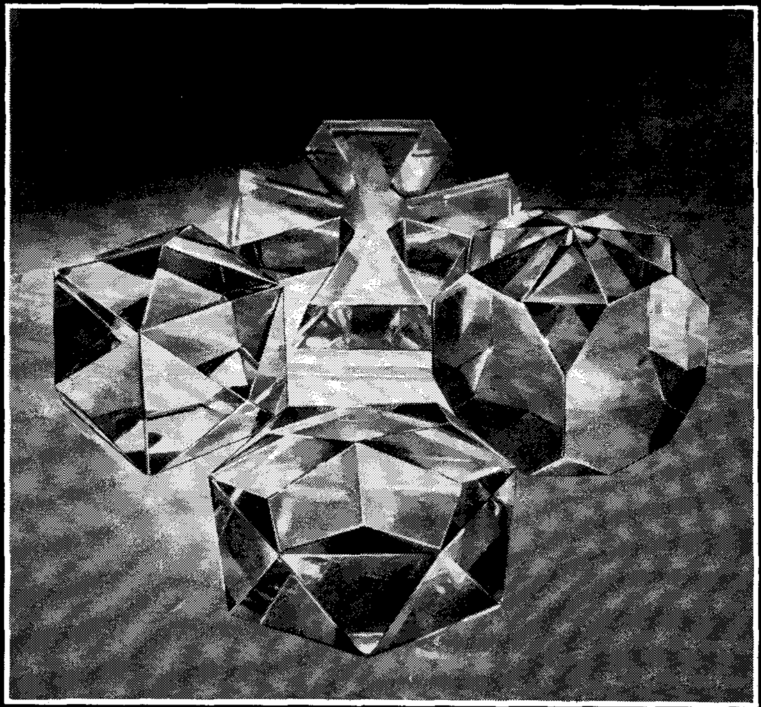

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of the plot—are nearly always in vain, as is the often resourceful direction, by Robert Wise. Worse still, Shirley MacLaine, though she works hard at a Bronx accent, makes an unconvincing Gittel, and Robert Mitchum—plump, hardboiled, and looking more disbarred than domestically harried—is altogether out of place in the Fonda role. Indeed, the perfection of the miscasting prompts one to speculate on how wonderful Miss MacLaine might have been as a sensitive girl from Omaha and how wonderful Mr. Mitchum might have been as a tough guy from the Bronx. But then, *those* two wouldn't have paid the slightest attention to each other, either.

"EVERYBODY GO HOME!" is a notable Italian picture in a genre that lacks the necessary portmanteau name; it's by turns comic and tragic, wildly melodramatic and solemnly documentary, and I'm aghast at the nerve of the director, Luigi Comencini, in assuming that he could take such liberties with our emotions. That he gets away with it is thanks in large measure to the performance, in the leading role, of Alberto Sordi, an exceedingly skillful comedian. Sordi can nudge us in and out of laughter with what seems the most infinitesimal rearrangement of his bold, orderly, and by no means grotesque features; his character is basically that of the good scapegoat, doomed to be drenched by a sudden shower in a desert where no rain ever falls, but possessing unexpected reserves of human dignity. He lets us see that he not merely will survive but may yet take charge. In "Everybody Go Home!," he is an earnest and maladroit young lieutenant in the Italian Army. The time is 1943, and Marshal Badoglio, to the dismay of the Wehrmacht, has just concluded an armistice with the Allied forces. The Italian Army is joyously demoralized, and not a private in it has a thought in his head except to sneak home. The hard-pressed lieutenant at first attempts to rally his men and then himself sets out for home. The adventures that befall him and his companions along the way are sometimes funny but much more often horrible, and nearly always end in death. When home, too, proves to have its horrors, he sets out a second time, no longer certain of what it is he seeks, or why. Of the little band of men with whom he greeted the armistice, he alone remains alive, and in our last glimpse of him he is manning a machine gun in the rubble of Naples, surrounded by German troops. He is no longer mal-

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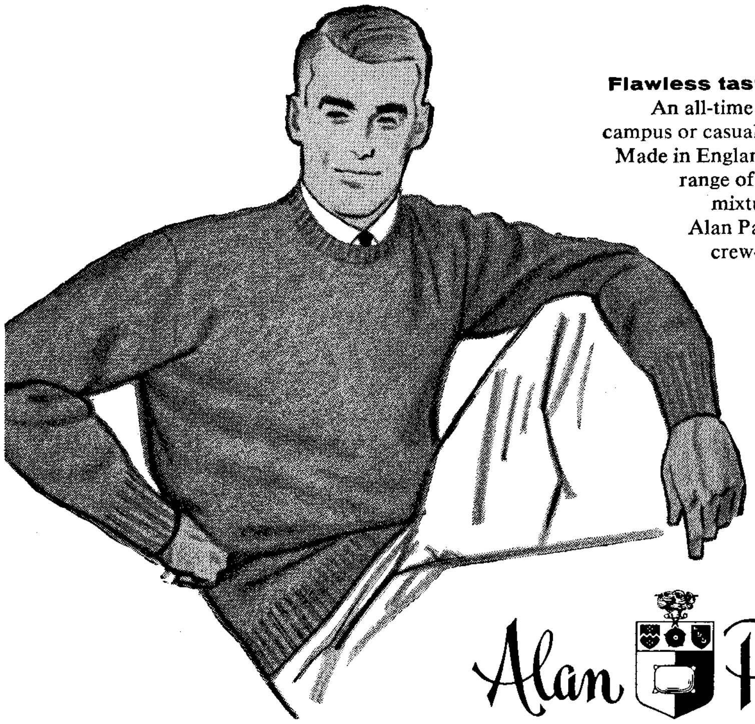
adroit. He is—and it becomes him—a hero.

THE French have produced a curiosity—a twentieth-century version of Voltaire's "Candide." That lively little comedian Jean-Pierre Cassel plays the title role, Pierre Brasseur is the suave Pangloss ("All is for the best in the best of possible worlds"), and Dahlia Lavi is the embraceable and very frequently embraced Cunegonde. The picture is billed as "written and directed by Norbert Carbonnaux, departing from the novel by Voltaire," and that ominous "departing" offers a sound clue to what's the matter with the picture. It is neither Voltaire's "Candide" nor a "Candide" suggested by Voltaire's; it's a "Candide" that is always departing from and hurrying back to the original, and this incessant oscillation between the unexpected and the well remembered is, in the end, irritating rather than witty. I admit I laughed at a good many episodes, but a greater number of them struck me as remarkably tasteless—for example, equating the Lisbon earthquake, the occasion for Voltaire's satire, with Hiroshima, of which we're shown some horrifying newsreel shots. I don't see any way to draw the eighty thousand dead of Hiroshima into a comedy, even a ferocious one, which this is not. Moreover, M. Carbonnaux practices cruelties on his characters that are unjustifiable, because he has failed to create genuine satire; what he has created is farce, and, lacking Voltaire's saving indignation, it is unworthy of Voltaire and of us.

On the program with "Candide" is a second curiosity—"The Shoes," a twenty-five-minute live-action film by Ernest Pintoff, who has made several celebrated animated short subjects. The story concerns a fat, stupid, sexually retrograde man in his thirties who, tired of lying in bed staring at girlie magazines, goes out for a walk, falls in love with a pair of black-and-white shoes in a shopwindow, steals them, puts them on, and sets about achieving what may be his first adult sexual relationship. A repulsive idyll at best, and made much worse by being given a pathetic twist—the fat man's dawning happiness is betrayed by his faithful terrier, who, apparently because Hell has no fury like a canine scorned, secretly disposes of the shoes to the garbage collector. Mr. Pintoff, who deserves credit for his direction, is to blame for the script and the musical accompaniment. The fat man is played by Buddy Hackett, who certainly threw himself into the role.

—BRENDAN GILL



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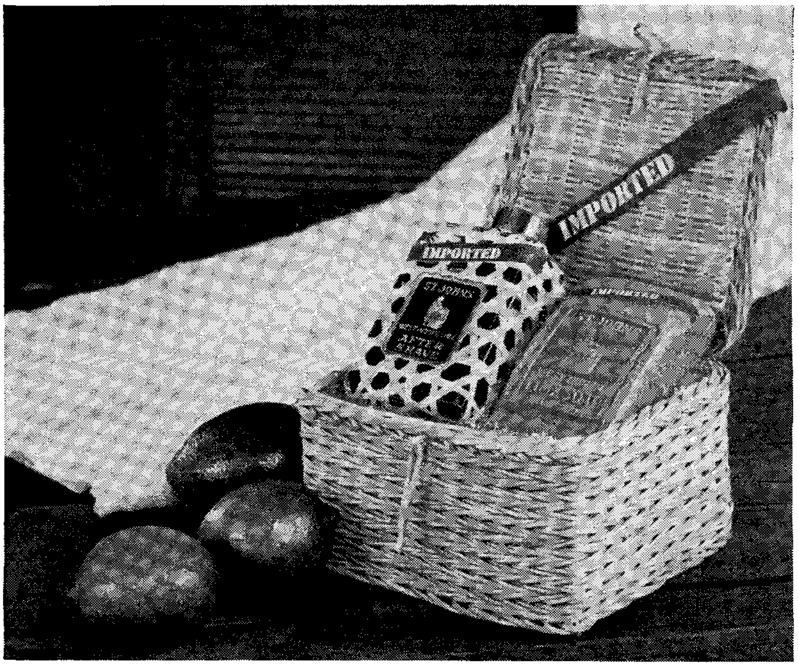

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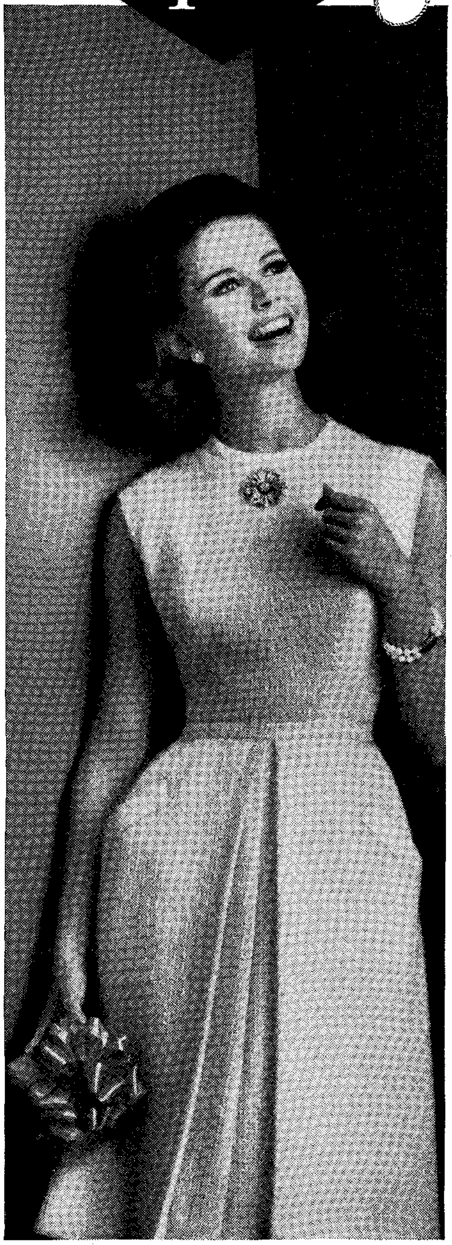

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THE RACE TRACK

Vive la France!

FRANCE, U.S.A., U.S.A.—Match II, Kelso, Carry Back. So ended the eleventh Washington, D.C., International at Laurel, Maryland, on Veterans' Day Monday, Match II overtaking Kelso and Carry Back on the turn for home and slipping past them to win by open daylight. And Carry Back was nearly five lengths behind Kelso at the finish. Thirteen runners, representing nine countries, went to the post, and while all the Internationals have been enthralling events, this one was a standout. Actually, it was a race within a race, for Kelso, Carry Back, and Beau Purple were all contending for Horse of the Year honors, which are still up in the air.

There was such a crowd in the saddling paddock, a circular one, that you could hardly get more than a peek at the horses, but Beau Purple caught my eye, as he always does. Kelso had never looked better, either, and Carry Back gave every indication, by his gay manner and sleek condition, that he was at his best. However, to me, the pick of the lot was Match II. A tall, dark bay, almost black, and powerful in build, yet not out of proportion to his size, he looked the part. (By the way, he had a narrow escape from injury as he was being led into a saddling stall. The light blanket he was wearing slipped off and became tangled around his hind legs, and he plunged and twisted, scattering stablemen and spectators right and left, until he freed himself. In his contortions, he could easily have thrown a stifle out of joint. Another thing, Match II was obliged to carry two pounds more than the 126-pound scale weight, because Saint-Martin, his jockey, weighed in at 128 pounds—an unusual heft for a jockey.) Pardao, the English colt, also looked very fit, and had more sheen to his coat than the other foreigners. His name, if you're curious, has nothing to do with that of Pardal, his sire; a pardao is a Portuguese Indian coin. As for the Russians, the new member on their team—Livan, an Irish-bred three-year-old who was sold down the Volga as a yearling—struck me as too heavy and coarse to be an attractive colt, but I gave him an extra once-over when a member of the Soviet Embassy told me that he was a very fast miler and would

63

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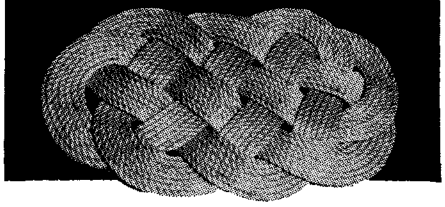

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undoubtedly lead from the start. (He didn't. Though ridden by Nasibov, the Russians' best jockey, he was never close. But Zabeg, their old standby, was fourth; he was fourth last year, too, and third in 1960.) The Japanese entry, Takamagahara, a bright-chestnut five-year-old, is the biggest racer I've seen since Whopper; he's over seventeen hands if he's an inch, and he was wearing more rigging than a pacer. The warm sunshine of a fine afternoon showed all the horses at their best, and the crowd in the grandstand had a good view of those from abroad as they cantered past, for not one was accompanied by a stable pony.

There was little or no delay at the post, and Eddie Blind, the starter, wearing striped trousers, a black coat, and a black bowler, got the field off to a good, even break. Though Porfido, from Peru, refused to move at all, it was quite the best start ever made from the British barrier in the International. As had been expected, Beau Purple took the lead quickly, but Kelso was only a step behind him, and for six furlongs they went stride for stride, as though there were nobody else in the race. When Beau Purple gave up, Carry Back, who had never been worse than fourth, came bearing down on Kelso. As Kelso and Carry Back kept on, going hammer and tongs, I wondered how long they could maintain that pace. The situation was a perfect setup for any come-from-behind horse, and Match II, who had worked his way up from last place under the brilliant handling of Saint-Martin, the Golden Boy of the Parisians, did the trick. Owned by François Dupré, who has been one of the leading owners in France for many years, Match II (he was named after the popular Paris weekly) is a four-year-old by Tantième out of Relance, and Relance is a daughter of Relic, who, you may remember, raced here for Circle M Ranch in the late nineteen-forties. Relic, of course, was by War Relic, a son of Man o' War. This was France's third International.

In my opinion, it was Kelso's best effort this year, though he may not get full marks for it, and I disagree with those who say that his rider, Valenzuela, used bad judgment in sending him along with Beau Purple at top speed; it was really the only thing to do. If he had allowed Beau Purple to take a lead of several lengths in the first half mile, the chances are that Beau Purple would have won, just as he did in the Man o' War, and Kelso would have been lucky to finish second. The race also showed

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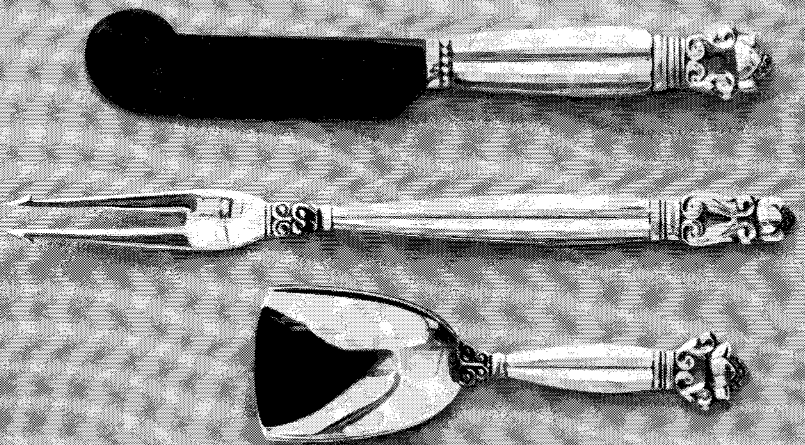

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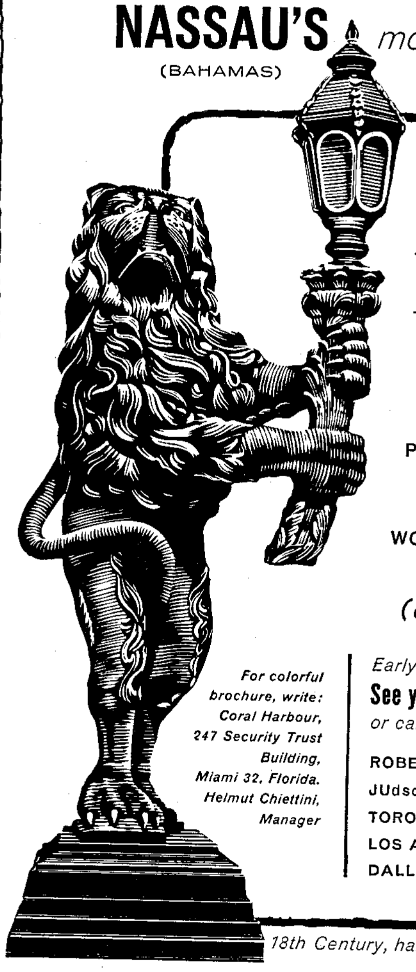

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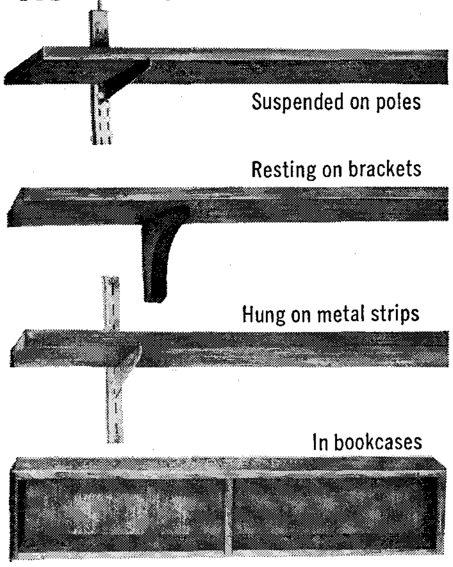

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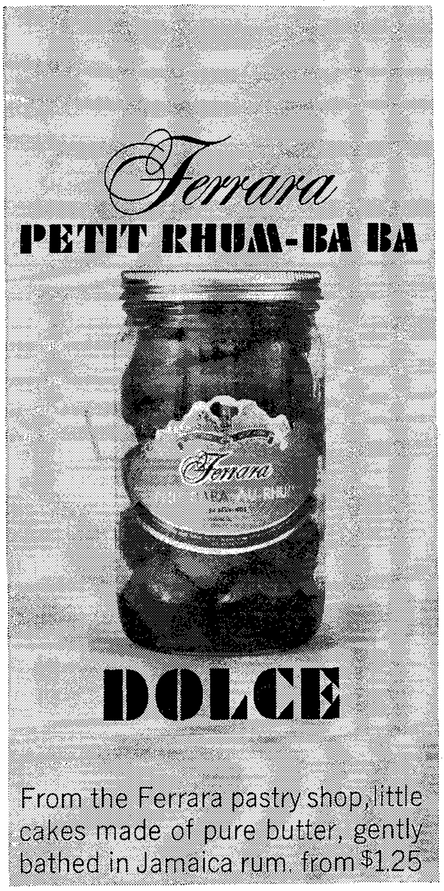

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once more that a mile and a half is too much for Carry Back, and that Beau Purple must have things his own way. As for some of the visitors, Pardao is going to Santa Anita, where he will be trained by Buddy Hirsch; Lebon M.L., who represented Canada, is going to California, too; and Livan is waiting to go home to Horse Factory No. 33, where he came from. Zabeg has turned capitalist. Mrs. Elizabeth Whitney Tippett traded the Russians a colt and two yearlings for him. As this is written, I haven't heard anything about plans for Takamagahara. I wish he'd come to the Big A. I like to watch the way he's handled, and the silks of Taro Hirai, his owner, which are yellow, green diamonds, red cap, are the gayest I've seen in years.

The Washington, D.C., International has always been a good show, but this year—and this is my very first criticism of it—I think there were too many of our own horses in it. Suppose they'd finished one, two, three, as they might well have done? It seems to me that it would be more sporting if there were only one horse representing the United States, though there should be an alternate in case the first choice was unable to fulfill his engagement. However, it's no more than fair to say that the management made this year's race more attractive to owners and trainers abroad in the matter of prize money. The horses that finished fifth, sixth, and seventh received $5,000 each, and that will buy a lot of hay in the Common Market.

ALTHOUGH Beau Purple disappointed his trainer, Allen Jerkens, at Laurel, Jerkens did all right at Aqueduct the same afternoon. Commend and Misty Day, who are trained in his public stable, ran one, two in the Vosburgh Handicap. This was the main attraction on a program that brought a crowd of 42,685 out to the course.

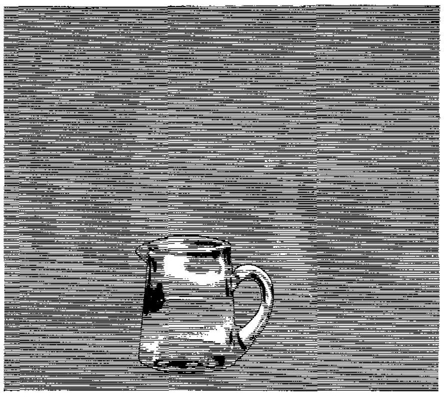
HEIGH-HO! They'll be off and running at Tropical Park in Florida and the Fair Grounds at New Orleans on Thanksgiving Day. That's where the wild goose goes, maybe, but Colonel Martingale will stay home and eat turkey.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Throughout Indonesia capital punishment must be executed by hanging, according to art. 11 of the criminal code. Since there is no executioner available, a new regulation is badly needed.—*From a book published in Djakarta.*

Oh, there's always someone with a natural talent for that sort of thing.



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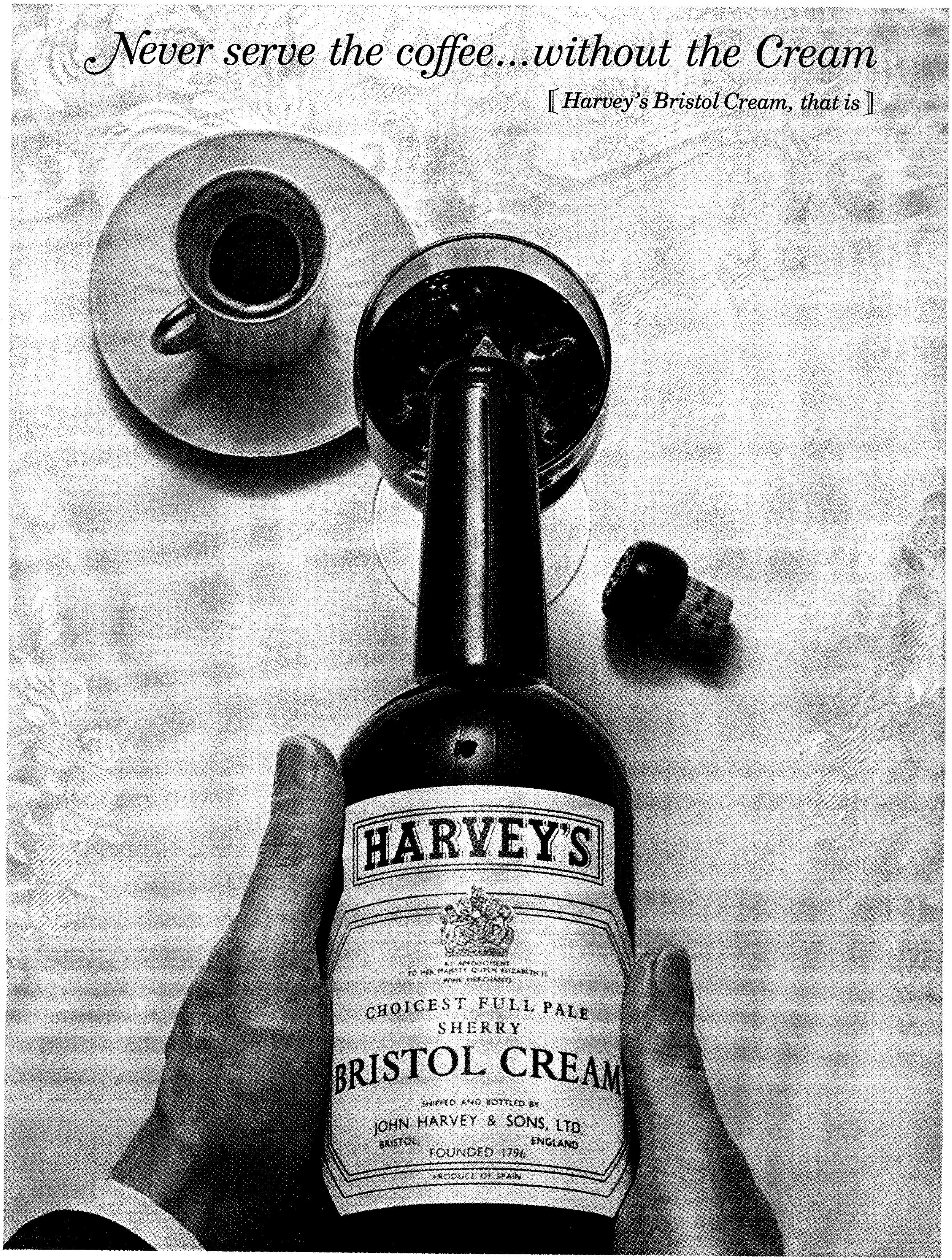
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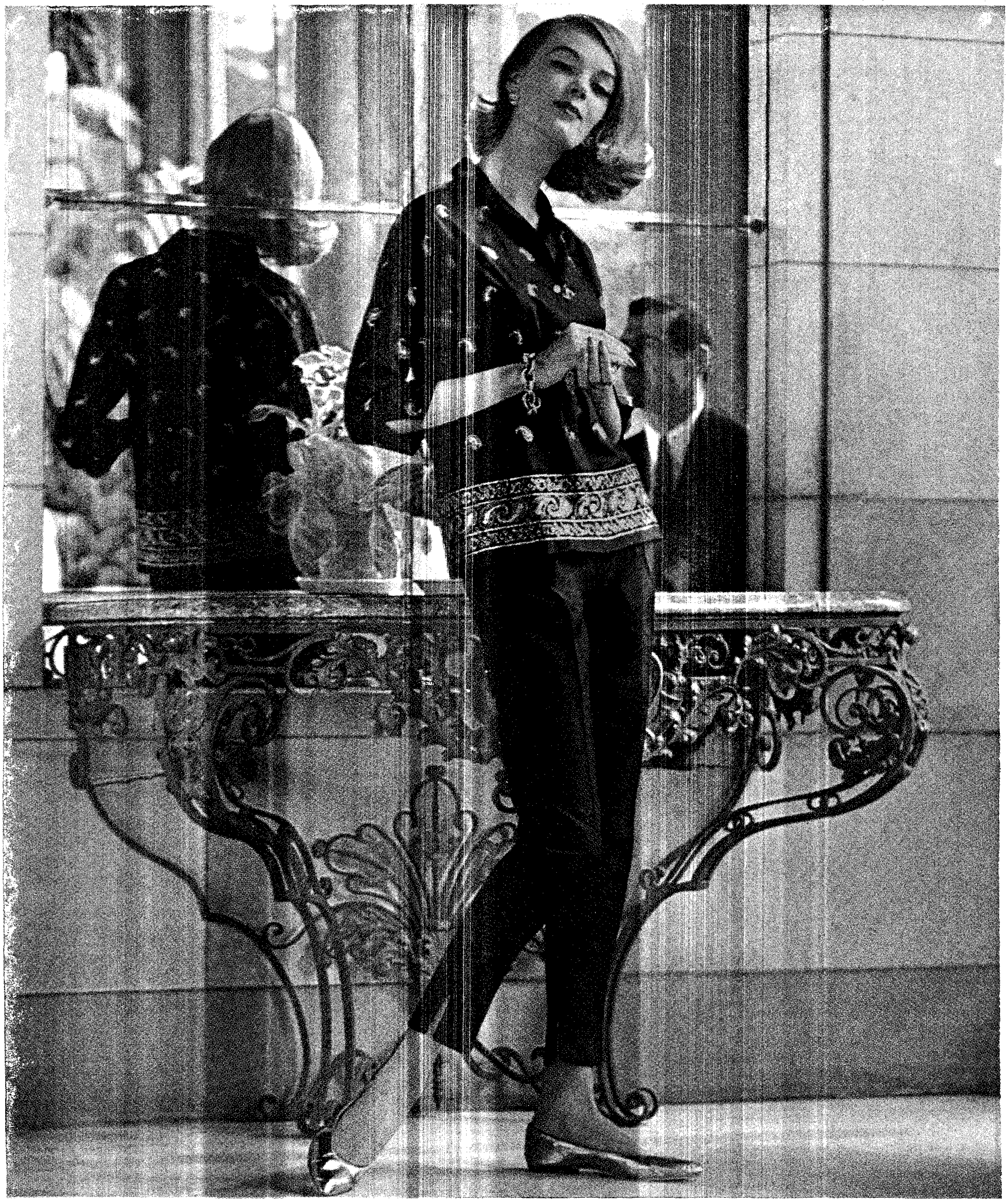

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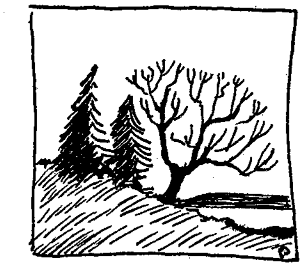
THOSE OLD ITALIANS

IT is the day after my sister Anne's death, and the family is gathering for her funeral. For nearly half of her eighteen years, Anne suffered from the nephritis that finally killed her, so that her death has been expected for months, for years—though this makes our present grief no less. I am seven, my other sisters, Nora and Helen, are ten and twelve. The adults have little time for us now. We watch and we listen.

Most of my father's relatives live nearby, in the clean suburbs of the West Virginia steel town where my sisters and I have been brought up. They are in and out of the house like shadows, decorous and proper. My mother's brothers and sisters come from farther away, from the old town to the east and from the great cities beyond. They arrive elaborately, laden with florid sympathy and with baskets of food. Not proper food, *nutrimento*—that would be blasphemy, that would be eating in fact—but food that bites the senses: tinned anchovy fillets, peppers in vinegar, black olives, chi-chi beans, roped balls of Provolone, thick skins of salami, and—lo!—Ritz crackers ("*da Ritza!*"). The custom is shrewd and soulfully Italian. One should not feast, no, but, for the love of God, one should not fast, either.

They come, my mother's family, in commodious automobiles, which are at our service. From distances, they take the train—first class. My dear Aunt Sara, my mother's plump and happy sister, is arriving from New York. She is *the* aunt, she is the one who has promised me a Mickey Mouse wristwatch. My Aunt Josie and Uncle Mike and I go to the station to meet her. I am the first to see her on the station platform. How I love her! She moves toward us uncertainly, walking slowly, smiling softly through a black veil. She is dressed all in black. I want to tell her that her train sped over us as we dipped under the Ohio River bridge, but I cannot penetrate the barrier that is my Aunt Josie and Uncle Mike. They tease her. "These black stockings; what are you, a widow?" and Aunt Sara shouts in an accent that fascinates me, "So, it's moider you want? My old man says I wear black, or he beats me black-and-blue!" (Her old man, my Uncle Mario, is as gentle as a man can be.) They laugh, and I laugh, but I feel left out of it. It is unfair. It is *my* sister who has died. I choke up and bawl, and they are all over me.



THE whole of the Italian ghetto in the steel town to the east of us seems to have migrated to our house, camped in our dining room, and settled on our front porch. My father and grandfather are building contractors, and the men who work for them have come with their wives to pay their respects. They came, too, when my Grandmother Caserta, my mother's mother, died just a year ago. The women are oddly matched with their husbands; they are either much too young or much too old. They shadow their men up the porch steps, but once on the porch they advance, enter the front door first, and throw themselves at my mother, exploding "Santa Marias!" as they embrace. The men—red-faced hod carriers and bricklayers, awkward in their Sunday clothes—wait on the porch, then shake hands stiffly with my mother and go on into the dining room, where my father and my grandfather receive them. I stand in the corner by the sideboard, out of the way. One little man, with a dried-up face and a mouth full of kernel teeth, sees me and comes over, muttering something in Italian that I cannot understand. This is Sylvester Rocco, my father's oldest bricklayer. He smells of wine, and his round eyes fill with tears. I nod and smile, we shake hands, and he leaves. No one stays for long. They move on to the living room, where the women and their men kneel together at my sister's bier. They cross themselves, pray audibly, and then go out to sit in the sunshine on the porch.

My grandmother on my father's side sits with them. She is in her glory, for she loves to break away from her prim English-speaking children. (All but my father and his youngest brother, Uncle Pete, have gone to college.) The folding chair disappears under her bulk, and she sits with her fat, wrinkled hands on her knees and shakes her head as she talks. The tiny gold hearts in her ears flash and punctuate her busy Italian. I want her to come into the house, so that I can avoid going out to her among all those strangers, but my grandfather—the man of action, the man who proudly

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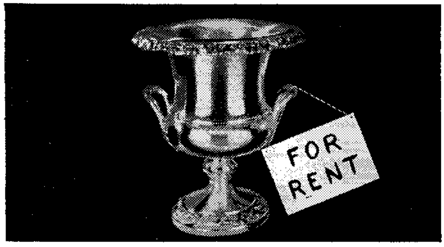

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accepts his Anglicized name—embraces me, scratches my face with his whiskered chin, and conveys me to her. "Joe, Joe," she chants, and hangs on to my hands. "*Bel ragazzo*," she says, over and over. "*Bel ragazzo*." The porch has grown quiet, and I know nothing appropriate in Italian. How will I converse with her? They all watch me, envelop me. Grandma rocks her head girlishly from side to side, admiring me, her only grandson; her eyes fill up with tears in sympathy and she releases one hand. Her wadded handkerchief has slipped deep inside the ample bosom of her dress, and while she searches, I twist my captive hand free and run down the stairs. I am always running away, like her husband, like her children. The fact is, I am humiliated by this invasion of foreigners. What will the neighbors think?

NOW it is night, and nearly everyone has gone; they will be back tomorrow, for the funeral. Mother and Aunt Sara sit in the pantry, and I huddle under a sheet on the studio couch in the breakfast room, listening to their soft conversation. They talk in Italian, little of which I can understand. Sometimes my parents speak Italian when they want to hide things from me. Usually I am offended, but tonight I realize how lovely my mother's voice sounds when she speaks in her ancestral tongue. It seems they are talking about my sister Anne, but no, they are talking about the death of their mother, my Grandmother Caserta, the year before. (Aunt Sara was ill in New York when Grandma died in Uncle Mike's house.)

"Bea, how sick was Ma, really?" My aunt switches to the harsh impartiality of English.

Mother lists Grandma's many illnesses, thoroughly, so that they become thick and darkly malignant and blot out their victim altogether. Then, after a long, ticking silence, Mother says, "Do you know, Sara—oh, I never told anybody this—but at Ma's funeral not one old *paesano* recognized me. The honest-to-God truth! Her oldest daughter, and no one knew me!"

"Bea!"

"It's true, so help me, Sara! Oh sure, Mr. Rocco and his wife—some of Lou's other laborers—knew me, but nobody else. Oh, it's not that I mind. It's just I was so surprised. Remember how it was, Sara? Gees-zoy! The dirt and the filth! God in Heaven, how we ever lived there! The life is so different here. Oh, you can't go backwards

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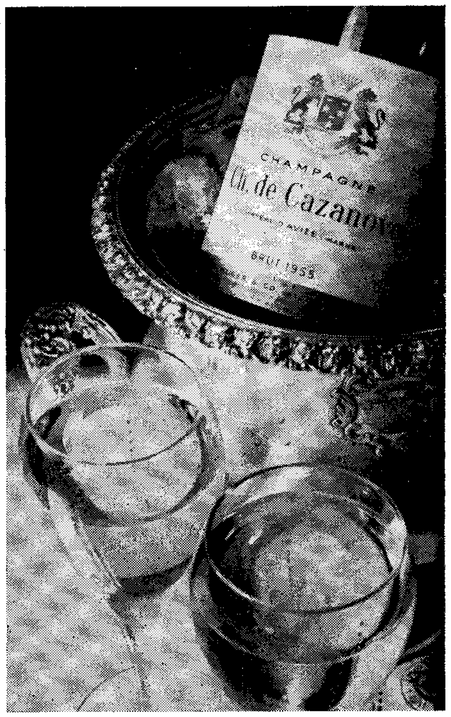

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in this life, no matter how you look at it. Lou won't drive up that way—you know how my husband's family is."

"Ha! Do I!"

"God in Heaven, Lou would even put the funeral in the funeral home."

"Bea!"

"Honest to God! I put my foot down on that. For me, it's such a cold, such a terrible, cold way to treat your own flesh and blood."

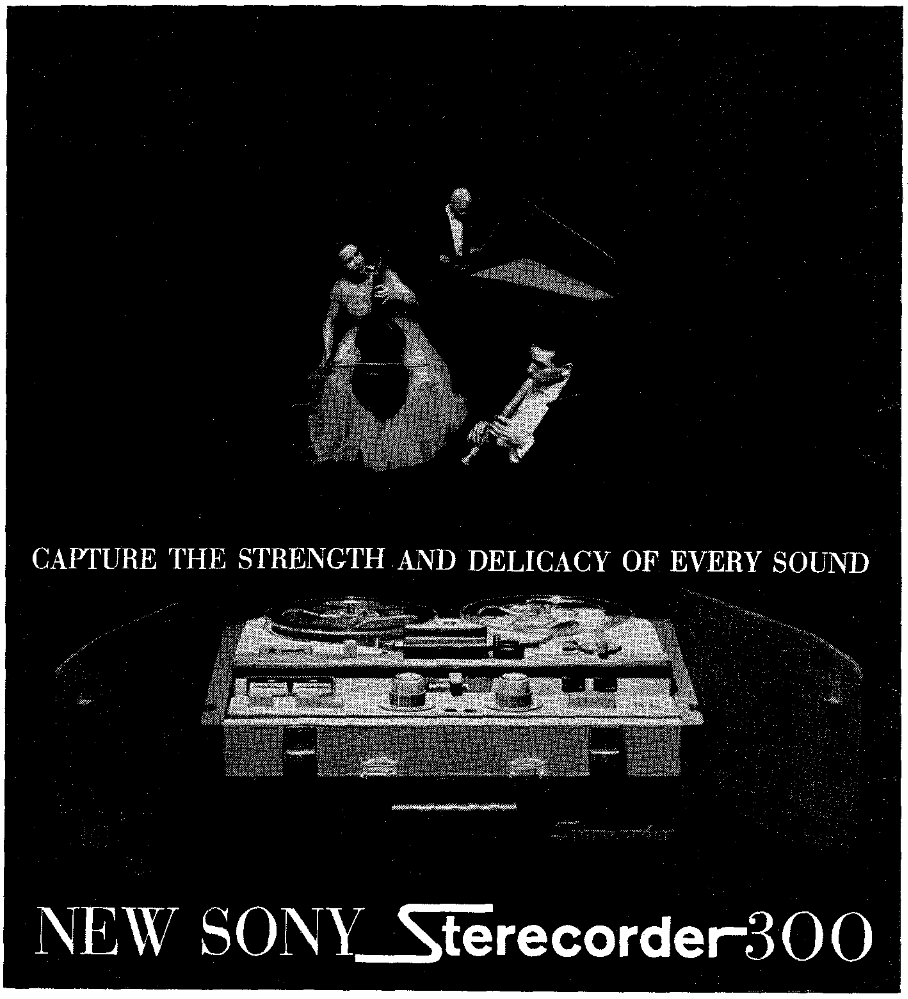
There is a blowing of noses, and Mother continues in a scandalized voice, "Can you imagine what those old Italians would think? Whew! Oh, Sara, when Anne turned bad this time, you should see the cards. Remember those cards with the lace and rosy-red faces—you know, those real old-fashioned Italian cards? Anne got them all the time. Oh, God bless them, Sara, they don't know me any more, but just the same they come all the way up here to help out."

Mother begins to cry softly. "Eighteen, Sara! Eighteen years old—dear God!" This last sets them off, and they cry so long and so loudly that they wind up ridiculing themselves. "Gees-zoy," Mother says, "we'll wake up the house!"

There is the fiery crackle of the coffee bag, the squeal of the kitchen faucet, and then, roughly, Aunt Sara's hoarse whisper: "Hey, Bea, look at us, soppin' wet! What big *paesans* we are!"

THE morning of the funeral is clear and white-lighted as we set out for the church and the cemetery. My mother, my father, my two sisters, and I ride in my father's Dodge; Uncle Pete, my father's younger brother, is driving. There are many automobiles, but not enough to hold us all without crowding, and my father's brother Albert, an auto dealer, is resented by my mother's relatives because he has brought a coupé. The caravan winds slowly down our green and open street and heads east out of the suburbs toward the place from which my mother and father escaped—the close, begrimed steel plants of their youth. In church, I think it fitting that I should penitently kneel throughout the Mass, and I must be tugged up to my seat by my father at the eulogy. When we are outside again, and seated in the Dodge, Uncle Pete breaks down on the wheel and sobs loudly. "Oh, Pete, Pete!" Mother comforts him. "I think it was better, I think it was better."

At the cemetery, Anne's grave site has been slickly concealed. Green tenting hides the stone markers, the suspended bier plugs the grave opening,



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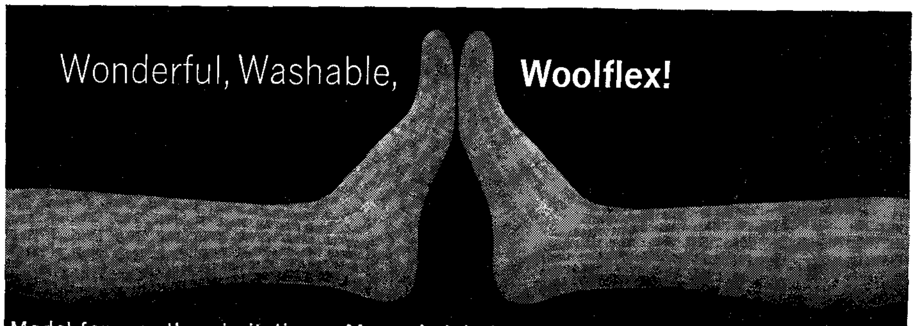

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red roses blanket the coffin, grassy matting suffocates the earth, and even the sky is banned by a canopy. Where there is no life there is no death, and we stand dulled and silent. But what the funeral home has hidden the priest searches out. He reaches under the carpeting and scoops up a handful of damp earth, and it is this earth, this bit of moss and matter, that breaks the dam in all of us.

WE are taken, *taken* to the home of Sylvester Rocco, the little man with the dried-up face, where my mother and father, my sisters, and I are to stop off for lunch before we go on home. My sisters are furious. The Roccos aren't even related to us, and their house is near the steel mills, in the poorest part of town. Uncle Pete drives us there; then he must go back to work. He is the only one in my father's family who still works in the mills. The ruined streets astound my sisters and me; they are sooty and narrow and crowded in on either side by curious viny greens. A sun- and dust-aged picket gate opens, and we descend from the hot, close air to a cool, open patio roofed by a grapevine. The packed gray earth in this rectangular arbor is immaculately swept; the laths of light that filter through the vines fall about like yellow leaves.

"*Buon giorno, buon giorno*"—softly, funereally. A swarthy, gold-toothed woman stands in the door of the house with one plump arm thrown back toward the interior. The mole on the side of her nose is as black as the plain dress she wears under her brittle white apron. The room to which she welcomes us is boxy and thick-walled, and it smells of damp concrete and pungent, familiar cooking. The floor is soft, cradle-worn wood; the walls are covered with newly whitewashed tile. Straddling the room is a thick wooden table. It is covered by a glassy white cloth, and its centerpiece is a sparkling cluster of jelly-jar tumblers. Sylvester Rocco comes smiling from the kitchen with wet hands and a freshly filled jug, and he wants to give us wine. My sisters refuse—they edge toward the wall—but he is my father's oldest worker, and Father insists. "It won't kill you," Mr. Rocco says to me, and he pours recklessly from the jug so that the red liquid runs out over the top of the tumbler, through my fingers to the floor. Mother puts her arms around my sisters and says that she will take a nap. It seems strange that she would do this in what is to my sisters and me an uninviting house. But now her brothers and sisters and a grown

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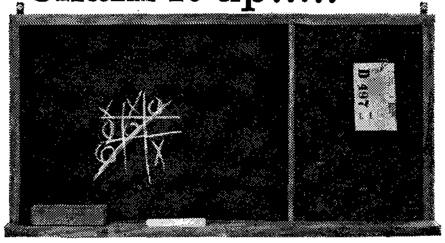

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nephew, my cousin Frank, arrive. They come down into the patio single file, their heads down, bobbing like chickens.

My Aunt Sara puts one fleshy arm around Mother's shoulders. "Hey, Bea, why don't you lie down?"

"I thought I would."

My Uncle Mike, my mother's eldest brother, a grocer in the city, nearly scrapes his head as he comes through the door. His wild, thick eyebrows fly up. "What," he says to Mother, "you still up?"

My Uncle Dominick, a cabinetmaker and an opera lover of ferocious dedication (he once flung a radio through a glass door after an announcer confused Puccini with Ponchielli), stops on the far side of the doorway, his hand shielding the light from his bald head. "Get to bed, get to bed," he says out of the side of his mouth.

My uncles' wives are solicitous, too, but they attend to what can be done. Aunt Lucia, Dominick's wife, draws a chair up for Mother, and Aunt Josie, Mike's wife, takes Mother's purse and puts it on a blue commode that stands against the wall. Sylvester insists that they have wine, too, but they must go; they must, they must. The women want to hurry to our house to have it ready for us. The men will drive.

"A-sit, a-sit, a-sit," Sylvester chants.

"Maybe I *will* have a glass of wine," Mother decides.

So they all will stay for just one glass of wine. My cousin Frank sees that they will stay, and he comes in from the patio. He is Uncle Mike's and Aunt Josie's son, twenty-two years old, and he likes to tease. He winks at Mother, squeezes my shoulder, and follows Mrs. Rocco into the kitchen. He reappears with an egg and steals up behind Uncle Dominick, seated in a chair having his wine. "Hey," he calls, holding the egg directly over my uncle's bald head, "*this* will grow hair."

"Hey-ayyyyyyyyyy!" Aunt Lucia screams, her soft voice gone rusty.

"What? What?" Uncle Dominick spins around in his chair, throwing a crescent of wine at his wife.

My cousin bobs, and the egg drops on Uncle Dominick's head, splattering and running down over his forehead and under his glasses.

"It slipped, it slipped!" my cousin cries, convulsed with laughter. He staggers and grips my uncle's head in his hands like a vise, just in time to catch and cup up some of the yolk.

"A rag, a rag!" Aunt Lucia bleats, holding her wet dress up like a soiled apron. Aunt Sara and Mother are

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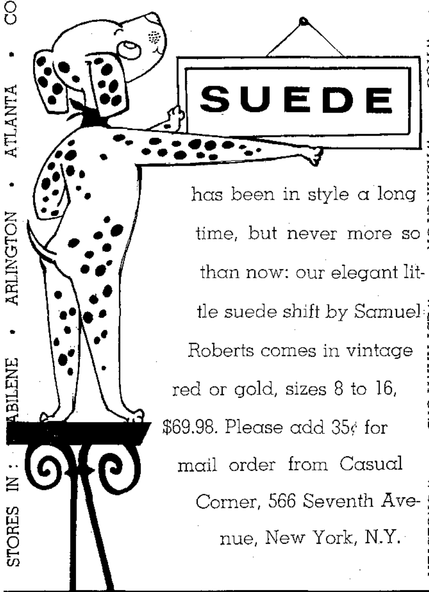

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in and out of the kitchen with towels. Aunt Josie is agitated. She comes bounding toward her son and cuffs him over the head. "*Buffone!* Pow!" she says.

My cousin ducks, and the wad in his hand wreathes my uncle's ear. Uncle Dominick whoops, seizes my aunt's filled glass, and upends it on his nephew's head.

"Hey, hey, cut it out!" Uncle Mike pounds his grocer's fist on the table, and another tumbler goes down. Rivulets of wine stain the white cloth.

"Uh-oh," my father says, "now they square off."

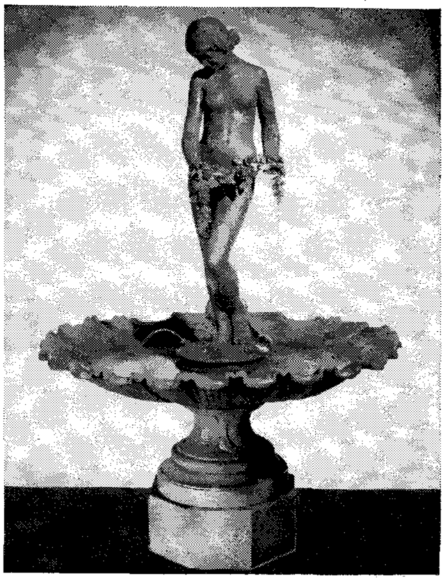
Uncle Dominick and Cousin Frank blink at one another like two sweaty gladiators. The wine has parted my cousin's hair sideways; it drips off the edge of his plastered bangs into the corners of his mouth.

"A-huh! A-huh!" Uncle Dominick cries, on the verge of laughter. "Now you know who to monkey with."

"Monkey!" Aunt Sara shouts. "Mon*keys*, you mean!" Her warrior voice bounces off the four walls, and then she howls with laughter, creating a sort of duet with the echo. Mother shakes her head and laughs, too, and it seems that everyone joins in. But that is not so. My sisters, disapproving, stand stiffly near the wall.

While the wet and wounded curry themselves, Sylvester, grieved at his wasted wine, petulantly acts out what has happened: "Bust-un egg, bust-un egg—boom!—Ah, ah [*a short whistle*], *vino!*—*Buffone!*—Pow!—Ahhh-uh [*a long whistle*], *vino!*—Bang!—*Vino!*—Ha-ha, ha-ha!" He lifts the gallon jug, and he makes the task of filling the empty tumblers with his good wine profoundly interesting and a little sad. A stillness falls on the room. Now everyone sips the wine solemnly, sheepishly. My Uncle Dominick and my cousin are the picture of dignity. Mrs. Rocco comes in with the *antipasto*, and this is the signal for all to go. Nothing will keep them; no, no, they must go. Soon only my mother and father, my sisters, and I remain.

AFTER my relatives have broken away, Mother disappears to nap. The rest of us are coaxed into chairs around the table and offered the *antipasto*. Sylvester, Father, and I eat ravenously; my sisters engage the olives, their noses turned up. The *minestrone* smells like hickory; it is earth-warm and sweet. After that, there is *pasta* and boiled chicken. My sisters eat the chicken with us, but they have seen the



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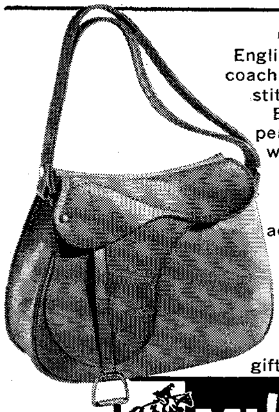

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lemon ice, and they are saving for that. We have the ice and coffee under the vines. I will not touch the coffee, for it would stunt my growth, but my sisters, who care nothing about health, want that most of all.

Sylvester crooks his finger. "*Venite—venite a vedere il nostro giardino.*"

"Go look at his garden," my father says to me, and I follow Sylvester through the kitchen to the back of the house. He takes me down between the meandering greens, urging me to repeat after him the Italian word for each plant. "*Lattuga*—lattuuuuuuga . . . *Cipolla*—cipolllllla . . . Ra-deesh—radish? *Si!*" He slides a small pearly penknife from his vest pocket and cuts the runner of a long green melon, handing it to me in a cradle of dusty leaves. "*Zuc-chi-ni*," he says, showing his teeth.

"*Zuc-chi-ni*," I repeat.

When we leave and are in the Dodge—Father is driving now—Mother turns around from the front seat and asks what we think.

"So much oil," my sister Helen says.

"Yes," Mother agrees, a sadness coming over her face, "they use a lot, those old Italians."

"Look, Ma, I have *zuc-chi-ni*," I say, holding open a brown paper bag.

"Oh, whattaya goin' to do with that dirty old thing," Helen cries.

"Why, it tastes good," Mother says. "Ha! You know I haven't had *zucchini* since—oh, I don't know when!" She sighs, and we wait happily for more of her old self, but unexpectedly she falls silent, and as we bounce along the road her head goes down and her shoulders begin to shake.

"Come on, Bea," my father says. "Don't cry. It's all over."

—JOSEPH SLATE

•

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•

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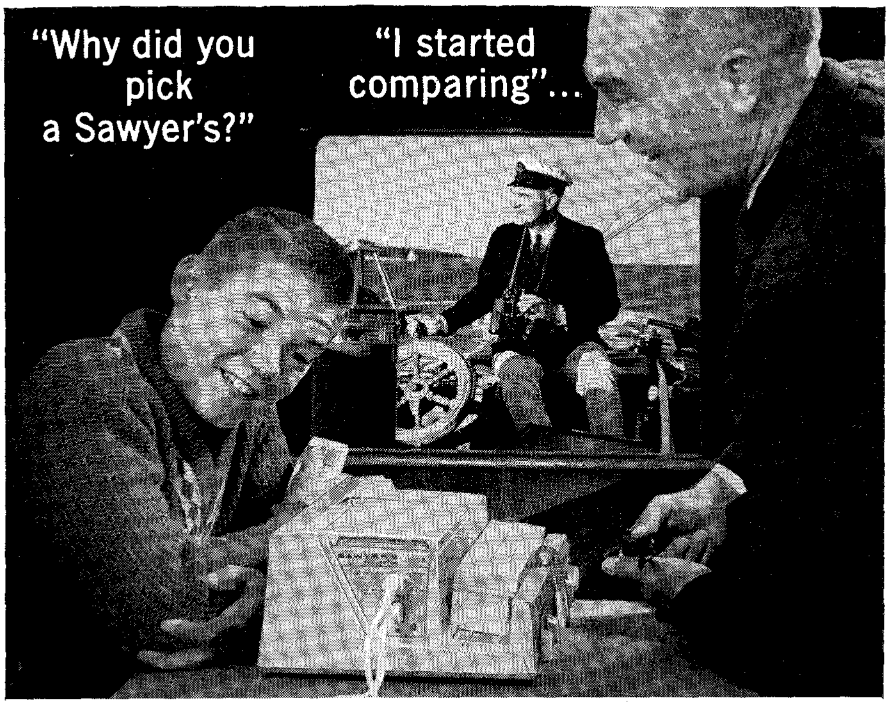

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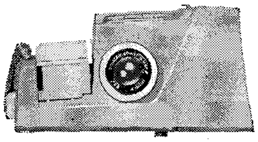

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BOOKS

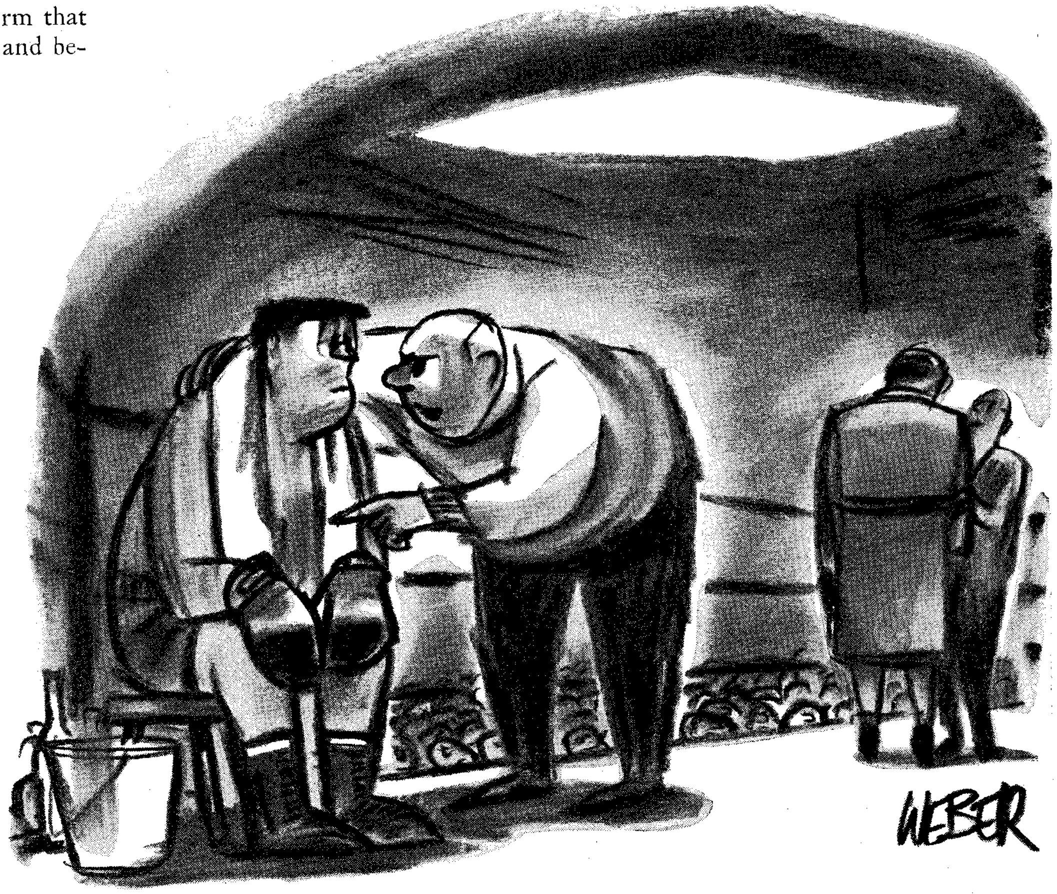
From Gus's Gas Station to Outer Space and Back Again

SCIENCE, technology, the compactness of urban and suburban society, the ease of communication, and the increasing closeness of the United States to, say, Afghanistan are, it seems, producing a change in the patterns of childhood. According to a study made by a research team at Columbia University, many three-, four-, and five-year-olds are more able to see relationships, to make generalizations, to discriminate, and to classify—in short, to think—than is commonly believed. And the period from three to six is, it now appears, crucial to children's intellectual development. It is a startling idea.

There is no shortage of books about the "real" world—anyone can and a great many people do write Easy-to-Read books about stairs and clouds and stars and soap bubbles and shadows and seeds and measuring and magnets. The difficulty is how to put these facts and fundamental concepts into a form that touches the child's imagination and becomes a part of his experience. This year's handsomely illustrated picture books, many of them very beautiful indeed, are mostly over the line into fantasy, and it is apt to be an odd sort of fantasy—experimental, confused and confusing, in some important way *untrue*. The world is really quite an orderly place, where a pound of feathers weighs the same as a pound of coal, and what goes up must eventually come down, but these books are disorderly. They seem to me to have neither the truth of the mind nor the truth of the heart.

Here are four storybooks in which the author has managed to stay close to the feelings of children. "Gas Station Gus" (for ages four to six), by Dorothy Kunhardt, illustrated by Janina Domanska (Harper & Row), is about a sociable filling-station attendant who has something friendly to say to everybody who comes along, but everybody is in too much of a hurry to talk to him. A boy with a wobbly wheel on his scooter, a man with a horse trailer, an old gentleman worried about an awful noise that turns out to be not a corroded muffler but croquet balls in the luggage compartment, and several more people stop and have something attended to and then, quicker than a flash, they are gone. Cars, cars, cars—people, people, people—but everyone in such a terrible hurry. Finally a man with a power shovel stops right in front of the gas station. He is going to start digging there the next morning and he's in no hurry at all. Gus gives him a cup of coffee, the man shows Gus all the tricks his power shovel can do, Gus shows the man his new hydraulic car lift. "Well, got to be going," says the man with the steam shovel. "Till tomorrow," says Gus, and starts to work on a station wagon.

In "Sleepy Time" (ages three to six), by Eva Knox Evans, illustrated by Reed Champion (Houghton Mifflin), winter is coming, the autumn leaves are falling, and a woodchuck, knowing that it's time to go to sleep, digs a house deep in the side of a hill and curls up inside it. He curls up one way, and he curls around the other way, but he can't get comfortable. Just then a chipmunk comes along and, seeing the warm little house, invites himself in. The woodchuck complains to the chipmunk about the hard time he's having getting to sleep, and the chipmunk offers to help by gathering some soft grass to lie on. So the woodchuck digs his house a bit deeper to make room for two, and the chipmunk gathers grass, and then they both lie down, and the woodchuck is just dropping off to sleep when the chipmunk complains that he can't get comfortable because it's too quiet. A field mouse comes along and offers to whistle a little tune for them, but he can't go to sleep because it's too dark in the woodchuck's hole. A firefly comes along and makes a cozy light, but by that time the snow is falling outside and it really is time to go to sleep. The pictures—fine line drawings, and orange and gray washes—convey very well the woodchuck's fur, the firefly's embroi-



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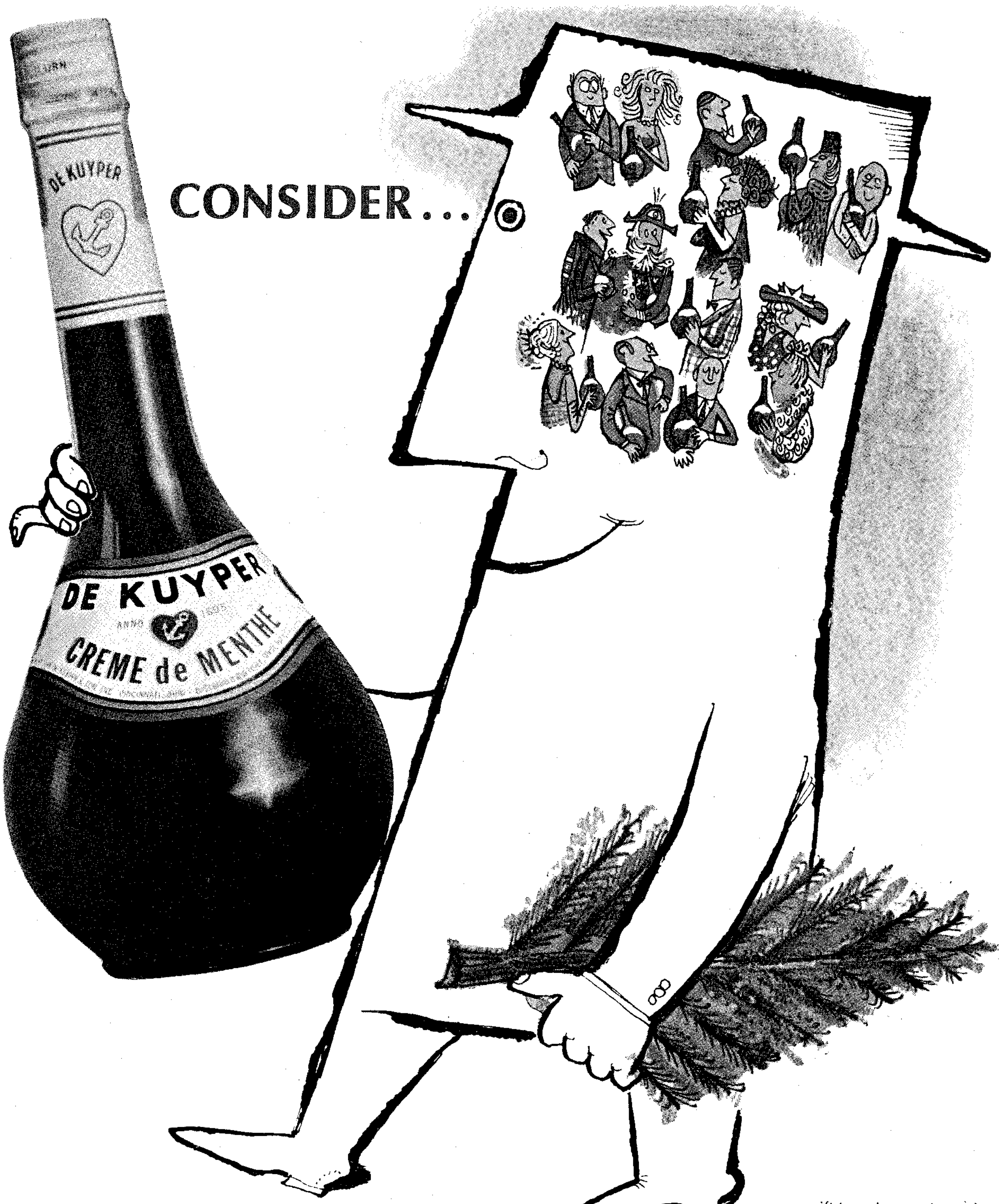

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dered wings, the brown leaves and the patches of thin ice on the forest floor. The animals blend so with the background that it is like looking down an animal's burrow, and having to look very hard to make out who's inside.

"Lobsterman" (ages five to eight), written and illustrated by Dahlov Ipcar (Knopf), is about a boy named Larry who lives in a fishing village on the coast of Maine and whose father is a lobster fisherman. Larry helps his father scrape and paint the boat and the lobster-trap buoys, mend the traps and make new ones, knit heads for the traps and bags to hold bait. The boy carves a buoy of his own out of cedar and paints it in his own colors, and then he and his father go out fishing together on an early morning in May. The artist's brightly colored pictures of the harbor, with its gulls and black cormorants, long wharves with derricks unloading fish, white lobster boats, sardine carriers, and draggers with fish nets drooping from their masts, the sense of sky and water, and the details of hauling in the traps, with seaweed and starfish and sea urchins and little snails clinging to them, greatly add to the interest of the text. Children whose only contact with lobster fishing has been to gaze through the glass in supermarkets at the gray-green monsters slowly churning in their shadowy tanks will find this book—factual though it is—full of wonder.

"The Golden Seed" (ages four to six), by Maria Konopnicka, adapted by Catharine Fournier (Scribners), is a nineteenth-century Polish fairy tale. A long, long time ago, in a faraway country beyond the mountains, the sky was full of singing birds, the meadows were full of flowers, there was game in the forest and fish in the rivers, but there was one thing people did not have—gold. They worked hard, their food was plain, their clothing rough. Many country people wore the skins of animals, and many children in the towns had never seen a real shirt. The king was saddened to see his people clad so poorly, and he wished that he might have gold to give them. One day when he was out for a walk, he encountered some travelling merchants. An old man among them offered the king a bag of smooth, greenish-brown seeds, which he said would grow into gold if the king planted them. The king gave the old man his great royal ring in exchange, took the seeds home, and planted them himself. Now, he thought, I have planted a field full of gold. After a few weeks there appeared

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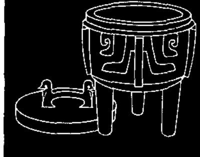

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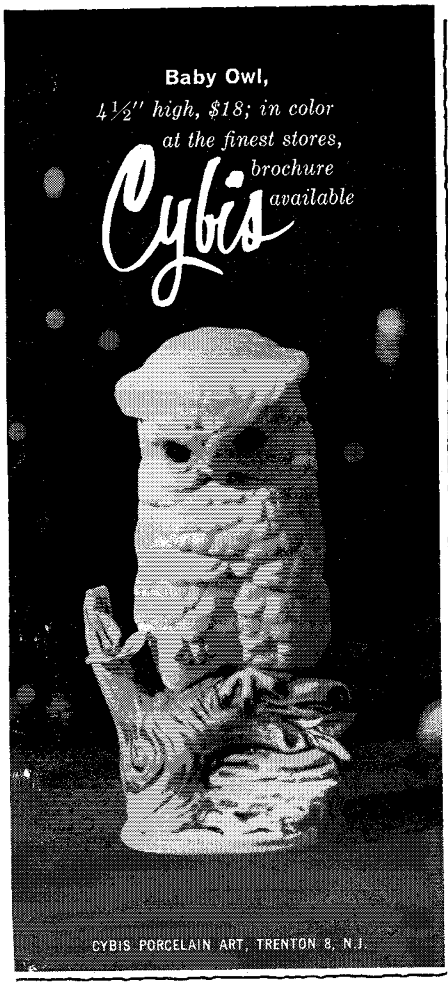
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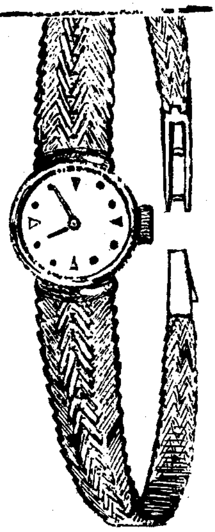
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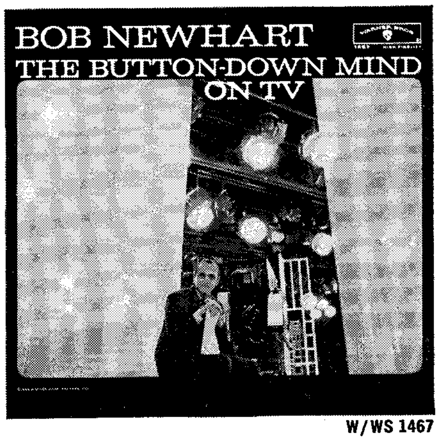
in the field an army of little green shoots. Impatiently the king waited while the shoots grew into plants—green plants, unfortunately, not gold. The courtiers shook their heads and whispered in the great hall, but the king was not worried. "When the flowers come," he said, "they will surely be gold." But when the flowers came they were as blue as the sky. Now the king was worried, until it occurred to him that of course it would be the *seeds* that were gold. Instead, the seeds were just like the seeds the old man had given him. Hidden in the story of how the king took his revenge on the plants and on the old man who gave him the seeds is the story of how linen is made. The colored illustrations are by Janina Domanska, who also illustrated "Gas Station Gus," and though the two books are very different, they are alike in that the artist satisfies the child's curiosity with simple line drawings that show, in one case, the actual tools and equipment used in a garage and the mechanism of the power shovel, and, in the other, the costumes and armor and houses of medieval Poland.

For those small children whose minds are teeming with unanswered questions of a scientific nature, there is a tiny alphabet book called "Science ABC," by David Knight, with pictures by Gustav Schrotter (Watts). "C is Clouds. When dark Clouds Cover the sky, It means rain is Coming. Clean white puffy Clouds Mean Clear weather. . . . W is Water. We say Water is Wet. But sometimes it is hard and cold. Then it is ice. And sometimes Water is hot and misty. Then it is steam. . . . S is a Star. At night the Sky is full Of Shining Stars. Each Star is really a Sun. Our own Sun is a Star. . . . O is the Ocean. Ships sail Out Over the Ocean. Oysters, fish, and lobsters Live in the Ocean. How many Oceans are there? Only One—the Ocean has no end." This is a completely unpretentious book, printed in blue on white paper with plain, primerlike pictures that make no effort to be charming. The alphabet is shown in capitals, small letters, and script.

"a to z" (four to six), by Bob Gill (Atlantic-Little, Brown), is both an ABC book and a puzzle. It is a tall, narrow, loose-leaf book printed on stiff paper, but each page is cut into three parts, and the parts are scrambled. By unscrambling them—that is, by turning segments of pages until the colors match—you find a picture on the left-hand page and on the facing page a three- or four-letter word that goes with it. All the possible wrong combinations



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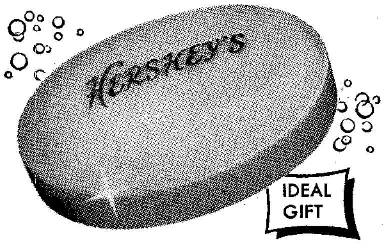

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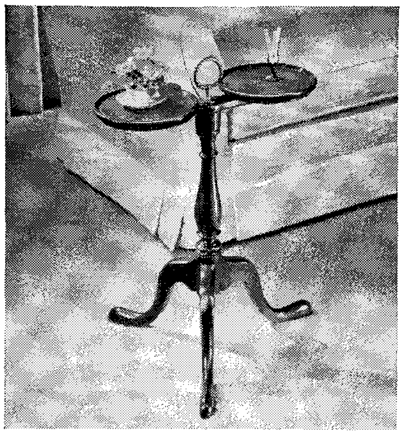
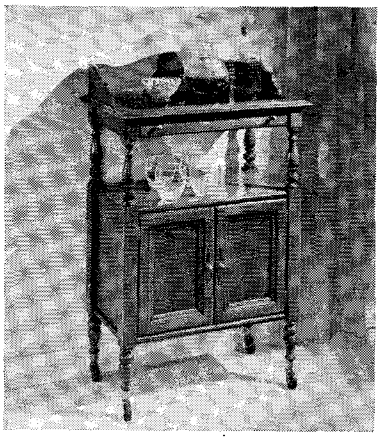
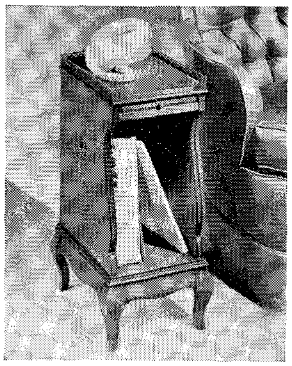
have their fascination, and when you finally arrive at a familiar gold object on a white background, with, on the opposite page, the word K-E-Y in gold letters on white, you have not only the pleasure of accomplishment but a striking design. The white T-U-B on black, the white A-X-E on gold, the black safety P-I-N on white, the gold-and-black M-O-P on white, the gold-and-black O-W-L on black are all beautiful. Many styles of lettering are used, and it may be uphill work for a very young child to distinguish between white on orange and orange on white, but the book is just right for someone learning to read.

For years I have wondered about something: When Jack fell down and broke his crown and old Dame Dob patched his nob with vinegar and brown paper, what sort of bandage did it make? The answer's as clear as day on page 11 of "Ring-a-Ring o' Roses," a picture book of ten nursery rhymes illustrated by Raymond Briggs (Coward-McCann). The large, detailed, full-color illustrations have a feeling of clean air and of watery English skies on cloudy-sunny days. Everything is the way it always has been. Instead of technology and all the discomfort of uncertainty, here are humble old bodies with soft laps and white ruffled caps and kindly-stern faces, here are apple-cheeked children and playful animals upstairs and downstairs, meadows dotted with English daisies, and fields of ripe wheat that will be cut with a scythe, not a tractor-drawn combine.

There are two kinds of little girls—those who like to pretend they are fairies and those who want to be witches and go to bed with a dirty face and never brush their hair. The latter will like "The Mean Mouse and Other Mean Stories" (four to seven), by Janice May Udry, with pictures by Ed Young (Harper & Row). The mean stories are very short—a page or two—and they are stories. There is no end of misbehavers: a mean rabbit who is always frightening foxes that pass over his bridge; a mean dwarf who is always coming into town and running into people with his scooter, grabbing their hats, and throwing mud on the white fences; a mean mouse who is always teasing the little mice, grabbing two pieces of cheese, pushing the smaller mice out of the swings, and taking a very long time at the drinking fountain; and a mean troll who is always poking holes into everything with his umbrella—holes in boats, kites, tents, dams, birthday cakes. In every instance there is a comeuppance of so







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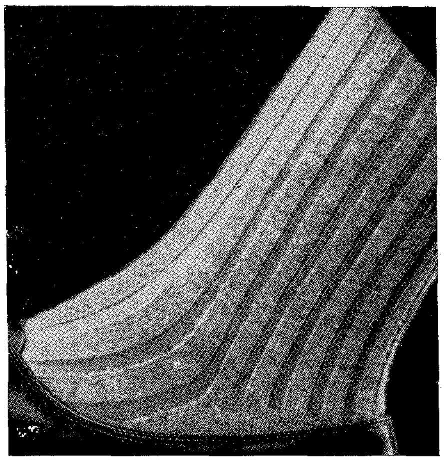

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appropriate a kind that it reads like more meanness. This is the first book the artist has illustrated. He is a beautiful draftsman; the drawings, in umber and black and orange wash, are done with swift, flowing strokes and are full of humorous invention. I hope he will do lots more books for children.

"IMAGINE a forest," John Updike says (in his introduction to "The Young King and Other Fairy Tales by Oscar Wilde"), "and imagine the forest overswept by an ocean. The forest is drowned; but along the shore twigs and sticks, dwindled and worn and soaked with salty water, are washed up. These bits are fairy stories, and the ocean is the Christian faith that in a thousand years swept over Europe, and the forest is the world of pagan belief that existed before it. So, when you pick up a fairy story, the substance is pagan wood, but the taste and glisten is of Christian salt." The Wilde collection is one of a series of fairy tales (all published by Macmillan), each with an introduction by a distinguished contemporary writer.

Like Mr. Updike's, Randall Jarrell's introduction—to "The Rabbit Catcher and Other Fairy Tales of Ludwig Bechstein"—is thoughtful and personal. Ludwig Bechstein was a German writer and scholar who made two large collections of fairy tales a few years after the Brothers Grimm collected their stories. The three stories in this book, which are translated by Mr. Jarrell, haven't been translated into English before. They are, as he says, "plain and homely . . . and most of them are what you might call then-and-though stories: '*Then* the lad asked the princess whether she would do it. She wouldn't, *though*. *Then* he started to leave her. The princess followed him, *though*, and wouldn't go back. *Then* . . .' Some old furniture has every piece of wood attached to every other piece of wood by a wooden peg; these storytellers must have felt that no sentence was really connected to any other sentence without those wooden pegs, *then* and *though*. A story like 'The Rabbit Catcher' is so much a country, peasant story that you feel the storyteller never had seen a town of any size, much less a king or princess. This princess carries a hand basket, her father rides on a donkey with two hand baskets, and their palace has an attic full of peas and lentils." Oddly, though the introductions are clearly for older children and adults, the books appear to have been designed for young children. They are big books with hard

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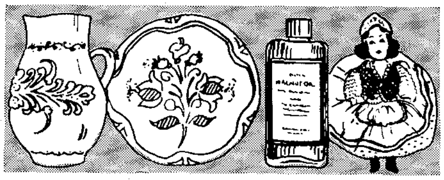

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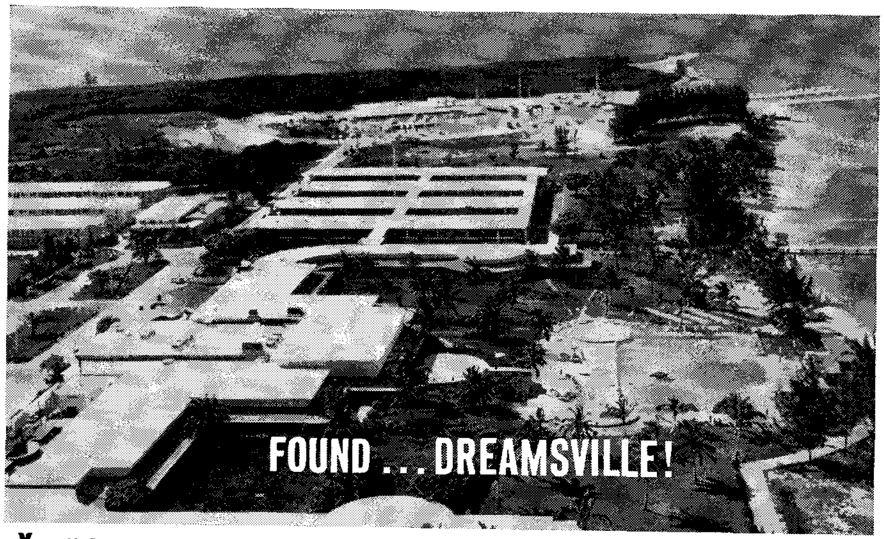
covers bound in glossy paper instead of cloth, and consequently fragile, and the whole format—the large pages and big type and extremely long lines—is a nuisance.

In a world that doesn't much care what it puts its feet up on, where there is so little time or inclination for elegance or craftsmanship and no one expects anything to be well made, it is hard to resist a piece of work that aims at nothing short of perfection. "The Seven Voyages of Sindbad the Sailor" (nine and upward) is designed and illustrated by Philip Reed (Atheneum). Mr. Reed, who is a master printer as well as an engraver, set the Caslon type by hand and also printed the book. It is small and narrow, like English books, and the four margins of the page are of noticeably different widths, which is pleasing to the eye, and throughout the book there isn't a single broken word at the end of a line. The wood engravings look as if they had been colored by hand. The green cloth binding has a small gold sailing ship stamped on the cover. The endpapers are canary yellow. In case it has been a long time since you read the story of Sindbad the Sailor, it begins, "In the city of Baghdad, during the reign of the Commander of the Faithful, Harun al-Rashid, there lived a poor man named Sindbad, a porter who earned his bread by bearing burdens about the city for hire. One hot day while carrying a great bale of goods from one end of the city to the other he was overcome with weariness, the heat and the weight of his load alike oppressing him. Presently, as he took his way through the shade of a narrow byroad he came to the door of a merchant's house, before which the street was swept clean and scented with sweet waters. Beside the door was a broad bench and placing his burden beside him he seated himself to take rest and refreshment from the pleasant air. No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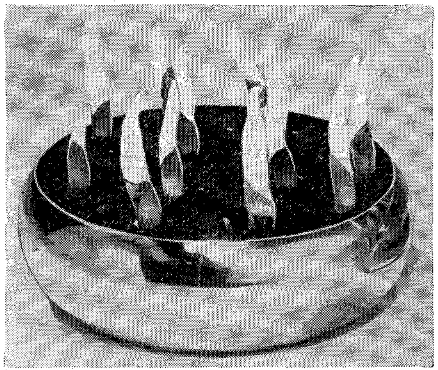

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sooner was he seated than he heard from within the soft and melodious music of lutes and other instruments, and the sound of laughter." It is no ordinary merchant's house, and "The Seven Voyages of Sindbad the Sailor" no ordinary tale but one of the great masterpieces of storytelling. Sir Richard Burton's translation has been tinkered with by Mr. Reed, to its considerable advantage.

The elegance of this "Sindbad" is restrained and unemphatic, and could go unnoticed; a book that is also visually extraordinary but in a much more bravura way is "The Emperor and the Drummer Boy" (six to eight), by Ruth Robbins, illustrated by Nicolas Sidjakov (Parnassus). I found it the most unusual and distinguished picture book of the year. The story is based on an incident that occurred in Boulogne in 1804, when Napoleon's forces were assembled along the northern coast of France, preparing for an invasion of England that never took place. Over his admiral's protest (the barometer was falling steadily, the sky and the waves showed that a terrible storm was building up), Napoleon insisted on reviewing the fleet. What followed was everything the admiral had feared. During the maneuver, the storm broke, and all the winds in the world came rushing into the harbor of Boulogne. Sails ripped, lines snapped, and ships foundered. A great many lives were lost, but a drummer boy attached to one of the vessels floated safely ashore, clinging to his drum. The style, which is distinctly "literary," has the proper exalted tone of "*la gloire*," and is rich in useful phrases such as "Back to your duties, all!" Confining himself to an ordinary pencil and the blue, white, and red of the *tricolore*, the artist has produced drawings that are highly original and decorative, and that have the charm of the most beautiful lead soldiers.

Since the plot of "Miss Bianca" (seven to ten), by Margery Sharp, illustrated by Garth Williams (Little, Brown), is very involved, I have turned the job of synopsizing over to one of my preliminary readers, aged seven, who loves the book and says, "It is a very good book. The two most important characters are Miss Bianca, a mouse, and Patience, the child. It is all about a woman who is very wicked, but she has made herself Duchess and enslaved a child. Miss Bianca is the head of a Mice Center and she has a Mice Group and raises a Prisoners' Aid Society to save Patience. In many interesting ways you will find out how she saves Patience,

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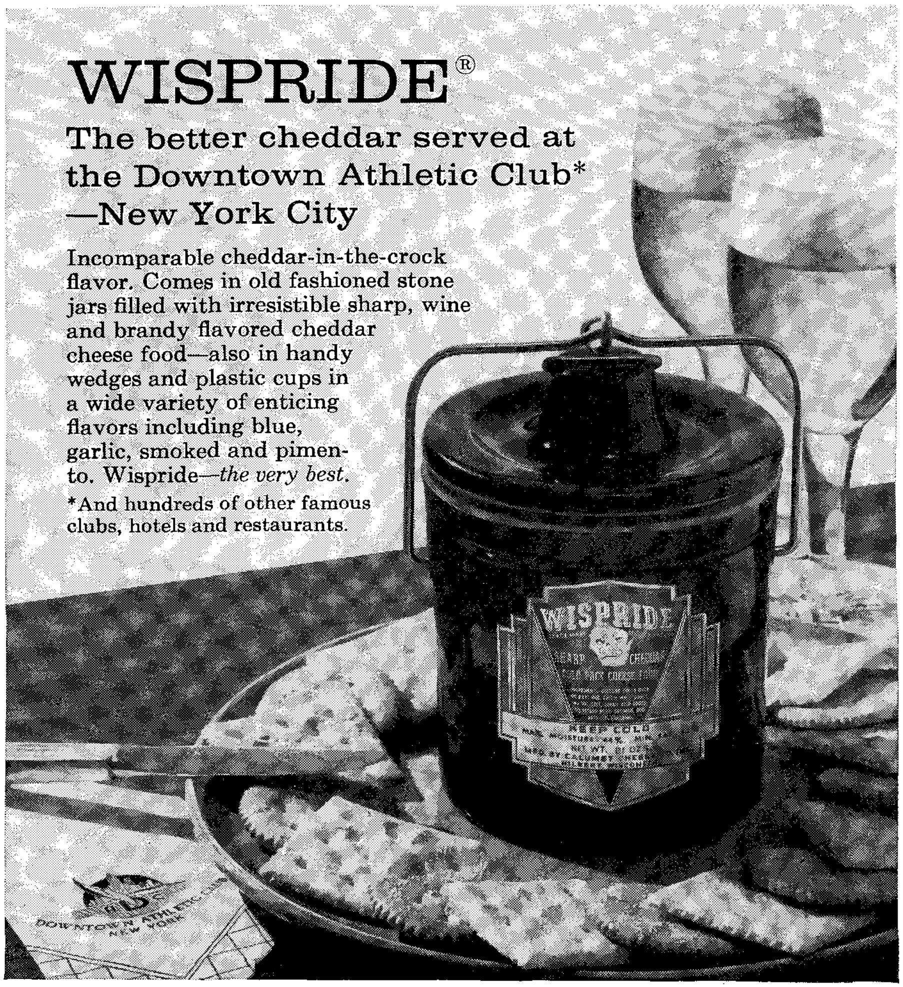
with the help of Bernard, her best friend (a mouse), in escaping from the Chief Ranger and bloodhounds. Bernard, with a little wheel cart full of tools, throws a dagger (a small one) into the Chief Ranger's neck. It hurts like a bee sting. After he howls, the farmer and his wife come and rescue the child. They have two sons, and it is my opinion, as they have lost a daughter, that she is really the lost daughter. They adopt her again, and Miss Bianca must leave and so must Bernard. . . . The part that interested me the most was somewhere in the middle. They had mechanical ladies-in-waiting who were very beautiful, but all they said was 'As Your Grace pleases,' even to an ordinary child. In part of their escaping, Miss Bianca climbed inside the mechanical maidens, and left a spring loose, so they all fell down, with their hands over their heads—which interested me—and at every quarter hour they curtsied, and to strike the hour." Miss Sharp has firmly resisted the temptation to be whimsical, in favor of humor that is tender, ironical, and worldly. Garth Williams' pictures are as important as the text.

The hero of "Farmer Giles of Ham" (eight and upward), by J. R. R. Tolkien, illustrated by Pauline Diana Baynes (Nelson), is a slow sort of fellow, rather set in his ways and taken up with his own affairs. He has his hands full, he says, keeping the wolf from the door, which in his case amounts to keeping himself as fat and comfortable as his father before him. One evening the farmer's dog, out in the moonlight looking for rabbits, catches sight of a giant striding across the river, for this was in the days before King Arthur, when there were still a few remaining giants, rude, as always, and uncultured, and troublesome at times. This giant is anxious to get home, as he has left his best copper pot on the fire and is afraid the bottom will be burned. Farmer Giles only half believes the dog's story, but he pulls on his breeches, takes his blunderbuss from the wall, puts in a good charge of powder—also some old nails, bits of wire, pieces of broken pot, bones, and stones and other rubbish—and goes outside, and, sure enough, he hears a dreadful stamping-stumping coming up the side of the hill. At the sight of the giant's face, Farmer Giles accidentally pulls the trigger, a piece of pot goes in the giant's eye, and the giant, thinking that he has been stung by a horrible insect, picks up a couple of sheep to eat when he gets home, and sets off at a great pace. (Even so, when he got home the pot was burned.) The people



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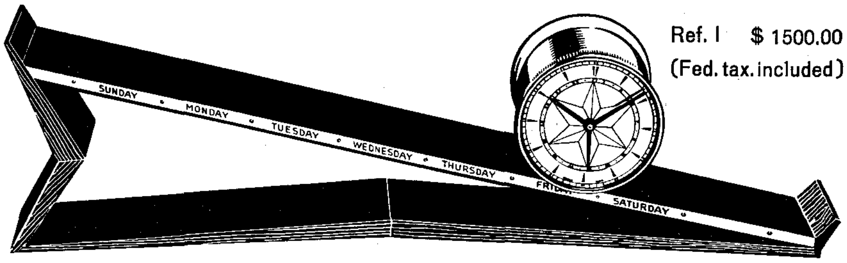

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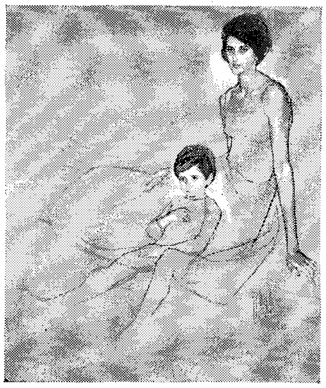

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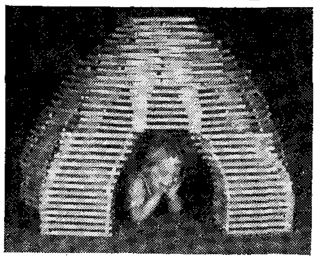

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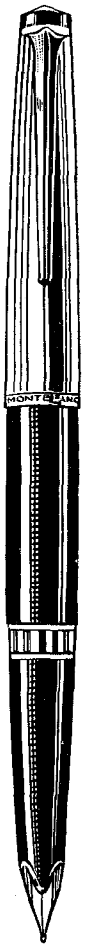

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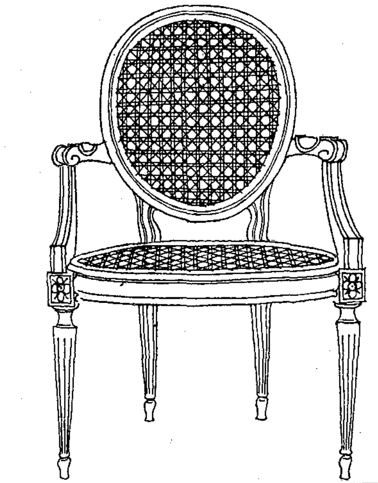

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of Ham, awakened by the thump-thump of the giant's feet, witness the encounter from their windows, and naturally the news grows in the telling. Farmer Giles becomes the Hero of the Countryside. Very pleasant, he finds it. On market day he gets enough free drink to float a boat, and comes home singing old heroic songs. Even the king hears about his exploit, and in due time he presents Farmer Giles with a magnificent letter of approbation, a belt, and a long sword that has been hanging in the royal armory time out of mind. Though the king does not know it, the sword is the renowned Tailbiter, which will not stay sheathed if a dragon is within five miles of it. Plain, heavy swords like this one are out of fashion at court, and the king thinks it is the very thing for a present to a rustic. After his adventure with the fierce insect, the giant goes about visiting his relations more than has been his custom and more than they like, for he is always trying to borrow a copper pot, and whether he gets the loan of one or not, he likes to sit and talk about the country to the east. "A nice land," he says, "pretty, flat, soft to the feet, and plenty to eat for the taking: cows, you know, and sheep all over the place." "But what about the people?" the other giants ask. "I never saw any," the first giant replies. "There was not a knight to be seen or heard. Nothing worse than a few stinging flies near the river." The other giants tell their relations about the excellent country to the east, where there are sheep and cows for the taking, and the talk gets about not only among the giants but among the few dragons left on the island of Britain. "So knights are mythical," the younger dragons say. "We always thought so." One day a dragon named Chrysophylax Dives, who is very rich, cunning, inquisitive, greedy, and well armored, and not in the least afraid of insects, spreads his wings and takes off, and shortly afterward Farmer Giles' dog, following a scent along the edge of a wood, comes upon a new and alarming smell. If you are partial to tongue-in-cheek, anti-heroic English humor and are looking for a book to read aloud in the family, "Farmer Giles of Ham" is highly recommended.

New collections of folk tales are constantly being published, but mostly they seem to have lost, through translation or transmigration, the characteristic flavor that, as part of the inheritance of a particular race or country, they must have had in the original. Frequently, too, you get the same story with a different

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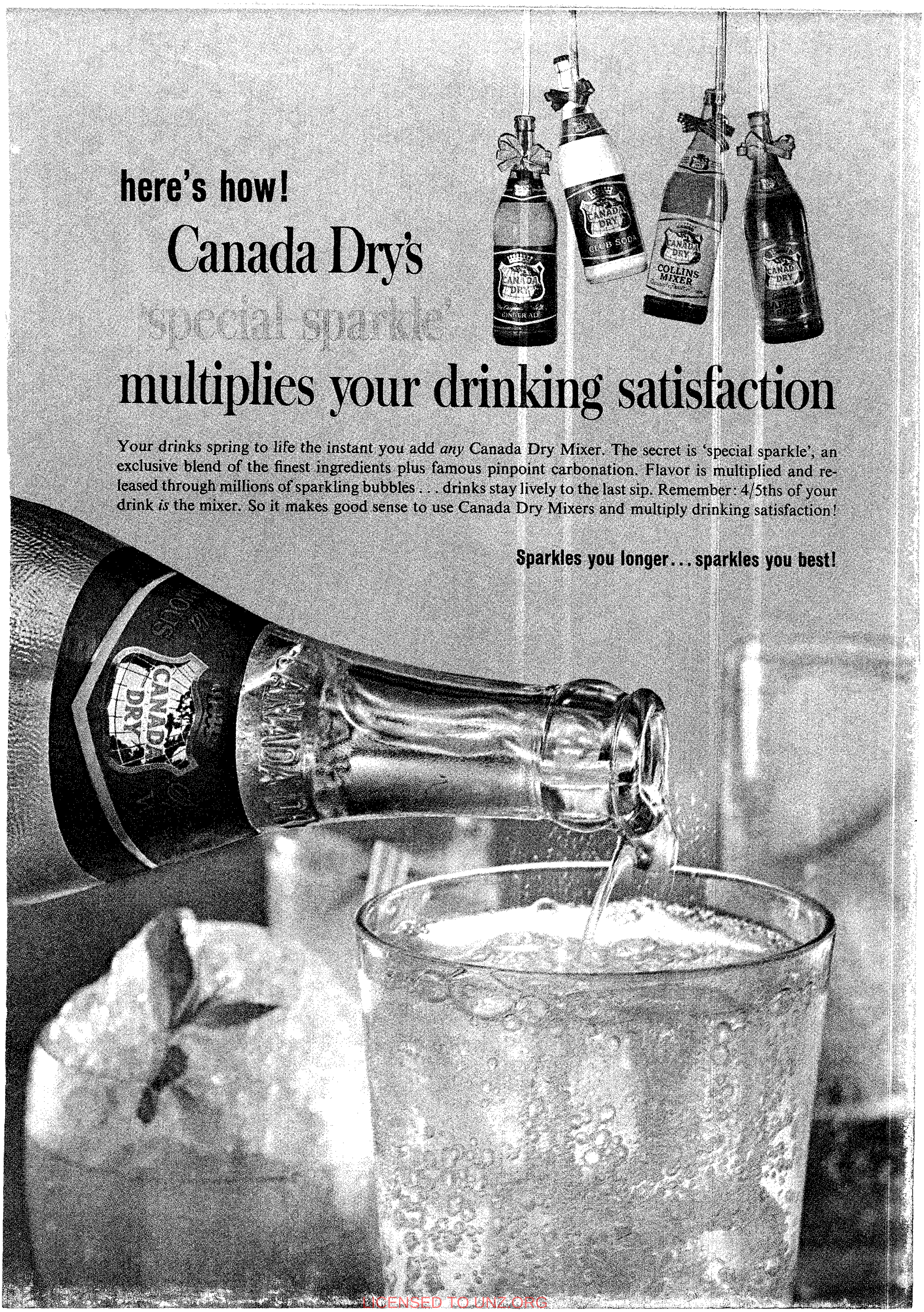

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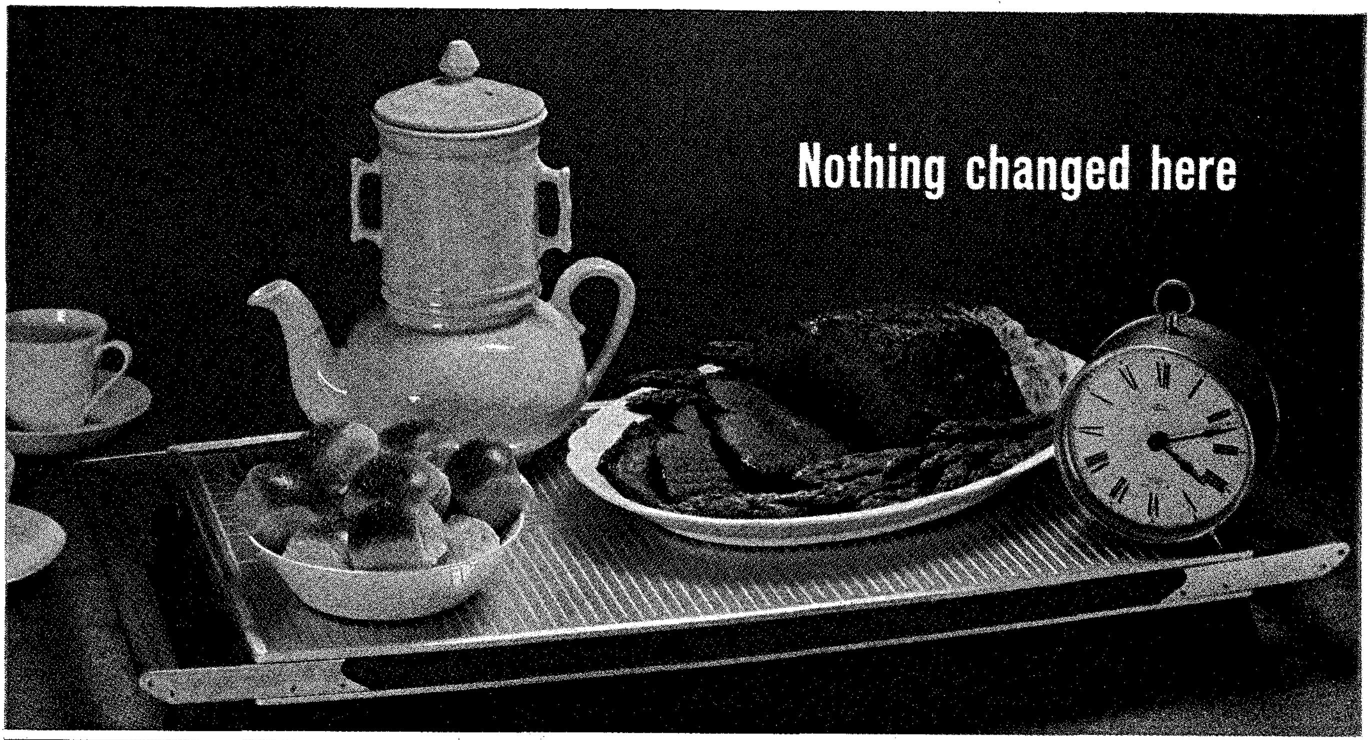

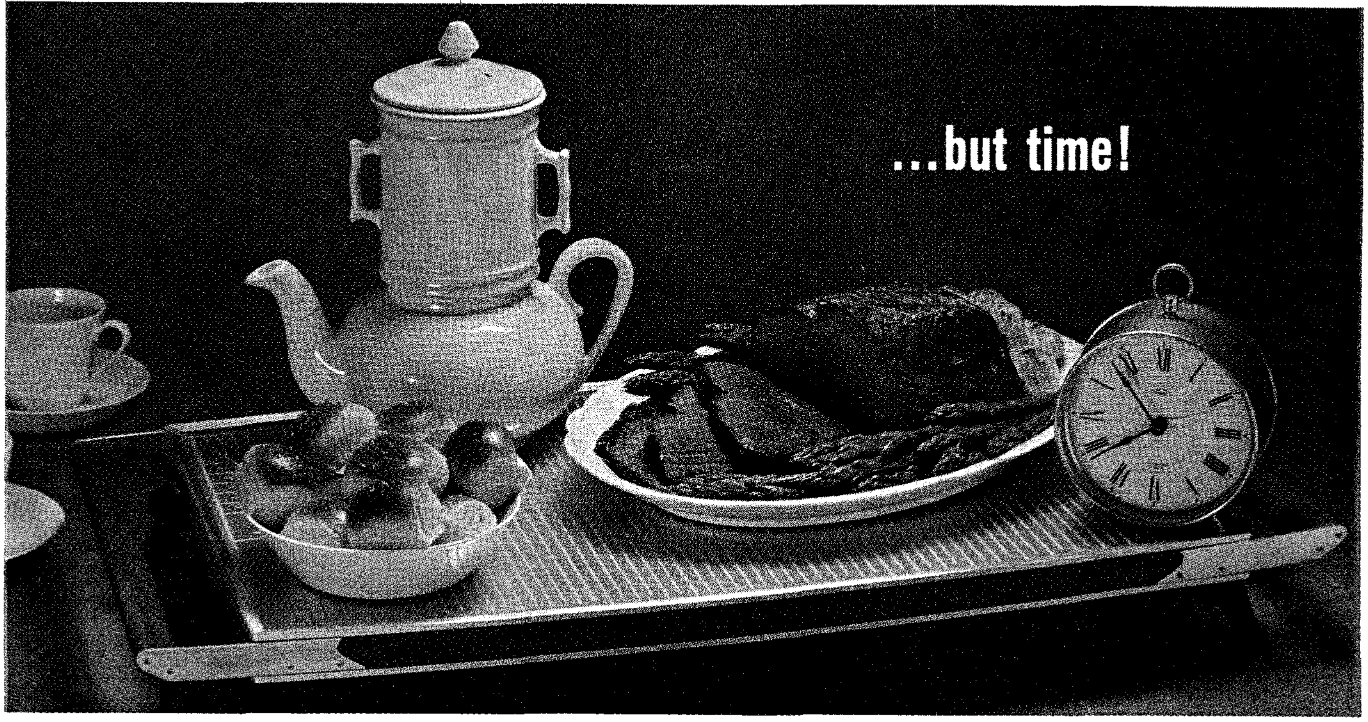

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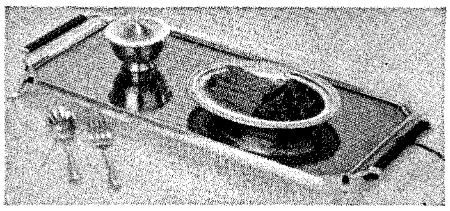

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backdrop, which makes life seem somehow narrow—as if it had provided more scenery than there are plays to perform. "Tales from the Wise Men of Israel" (ten and upward), by Judith Ish-Kishor, illustrated by W. T. Mars (Lippincott), is a fine, powerful, and unexpected collection, full of the kind of stories that stay in the mind. Some of the tales are from Talmudic sources, some evolved during the years of the Dispersion. They are about vanity and penury, self-deception, justice, friendship, suffering, and the acceptance of the will of God. Some read like fairy tales, and some have the sharper, severer kind of wisdom that is usually found in parables. In the story called "Beruriah and the Treasure," Beruriah's two young sons die suddenly of fever. She bears her terrible grief calmly and alone all through the Sabbath, and at nightfall prepares her husband for his loss in this way: "Rabbi," she says, when they have finished their meal, "I want you to advise me in a difficult matter. Some time ago a stranger passed through the city, a merchant from far away. He bore with him some precious jewels that he had acquired in the course of his journey. But he had still further to go, through a region beset by robbers, and did not wish to risk his gems. So he came to our house, knowing that he could trust you, and gave me the most valuable jewels to keep for him until he should pass this way again. Recently he arrived to claim them. But I myself have come to prize the treasures. Must I return them?" Her husband of course answers that they must not only return them but return them cheerfully. Then she takes his hand and leads him to the room where the dead boys are. Young readers may find some of the stories heavily moral, but for the most part the preoccupation with what constitutes a good man runs as naturally through the book as a creek runs through a meadow.

"A Young Explorer's New York" (all ages), by Lavinia Faxon, with maps by Alan Price (New York Graphic Society), is a guidebook that can be used in a number of ways. You can begin at the end, with the index, or you can begin at the beginning, with the pictorial maps, which divide the city into manageable chunks. There are illustrated double-page spreads devoted to places to see, things to do according to the season, and Ghosts—that is, places that are haunted by history. The author has devoted a great deal of thought to the subject of what will and

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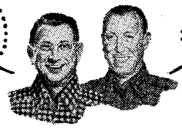
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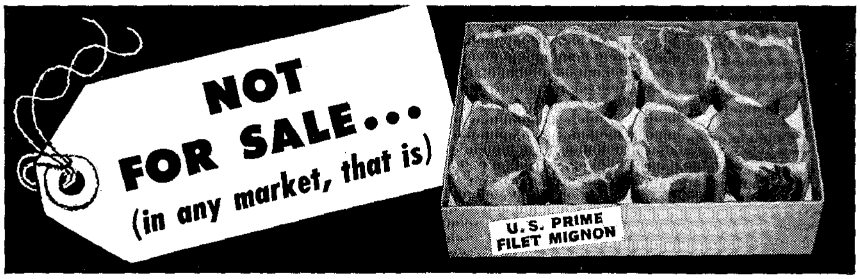

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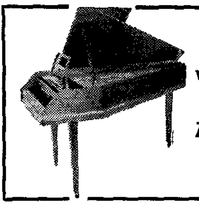

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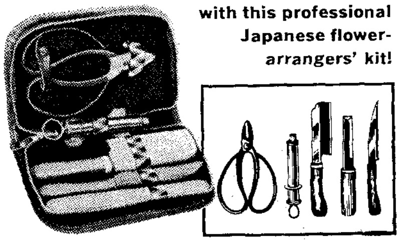

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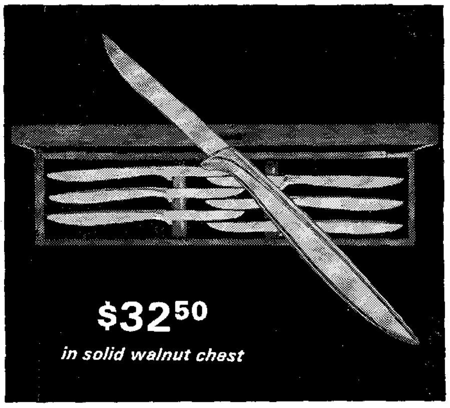
won't amuse children, what to do on bright days and on bitter, windy days, where to walk, where to take buses. The maps are clear and easy to use and dotted with miniatures of landmarks of one kind or another, and with characteristic New York sights that one long ago stopped being aware of because they are so familiar.

"The Art of Ancient Egypt" (eight and upward), by Shirley Glubok (Atheneum), is not only an excellent preparation for a child's first (or twenty-first) visit to the Egyptian rooms of the Metropolitan Museum but also an introduction to the *experience* of art. There are photographs on almost every page, broad in range and beautifully chosen from museums all over the world—photographs of wall paintings, an animal scroll, a silver-and-gilt mummy case for a bird, the innermost coffin of Tutankhamen (of pure gold), tomb statues, statues of gods and goddesses, of animals, and of servants at work, a page of hieroglyphs, another of hieratic, and many beautiful everyday objects, such as toys and games and vases and mirrors, and jars for eye paint and perfume and skin oil. The commentary that accompanies the photographs is brief and clear, and gives a lively impression of the life of ancient Egyptians, their customs, and their religious beliefs. The author also explains the artistic conventions imposed on the artists and tells something about the meaning of the symbols they used.

There are not many first-rate anthologies of lyric poetry, and "The Crystal Cabinet" (twelve and upward), compiled by Horace Gregory and Marya Zaturenska (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), is one of them. Very old poems, such as the anonymous "We Be Soldiers Three" and "I Saw a Peacock," and little-known modern poems, such as E. E. Cummings' "Doll's Boy's Asleep" and Edwin Muir's "The Animals," appear side by side without the reader's having any sense of old and new. Because of the purity of the editors' taste and the subtle arrangement of the poems, the volume gains by being read as a whole. There are twenty pages of notes at the end of the book, in which the editors comment briefly on certain poets or poems and point out unfamiliar paths for the young poetry addict to follow.

EVERY now and then, a subject that one would have thought had been done to death turns out, in the right hands, to be as fresh and as interesting as if it had never before been writ-



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ten about. "Pilgrim Courage" (eight to twelve; Little, Brown) is made up of passages from Governor William Bradford's history, "Of Plimoth Plantation," and from the journals kept by Bradford and Edward Winslow, edited for younger readers by E. Brooks Smith and Robert Meredith. The book begins just before the escape from England into Holland, in 1608, and ends with the first Thanksgiving in the New World. The editors have modernized the seventeenth-century language and syntax while attempting to keep the spirit and flavor of the original, and the selections read like a continuous narrative. Here is a passage from the original journal: "They wandered all that afternoon, being wet; and at night it did freeze and snow. They were slenderly apparelled, and had no weapons but each one his sickle, nor any victuals. They ranged up and down and could find none of the salvages' habitations. When it drew to night, they were much perplexed; for they could find neither harbour nor meat; but, in frost and snow, were forced to make the earth their bed and the element their covering. And another thing did very much terrify them; they heard, as they thought, two lions roaring exceedingly for a long time together, and a third that they thought was very near them. So not knowing what to do, they resolved to climb up into a tree, as their safest refuge, though that would prove an intolerable cold lodging. So they stood at the tree's root, that when the lions came, they might take their opportunity of climbing up. The bitch (a mastiff) they were fain to hold by the neck, for she would have been gone to the lion. But it pleased God so to dispose, that the wild beasts came not. So they walked up and down under the tree all night. . . . " Here is the same passage in "Pilgrim Courage": "They wandered all that afternoon and got very wet. At night it froze and began to snow. They were lightly dressed and had no weapons, except their sickles, nor any food. They ranged up and down,

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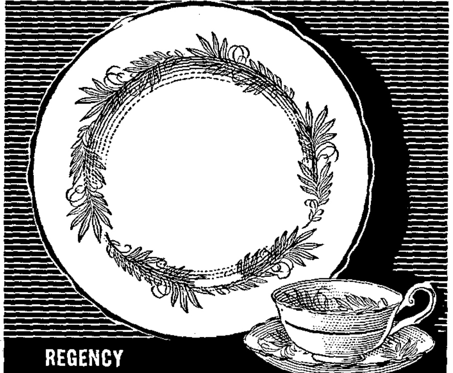

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but could find no Indian huts. They were much troubled, finding neither shelter nor food. In frost and snow they were forced to make the earth their bed and the elements their covering. They were terrified in the night. They thought they heard two lions, not knowing what beasts might be in this land. Then they heard a third, sounding very near. Not knowing what to do, they resolved to climb up a tree as the safest refuge." And so on. There is a real loss here, but it is not a loss that is likely to be real to a child, and it seems to me that the editors are justified in their compromise and have done a considerable service in making this eyewitness account available to younger readers in all its marvellous freshness and vigor. The tribulations of this small band of Separatists from the village of Scrooby, in the North of England, seem to belong not to the remote past but with stories of Hungarians escaping across the border into Austria and East Germans breaking out through the Wall.

As a companion piece to this book, you might consider "The Pilgrims and Plymouth Colony," by Feenie Ziner (American Heritage). Though it is one of a series of big, rather impersonal, profusely illustrated survey books on American history, the quality of both its text and pictures seems to me to be unusually high. There are paintings of seventeenth-century Holland—of Leyden and Delft and Amsterdam, and the countryside near Haarlem; old maps; seventeenth-century portraits and drawings; nineteenth-century paintings; and modern photographs of restorations and reconstructions, including a drawing of a cross-section of the Mayflower II, in which you can see what everyone was doing inside the ship, and what its general stores and cargo were. The narrative covers a much larger period in history than does "Pilgrim Courage"—from the Reformation, which gave rise to the Separatist sect and other forms of Protestantism, to the end of the seventy years of Plymouth Colony.

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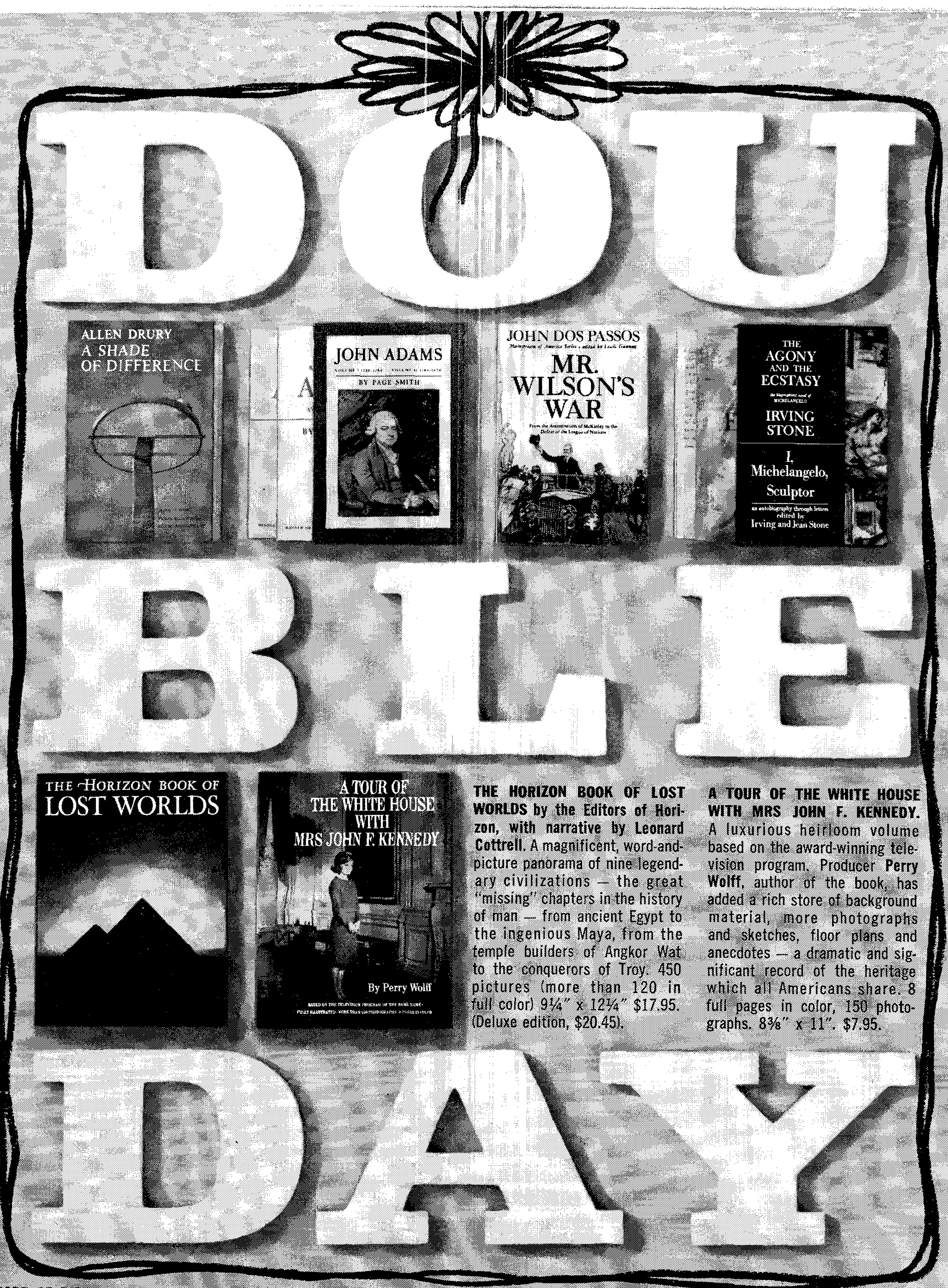
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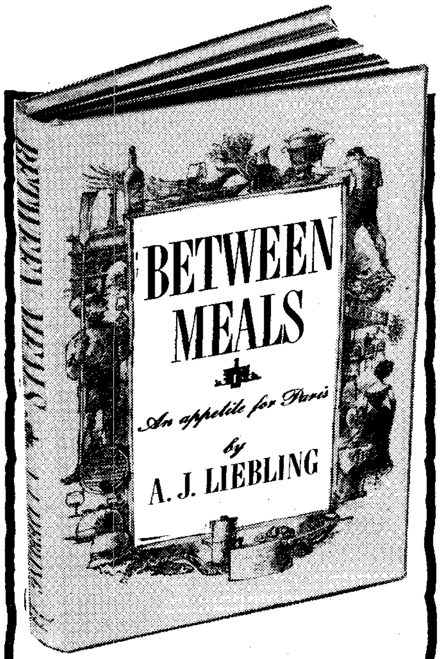

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Most of the contents of this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*

same problem. I picked up this fact from "Growing Up in 13th Century England" (ten and upward), by Alfred Duggan, illustrated by C. Walter Hodges (Pantheon). The earl's family brought all their clothes, the horses they used for riding, their jewels, armor, and silver plate; they brought mattresses and bed linen and beds, two or three armchairs with tapestry canopies, tablecloths and napkins, a great sack padded with raw wool in which a few books could travel without damage, and several mule loads of stained-glass windows in their wooden frames, to be fitted into the stone window openings of the castle bedrooms, to make them snug and windproof. Mr. Duggan's book is divided into five sections, which take up in turn a typical day in the life of the family of an earl, a country knight, a peasant, a rich merchant, and a craftsman. Each family has three children—Ralph (fourteen), Roger (ten), and Anne (twelve)—and all five Ralphs, Rogers, and Annes wake up to a fine morning in August. The author rouses the households out of their beds at dawn, dresses them (except for the peasants, who sleep in their clothes) as scrupulously as a nanny would, and sees them through Mass or prayers, and breakfast. The reader is taken on a tour of the castle, manor house, town house, cottage, and hovel where the families live, and is shown the households at work and at table. The author examines the practical aspects and the social implications of the families' dress, the degree of their fastidiousness, their earthly possessions, their rights under the law, their military training and duties, education, hopes for the future, irritations, pleasures, worries, and satisfactions. He speculates about the future of the children—their probable marriages, inheritance, and employment. All this with shrewdness and humor. In a note at the end of the book, Mr. Duggan says, by way of apology for the absence of a list of source material, "For forty years I have been reading about the Middle Ages, and I cannot now acknowledge the sources for everything I have said." Thanks to the author's saturation in his subject and his economical, easy, excellent style, the reader never feels as if he were accumulating facts but rather that he is satisfying a natural curiosity—which grows and grows as he reads—about a period in English history when, as Mr. Duggan says, the poorest peasant had a sense of human dignity, knew that the salvation of his soul was as important as the salvation of the king's soul, and that as a man

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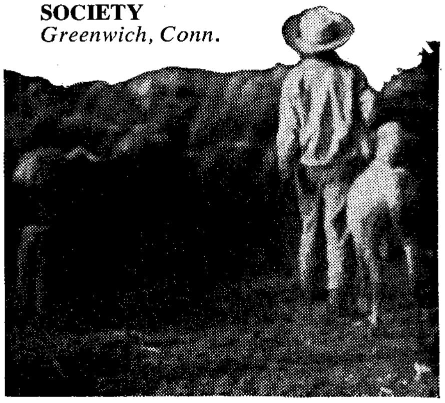

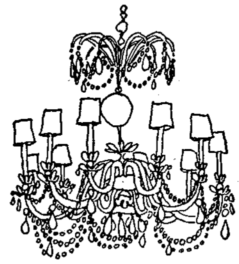

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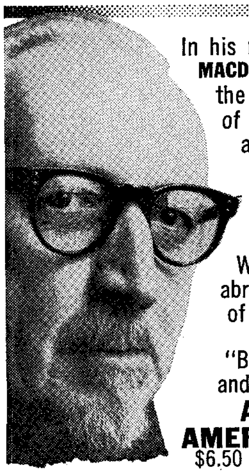

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AGAINST THE AMERICAN GRAIN

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Some of the articles in this book appeared originally in The New Yorker.

he had rights and a duty to stand up for them.

"Keeper of the Wild Bulls" (ten to fourteen), by Heinz Sponsel, translated from the German by Hertha Pauli (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy), is a boys' novel set in twentieth-century France. It begins at the dinner table of a *petit-bourgeois* family in Arles. Pierre Manet, who is fourteen, wants to follow his school friend, Leon, to the Camargue, where Leon's father is a herdsman. But Pierre's father, who is a merchant, has arranged for him to be apprenticed to a pharmacist. Pierre, shut up in the pharmacist's stockroom, with its endless rows of drawers with white labels on them and all the words on the labels in Latin, feels as if he were in prison. By selling a disagreeable woman sneezing powder for baking powder, he manages to get himself fired, and a bullfighter named Draquet, who has become his friend, persuades his father to let him spend a year in the Camargue with Leon. When he gets off the train at Saintes Maries-de-la-Mer, he hears the surf pounding below the railroad tracks; the mosquitoes are savage, and the few people who are sitting on the stone steps along Fisherman's Row—a narrow lane that smells of fish, sweat, and salt water—regard Pierre with silent suspicion. But Pierre loves the life in the open on the limitless Camargue, with its tall grass, ponds, and reeds, its herons and flamingos, and he grows to love the wild bulls. When the day comes for the buyers to choose bulls for the ring, Pierre cannot face the idea that his favorite bull, Foggy, who is attached to him alone, will be subjected to the imprisonment and cruelty of the arena. Foggy is sold, but Pierre finds a way to buy him back and sets him free again in the Camargue. The boys are real, and so are their longings. What I liked most about the book is that everything is *seen*—the family dinner table, with steam rising from the soup plates and the shutters closed against the sun; the pharmacy, the bull ring in Arles, campfires at night in the Camargue, the wild bulls, a grass fire, and the Feast Day of the Gypsies in Saintes Maries-de-la-Mer.

I am aware that everybody knows about the Bismarck and that children even sing a ballad about it that goes "The Bismarck was the fastest ship that ever sailed the sea," and for that reason I have been trying ever since last March to cross "The Sinking of the Bismarck" (ten and up), by William L. Shirer (Random House), off this list, but it keeps getting back on. Without at all

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knowing whereof I speak, I think it may be one of the most exciting accounts of a naval battle in modern history. Mr. Shirer has made use of material in the German naval archives that became available after the war, as well as German and English books on the subject, and so he is able to move back and forth between the German and English points of view. The battle began when the Bismarck sank the battle cruiser Hood, the most powerful ship in the British fleet, during the second spring of the war. This incident lasted exactly four minutes and cost the lives of nearly fifteen hundred men. In the week that followed, eight battleships and battle cruisers, two aircraft carriers, four heavy cruisers, seven light cruisers, twenty-one destroyers, and six submarines pursued the Bismarck over an area of a million square miles. At first the Germans, not knowing that the British had lost her on their radar screens, continued to send inconsequential radio messages to Germany that were picked up and used in an effort to determine her position. The British naval officer who plotted her course made a simple error in arithmetic that sent the Home Fleet off in a totally wrong direction. British biplanes, flying blind through the clouds and mist, tried to torpedo one of their own cruisers, the Sheffield, which was shadowing the Bismarck, and which they mistook for it. On both sides, time was running out: the Bismarck must be attacked before it could put into Brest and refuel. It had received a direct hit in the battle with the Hood, and needed repairs as well, but this the British had no way of knowing. The British ships were themselves running dangerously low on oil, and British troopships were crossing the Atlantic entirely without protection, their escorts having joined in the chase. The vastness of the battlefield, the difficulties raised by fog, submarines, mines, high seas, and untried equipment, and the courage and human fallibility displayed on both sides make a story that is stretched taut with excitement. The book is illustrated with fifteen pages of photographs and six pages of maps.

A ROBOT, properly speaking, is an artificial person, but "March of the Robots" (ten to fourteen), by Gary Jennings (Dial), is not limited to androids. The author begins with the legendary mechanical toys of antiquity—the wooden pigeons made by Archytas of Tarentum, which Plato says could fly, and Leonardo's humble lion, which is said to have approached Louis

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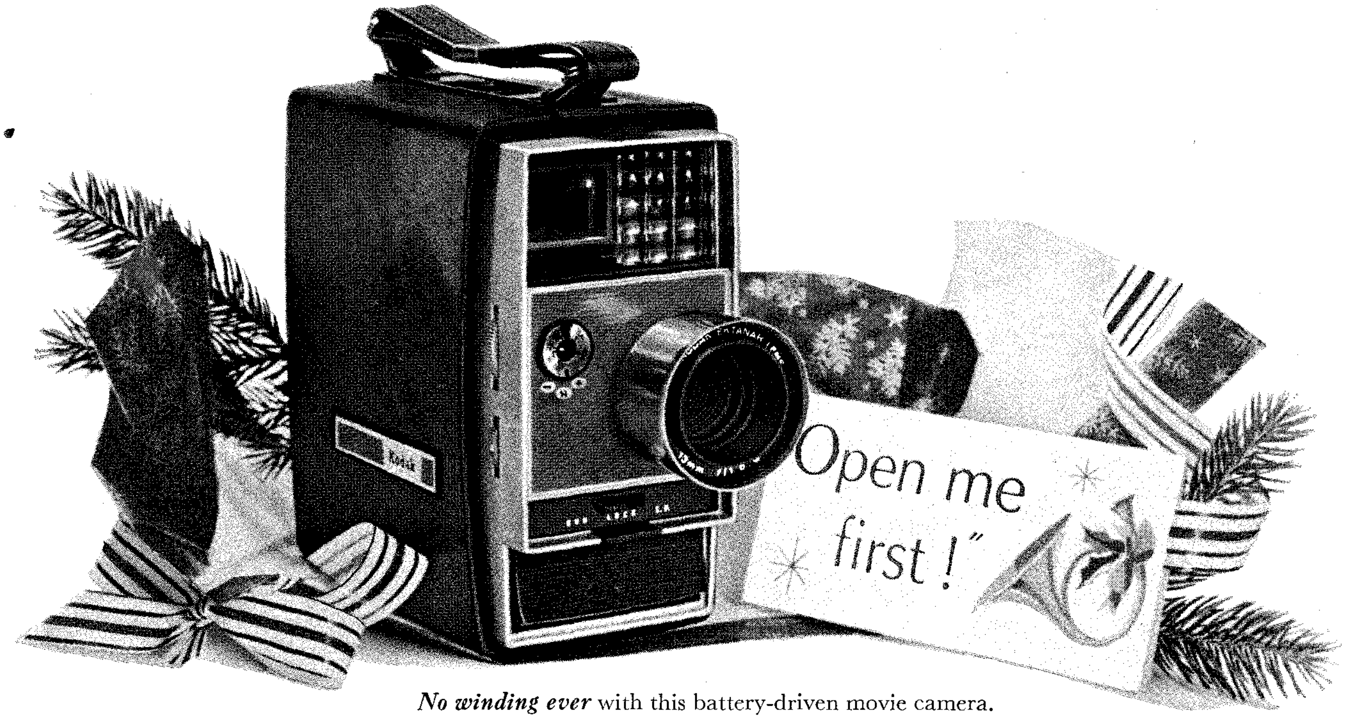

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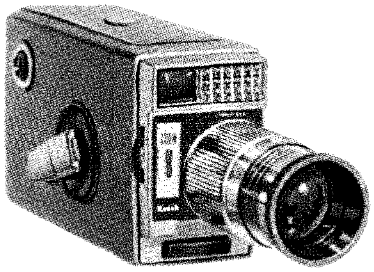

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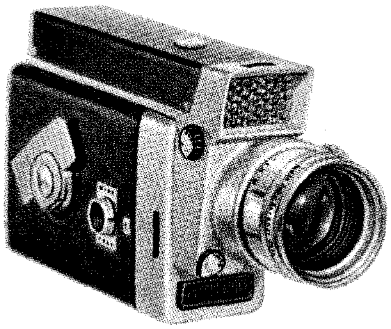

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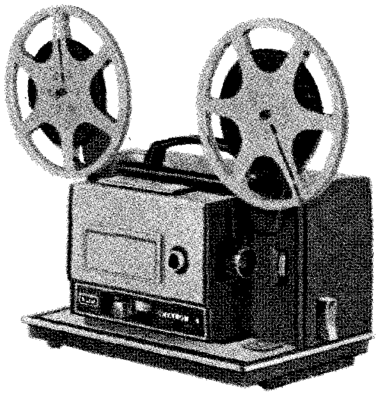

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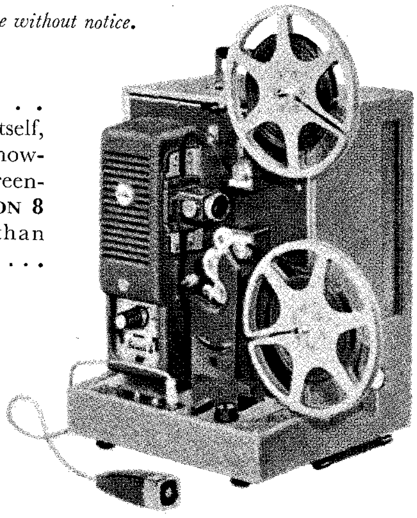

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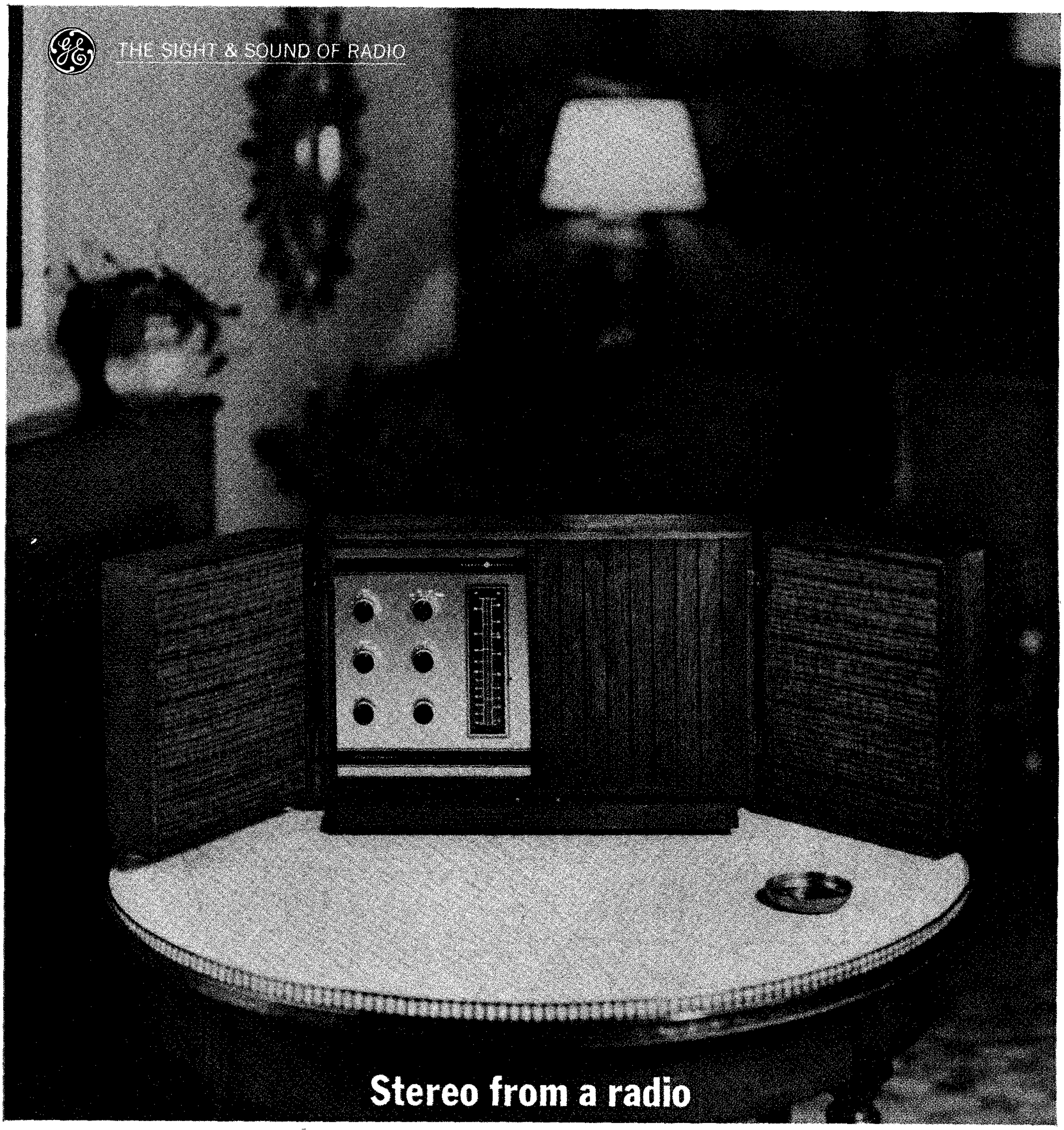

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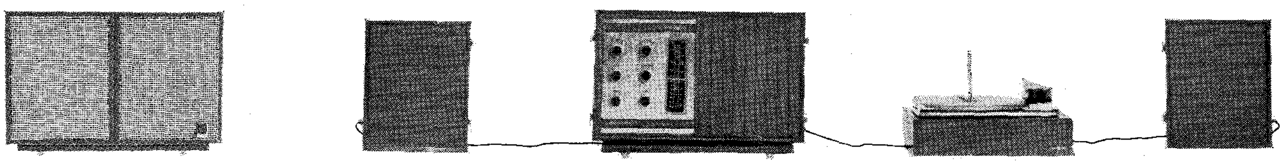

Compact, only 19⅛" wide, but... speakers may be separated up to 16′. Plug in a turntable and you can even play stereo records.

XII, stopped, and pawed open a door in its chest, revealing a fleur-de-lis. Animated clocks and mechanical toys (such as a mouse made of engraved and enamelled gold, with rubies for eyes and a plaited-gold tail, which, when it was pulled, caused the mouse to scuttle off, change direction, and return to its place) were popular in the seventeen-hundreds. Vaucanson, a Frenchman, early in the eighteenth century constructed a life-size flute player that played several selections passably well. Three sets of bellows provided the correct air pressures for high, medium, and low notes, and also tempered them to the required volume of sound; four separate levers would open or shut the lips, pucker them, or draw them back; another lever pulled the tongue forward or back; still others moved four fingers of the right hand and three of the left, to close or open the stops. And in our own time there was Volto, a mechanical dog powered by a battery and "aware" of both light and heat. He could be led around by a flashlight, lived in Flushing Meadow Park, and, alas, got run over by an automobile. The Harvard Mark I (1941) was the first of the robot calculators. Entrusted with the responsibility of formulating one of the basic algebraic equations in physics that made possible the building of the atomic bomb, it took one hundred and three hours (without food or sleep) to do the necessary arithmetic. It is estimated that the same job would probably have taken an expert mathematician more than a hundred years. In two minutes, Eniac, the first electronic computer, can work out a problem that might occupy a mathematician for a lifetime. After explaining how computers work and what they can

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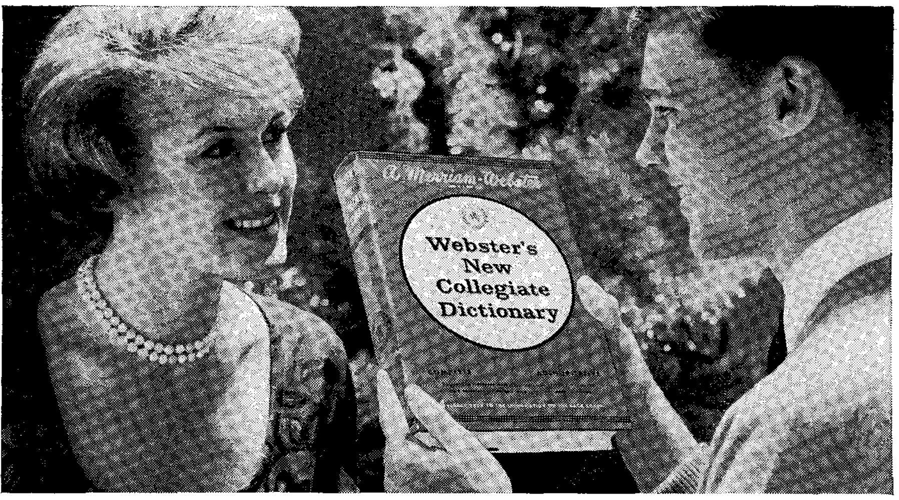

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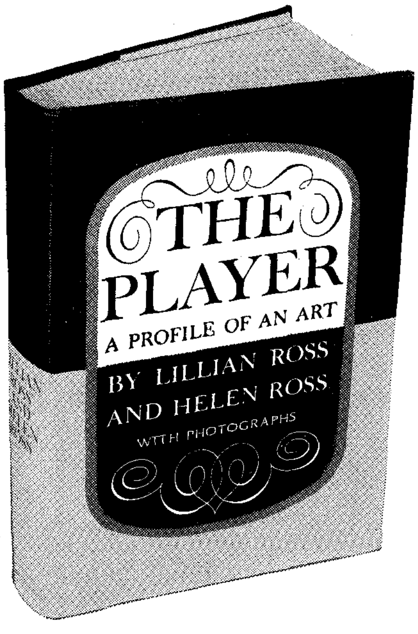
21 of the chapters originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. 34 are published here for the first time.



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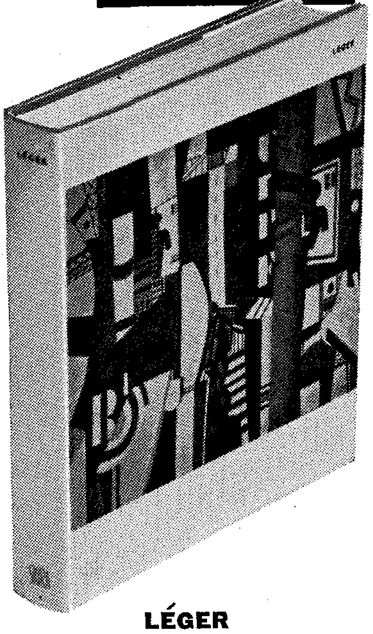

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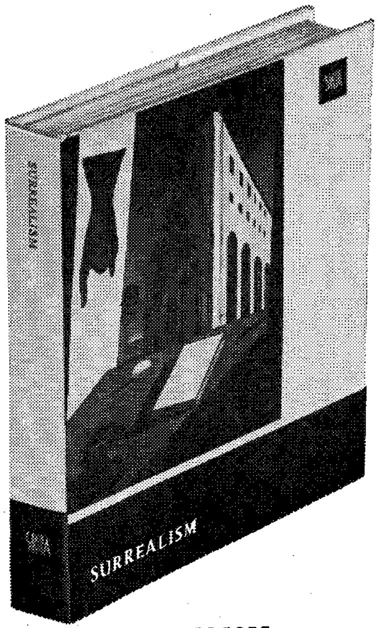

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and can't do, the author lists some of the blessings, mostly dubious, that we can look forward to in the near future. For example, the robot baseball umpire, patented in 1960 but not yet in use, photographs the area above the plate from three angles, to register exactly the passage of the ball. It won't be any fun to boo a robot. I finished this book wondering how much longer children will submit to the tedium of learning arithmetic. Perhaps, instead, first-graders will be taught how to operate a simple computer, for it seems more and more that the race will go not to whoever can *answer* the most difficult questions but to whoever can *ask* them. College boards might read, "Give three questions you'd like to ask a computer, break down each problem, and code it into the binary system."

Most scientists today believe that matter is continually striving to combine into more and more complex organizations, and that life must and does occur wherever conditions will permit its existence. "Is Anybody Out There?" (ten to fourteen), by John Rublowsky (Walker), is concerned with the kinds of life that may, to the best of our present knowledge, exist on the planets in the solar system. Using the spectrometer to measure reflected light, scientists have learned what the sun and moon and planets are made of. They can measure lunar mountains by the shadows they cast (we have more accurate information about the height of the mountains on the moon than we have about some mountains on earth). They can also measure the range of temperatures on the planets, and even the temperature *below* the surface of the moon. All this leads inevitably to speculation about the kinds of life in outer space. The conditions necessary for life are an energy-producing chemical reaction, a universal solvent, and a versatile building-block element. There could be, Mr. Rublowsky says, a silicon-based life, or there could be one in which nitrogen is substituted for oxygen. Life in a very high temperature might be based on sodium molecules and might use liquid ammonia instead of water as a solvent. Vegetation on the moon might have an outside skin of dead vacuum cells, possibly coated with a metallic reflecting material (butterflies on earth have developed just this kind of material for their wings) for protection against ultraviolet radiation. Spaced among these vacuum cells could be tiny spores that open out to suck in gas in the morning at the time of vaporization and close up again in the hot hours of midday and

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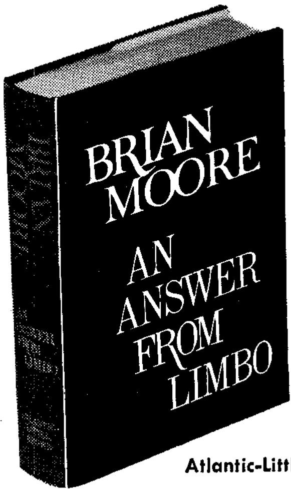

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MARINA

In sprightly verses and scores of wonderful four-color paintings – the story of a seal named O'Neal and his daughter Marina.
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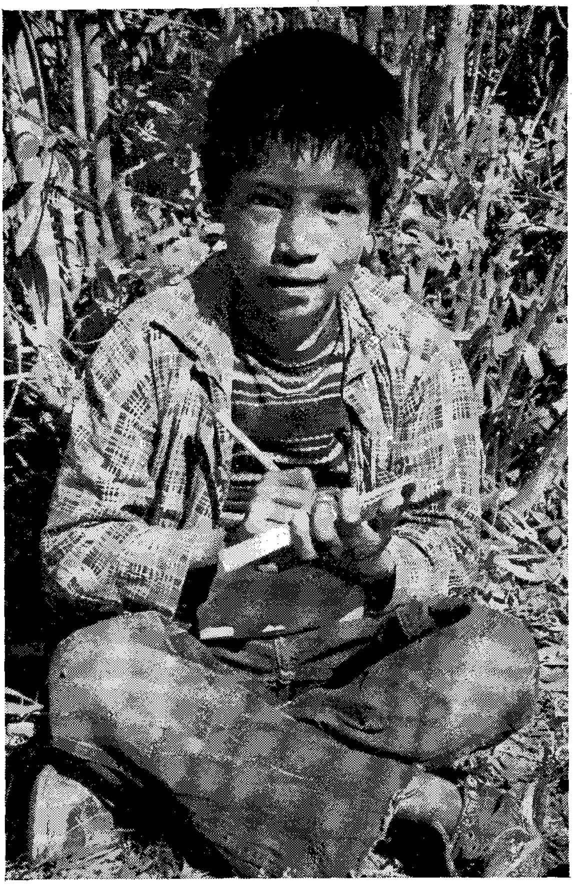
the long night's cold. There may be airborne plankton floating in the thick clouds that surround Venus; on Mercury there may be a hardy, crystalline life form, based on silicon compounds, and similar to our tobacco-mosaic virus. But the best chance for life similar to our own is on planets revolving around stars other than our sun—we live on the third planet of an ordinary star far out on a spiral arm of an average galaxy. One of billions. The book concludes with a discussion of Project Ozma, one of the radio telescopes by which we hope to receive intelligible signals from likely stars, relatively close neighbors such as Tau Ceti and Epsilon Eridani, which are, respectively, 11.2 and 10.7 light years away. Mr. Rublowsky treats certain theories that greatly appeal to the imagination (such as the Russian scientist Shklovsky's supposition that Mars' moons, Deimos and Phobos, are artificial satellites placed in space by intelligent beings) without bothering to say how much general acceptance they have found, or whether they are refuted at all. But no one else that I have read on the subject has managed to make the physical character of the eight planets (other than the earth) so distinct or so interesting.

For older children who incline toward a more sober approach to the subject, there is Franklyn M. Branley's "Mars" (Crowell), now published in a revised edition that presents all that is known or conjectured about that planet's origins, and brings up to date our knowledge about its atmosphere, temperature, satellites, and canals. Mr. Branley also considers the possibility that there is life on Mars, and in a chapter on the planet's surface lists a hundred and twenty-eight named features of the Martian landscape and their latitude and longitude.

"The ABC's of Astronomy," by Roy A. Gallant, illustrated by John Polgreen (Doubleday), is a reference book for amateur astronomers of all ages. It consists of an illustrated dictionary of over five hundred astronomical terms in general use; a comprehensive table of the planets; a table of comets and another of meteor showers; six easy-to-use star maps; photographs of spectacular stellar displays; reference tables, giving kilometre-mile equivalents and centigrade-Fahrenheit equivalents; and a section on telescopes, which explains the principles underlying reflecting and refracting telescopes, the spectroscope, and the radio telescope. There are also detailed maps of the moon, keyed with photographs, and a map of Mars—in



If you love children, your heart will go out to Tommy Littleraven, a 9-year-old American Indian boy who is attending school off the reservation for the first time. Going to school in town frightens Tommy. He is afraid that his non-Indian schoolmates are laughing at his tattered clothing, at his faulty English.

He yearns to join the school club, buy personal books, clothing, go out for a soda with the other boys. But his parents are too poor to give him pocket money. And so Tommy wanders off by himself and dreams that someday he will have the money to do what his non-Indian schoolmates do.

if you love children

Make a dream come true! You, your school or group can make this dream come true for an Indian child like Tommy. Contribute $10 a month and provide one Indian youngster with suitable clothing, personal books and a cash allowance. You will receive the photograph and story of the child you help and enjoy a warm person-to-person relationship through an exchange of letters. Please give one Indian youngster an even break—and the sense of security and confidence he needs to join the mainstream of American life.

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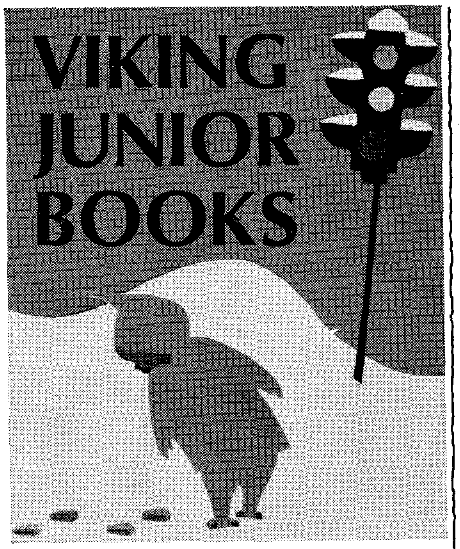

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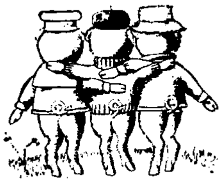
The story of a small boy's happy play all by himself in a beautiful snowy world. "...tells its action eloquently in few words and in the frosty blues and other beautifully combined colors of outstanding illustrations."—*N.Y. Times* Ages 3 to 6 $3.00



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Author Unknown
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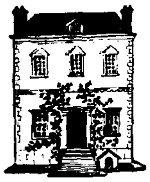

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short, a great deal of fascinating and useful information assembled in a nice big book.

HAVING got you to take up your telescopes and spectrometers and put on your space helmets, I must now ask you to lay them aside, for the four remaining books in this review are concerned with life on earth—specifically, animal life. "A Way with Animals" (twelve and up), by Katharine Tottenham (Nelson), describes the author's experiences in raising, in her home in England, various birds (including a swan), a hedgehog, toads, sticklebacks, a gray squirrel, a fox, a hare, and a polecat. Miss Tottenham dislikes keeping wild creatures as pets—that is, in small cages and deprived of an instinctual life. She believes that the only time it is justifiable to cage birds and animals is when they have been injured and are unable to care for themselves, and that the conditions of their captivity should be as natural as one can contrive to make them. Among other valuable items of information, the book contains a prescription for a perfect herbaceous border from the point of view of a butterfly. Lepidoptera prefer blue flowers—hyssop and lavender, lilac and buddleia, all the blue and mauve varieties of Michaelmas daisy, and the mauve stonecrop. The border should have a southerly aspect and a basking place in the full sun, preferably sheltered from the wind; there should be a shallow water dish of clean gravel saturated so the water is visible just below the surface, so that the butterflies can keep a foothold while they are leaning over for a drink. Occasionally Miss Tottenham's careful observation leads her to a discovery that is in contradiction to the accepted ideas of animal behavior. People incline, she says, to deny feelings to cold-blooded animals, but once she saw a toad that she had almost stepped on crouch in terror, clasping its "hands" over its eyes. She also writes with humor: "On land a toad changes its skin about once a month, pulling it over the head like a transparent jersey and stuffing it into its mouth with both hands, swallowing the complete garment."

Boys who bring Ernest Thompson Seton and "The Call of the Wild" home from the library will like "Utah Lion" (ten to fourteen), by James Ralph Johnson, with illustrations by the author (Follett). It is a vivid and exciting story of the first year in a wild cougar's life, told from the point of view of the animal. Mr. Johnson knows this southwestern Utah country, its

DAVID DODGE, author of "The Poor Man's Guide to Europe," presents the Riviera as he knows it in this appetizing picture of that wonderfully wicked and wacky world including its frocked and unfrocked royalty, mountebanks, playboys, playgirls, confidence men, geniuses, artists, writers, gigolos, kookies, cupcakes, and multicolored jellybeans of one sex or another.

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(*All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.*)

The American Establishment, by Richard H. Rovere (*Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.95*).

A selection of reports, speculative essays, and reviews that Mr. Rovere has written over the past sixteen years. They range in form and gravity from a discussion of a tract written by Arthur Koestler against capital punishment to a Profile of the late Peter J. McGuinness, political boss and prime pork chop of Greenpoint, Brooklyn.

Pigeon Feathers, by John Updike (*Knopf, $4*).

Nineteen stories in which the remembered past is, at any given moment, as important as the acutely felt present. The camera lens is wide-angle, and the shutter is fast.

Silent Spring, by Rachel Carson (*Houghton Mifflin, $5*).

A report on the destruction of wildlife and the damage to human beings that are caused by the slipshod and increasingly widespread use of chemical pesticides. Miss Carson, who chides us for putting up with the situation, supplies facts and statistics as ammunition to combat it.

Grecian Calendar, by Christopher Rand (*Oxford, $4.75*).

In this report on Greece, Mr. Rand, reversing the usual journalistic process, confines himself to what is readily apparent to the visitor's eye, and here presents a kind of double image—of the country and its inhabitants, and of the reporter as tourist.

A Spirit Rises, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (*Viking, $3.75*).

In these fourteen short stories, the timeless ingredients of the storyteller's art are obligingly at the service of a view of human life that is usually, but not always, impersonal, unsparing, and wickedly amused.

Between Meals, by A. J. Liebling (*Simon & Schuster, $3.95*).

The joy of eating—in Paris, that is—as set forth in a batch of gustatory memoirs. Mr. Liebling has added some new connective material to his pieces as they first appeared in this magazine.

Against the American Grain, by Dwight Macdonald (*Random House, $6.50*).

A collection of book reviews in which Mr. Macdonald appears alternately as iconoclast and champion, pinking writers who tame or puff up ideas in order to make them palatable, and enthusiastically supporting the plucky few who follow their own bent, no matter what the consequences.

Dinosaurs in the Morning, by Whitney Balliett (*Lippincott, $3.95*).

A collection of pieces—critical and reportorial—on jazz and jazz musicians. Mr. Balliett continues to investigate the sound of surprise and to separate the quick from the moribund among those who produce it.

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie, by Muriel Spark (*Lippincott, $3.95*).

Miss Brodie, a teacher in a girls' school in Edinburgh, is, more importantly, the purveyor of vast amounts of information irrelevant to the curriculum of the six disciples who form the "Brodie set." One of the girls betrays her, and it is the ramifications of this betrayal that leave everyone, including the reader, with heightened apperceptions.

The Stragglers, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (*Random House, $3.95*).

The stragglers are the Japanese soldiers who, separately holed up on a scattering of Pacific islands, either missed the news of the peace in 1945 or chose to ignore it. Mr. Kahn records the struggles of a handful of them to stay alive and invisible, sometimes for many years, until they were finally flushed out from behind the palm trees.

Patriotic Gore, by Edmund Wilson (*Oxford, $8.50*).

Critical essays on the authors—public and private—of the Civil War period, whose writings not only bear out Mr. Wilson's thesis that national mourning would perhaps be more fitting than any martial celebrations to mark the war's centennial but prove that there was no monopoly on virtue or literary talent on either side of the Mason-Dixon Line.

Gomillion Versus Lightfoot, by Bernard Taper (*McGraw-Hill, $3.75*).

A report on a lawsuit that originated in Macon County, Alabama, where local politicians reshaped the town of Tuskegee to exclude the Negro neighborhoods, and that ended up in the Supreme Court, where the Justices, reviewing the case in all its legal complexity and moral simplicity, decided against the gerrymander and righted the wrong.

Drowning with Others, by James Dickey (*Wesleyan, $3.50*).

A poet who writes about his own life, none of which seems to have been spent in an ivory tower.

The Blue Nile, by Alan Moorehead (*Harper & Row, $5.95*).

Mr. Moorehead once again approaches history by way of geography, telling of the European visitors, many of them belligerent, who forced the countries of the Blue Nile out of obscurity and into the modern world. The author, who has sailed every navigable inch of the river and inspected the non-navigable inches, provides a backdrop of first-hand observations for his pageant.

The Saucer of Larks, by Brian Friel (*Doubleday, $3.95*).

Stories that manage to be both lighthearted and enlightening about some terribly lonely moments in people's lives.

Dining at the Pavillon, by Joseph Wechsberg (*Little, Brown, $6*).

A description of the restaurant on East Fifty-seventh Street which allows us to partake of its elegance *in absentia* and without having to pay the piper. The piper is M. Henri Soulé, Prop., and two of the nineteen chapters of the book first appeared as a Profile of him in this magazine.

The Cape Cod Lighter, by John O'Hara (*Random House, $5.95*).

The title of this collection of twenty-three stories might lead some to believe that they are cozy bedtime tales, to be read while sipping Ovaltine. The assumption would be incorrect. Mr. O'Hara is still writing like O'Hara.

The Tunnel Under the Channel, by Thomas Whiteside (*Simon & Schuster, $3.50*).

A history of the several attempts to dig a tunnel under the English Channel. Mr. Whiteside sketches in portraits of the engineers, the promoters, the investors, and the merely queasy who tried to put the schemes through, and of the insular patriots, strong of stomach, who time after time successfully opposed them.

The Player, by Lillian Ross and Helen Ross (*Simon & Schuster, $6.95*).

Notes towards the definition of acting, presented in the form of interviews with fifty-five actors and actresses. The result is a symposium in which the participants, as they reminisce or joke or try to figure out what they are doing and aiming to do, somehow pin down the elusive art they practice.

Morte d'Urban, by J. F. Powers (*Doubleday, $4.50*).

A novel about a priest, a member of the mediocre Order of St. Clement, who makes friends with Mammon in an attempt to raise the order's stock. His exasperation with the clay-footed when his efforts are frustrated is surpassed only by his exasperation with himself when his efforts are successful.

Shut Up, He Explained, by Ring Lardner (*Scribners, $4.50*).

A selection of the great humorist's stories, plays, parodies, and essays. At the end of the book are fourteen columns written for this magazine in the summers of 1932 and 1933, in which Mr. Lardner spoke his wry, sardonic mind on the radio programs that trickled into his room.

Cellist in Exile, by Bernard Taper (*McGraw-Hill, $4.95*).

The life and opinions (on music, freedom, conscience, and other topics) of Pablo Casals, Catalan by birth and independent temperament, Puerto Rican by adoption.

Everyone but Thee and Me, by Ogden Nash (*Little, Brown, $3.95*).

A new collection of verse, in which Mr. Nash, galloping at full tilt, draws a bead on a number of targets previously neglected.

The Edinburgh Caper, by St. Clair McKelway (*Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4*).

A reminiscence of a bizarre vacation in Edinburgh, where the author had a couple of odd experiences that gave a moonstruck turn to his subsequent behavior and added an element of wild fantasy to his affectionate impressions of the city and its people.

The Points of My Compass, by E. B. White (*Harper & Row, $4*).

A series of essays in which Mr. White continues to uncover the links, hitherto invisible, between small, transitory events and the sort of ideas that are ordinarily too big (or maybe too frightening) to think about. Whatever the time and place—Maine, Florida, East Forty-eighth Street, or a ship bound for Alaska in 1923—Mr. White has never lost track of where or who he is.

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vegetation and forests, water supplies, animal population, and geographical structure, and he appears to know mountain lions with a familiarity that can have come only from first-hand acquaintance with them. As dramatic as the story is, there is nothing in it that might not be true—nothing, in fact, that has not occurred many times in that wilderness. The story begins with a hunter and his dogs tracking a lioness who is about to whelp. Professional hunters are employed in that part of the country to destroy the lions, who have the reputation of being cattle killers. The lioness makes it to her lair, the hunter bides his time, and when the cubs are four months old, he returns and shoots her and all but one of the cubs, a male. During his self-education, the young lion covers a lot of ground and gets into a certain amount of trouble, and before he is a year old he is hunted down, cornered, roped, and placed in a cage outside a gas station, with a sign telling the hypothetical havoc he has committed. He is pestered by people who throw gravel at him to make him snarl, and almost dies from eating bad hamburger. Finally, lured by the scent of a female lion, he escapes through the roof of the cage. This is not merely an adventure story about animals; it is also a work of propaganda—a plea to preserve wildlife, especially the predators—and this accounts for much of the virtue of the book and some of its faults. Mr. Johnson is an ecologist. (There are more ecologists every day, but what is left of the natural earth won't be safe until every last man, woman, and child is one.) His descriptions of the plant, animal, soil, and water relationships never slow down the story and are usually brought in naturally, but sometimes the author's enthusiasm leads him into an absurdity, such as when he has the lion cub look down into a pack-rat's nest that has been pried apart and note that the nursery is lined with shredded juniper bark and that one compartment is set aside as a privy and another as a storeroom for useless objects. But one doesn't easily forget this high canyon country, with its sandstone cliffs, its tall ponderosa pines, its spruce, aspen, white oak, and gnarled juniper, sage and manzanita, its mule deer, pack-rats, turkey vultures, bobcats, short-tail weasels, white-rumped antelope, porcupines, coyotes, and particularly its cougars.

The dolphin, or porpoise, is a mysterious, communicative, charming, and seemingly enchanted animal. According to the Britannica, he belongs to the

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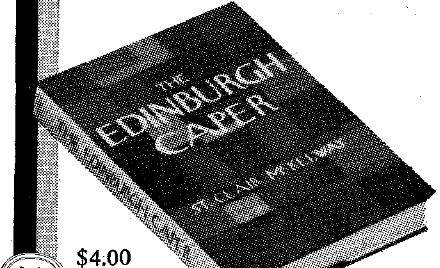

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whale family and is found in all seas and some large rivers. There are many species. The one dealt with in "The Remarkable Dolphin" (ten and up), by Henry Chapin, illustrated by Richard D. Rice (Scott), is *Tursiops truncatus*, the Atlantic Coast dolphin. Fossils of dolphins dating back more than thirty million years show little difference in structure from the present form. In the front flippers there are still present the bones of a front leg or arm, with the five-finger skeleton, but the hind legs have been reduced to a couple of small bones. Mammals, it seems, developed from land-living reptiles, which in turn evolved from fresh-water amphibians. But why did the forebears of the whale and the dolphin, having assumed the characteristics of mammals, turn back to water, to salt water, where they had to make a second adjustment? No answer. The fact that the dolphin has four stomachs, like a cow, and the same blood type suggests that he would have belonged to the bovine group of mammals had he remained on land. In any case, he has mastered so successfully the problems of living under the sea that scientists are now studying with great interest his hull structure and his talent for blind navigation. The dolphin has, actually, very good vision but, unlike fishes, no sense of smell, and so, out of the necessity for finding food in muddy waters, has produced a second kind of sight, which is the ability to find his way around by the use of echoes. The dolphin gives off frequent sounds, which are echoed back by any solid object, and from the echoes he is able to gauge the location, distance, and nature of the objects that reflect the sound. A similar but less effective device is used by the United States Navy. The dolphin has no vocal cords, and uses his windpipe and nostrils as a sort of bagpipe in making the whistles and squeals by which he communicates (alarm, pleasure, anger) with his kind, and the buzzing notes for the sonar echo. It takes a full year for the embryo dolphin to develop, and the female has only one offspring at a time. At birth the dolphin can weigh as much as thirty-five or forty pounds. The arrangements for underwater nursing, are, like all the dolphin's adjustments to the mechanics for survival, extraordinary. Under her belly the mother has two slits. When the calf pokes his nose into one of them he does not suck, for if he did he would swallow salt water along with the milk; instead, the milk is shot down the calf's throat. He continues to nurse at intervals until he is eighteen months

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WHY DO GREAT WARS BEGIN?

That's a newsy title, and it's in the latest issue of HORIZON. But we wouldn't want you to think of this magazine as "timely." Quite the contrary. (It comes in hard covers because what's inside is worth keeping.)

In "Why Do Great Wars Begin?", H. R. Trevor-Roper, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, steps back from the news of Cuba and Berlin to do some historical dissection on the Thirty Years' War, and on a couple of others of more recent memory. He comes up with a few sane and disturbing answers to why wars start. And you'll come out of the article with something that's handy to have when you read war-scare headlines. Perspective.

There's a lot of that in every issue, because HORIZON wanders widely, up and down the route of man's long cultural adventure. The trip can often be very beautiful. See, for example, the eight full-color plates of Rouault's *Passion,* never in print before. Sometimes HORIZON is exotic. See what turned up recently in a jewel-spangled 3000-year-old grave on the edge of the Caspian Sea. Always it's informative, on everything from modern church architecture to Sotheby's in London, as their auctioneers hammer out a $30,000,000-a-year business.

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HORIZON—A MAGAZINE TO ENGAGE THE MIND AND DELIGHT THE EYE

BROTHER JONATHAN

It is reported of George Washington that when he was masterminding the American Revolution, before taking action he frequently said, "We must consult Brother Jonathan," referring to Jonathan Trumbull, who was then Governor of Connecticut. And we know from various sources that Washington, far from relying solely on his own judgment, often consulted others whose abilities he respected.

We're constantly surprised at some people's reluctance to accept any suggestions whatsoever about their investments or even to examine new facts and figures as they become available. We admire their independence, but we wish they would keep in mind an old saw that must have been one of Washington's favorites: Two heads are better than one.

To be perfectly candid, our Research Department, whose help is available to anyone for the asking, isn't infallible. But since its members spend more time on their investigations than most investors can, and since they have a great abundance of information at their disposal, doesn't it stand to reason that their opinion is worth having? All you have to do is write a letter outlining your situation and your aims, and Research will take it from there. Address—

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old. The dolphin swims at high speed, with little effort and no visible hull resistance—no bow waves and no wake. His skin, loose and pliant, is attached to the blubber by small, mobile tubular binders, which adjust instantly to any buildup of water friction or turbulence. No one really knows what makes the dolphin so tractable and even obliging, or how to explain his unwarranted affection for human beings. He has never been known to attack, even when he is being captured, and is cross only in the mating season. The literature of the ancients is full of stories of his helpfulness to fishermen and swimmers, and of his sweetness and amiability. The dolphins in the Marine Laboratory in Miami that, in the interests of scientific curiosity, had needles driven through their skulls showed no resentment.

Where in the world any more can a boy raise as pets horned owls two feet high and with a five-foot wingspread? Farley Mowat, the author of a nice lowbrow book, "Owls in the Family" (eight to twelve; Atlantic-Little, Brown), grew up in the town of Saskatoon, in Saskatchewan, and there he kept not only owls but white rats and gophers and garter snakes and pigeons and a dog called Mutt. The two owls, Wol and Weeps, went everywhere with the boy, walking alongside him, riding on his shoulders or on his bicycle. Weeps sat in the basket behind and Wol bounced up and down on the handlebars, hooting to himself with excitement or hooting out insults at any passing dog. They went hunting and camping and canoeing with the family, and rode in the rumble seat of the car with the boy and Mutt, who leaned way out over the side and had to wear goggles because the dust of the prairie made his eyes sore. I wish I'd seen them.

—EMILY MAXWELL

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From Niles' Weekly Register, published in Baltimore, June 15, 1816*]

WASHINGTON, June 6.—The President and his family left this city yesterday for Montpelier, where it is expected he will spend the summer months; there being no public business, at this time, particularly requiring his attendance at the seat of government.

•

The Covington First Aid Squad answered a call at 6:40 p.m. Monday to the intersection of Rockbridge Avenue and Hemlock Street for Sylvia Wells, who suffered a sudden illness. She was left at the scene.—*Covington (Va.) Virginian.*

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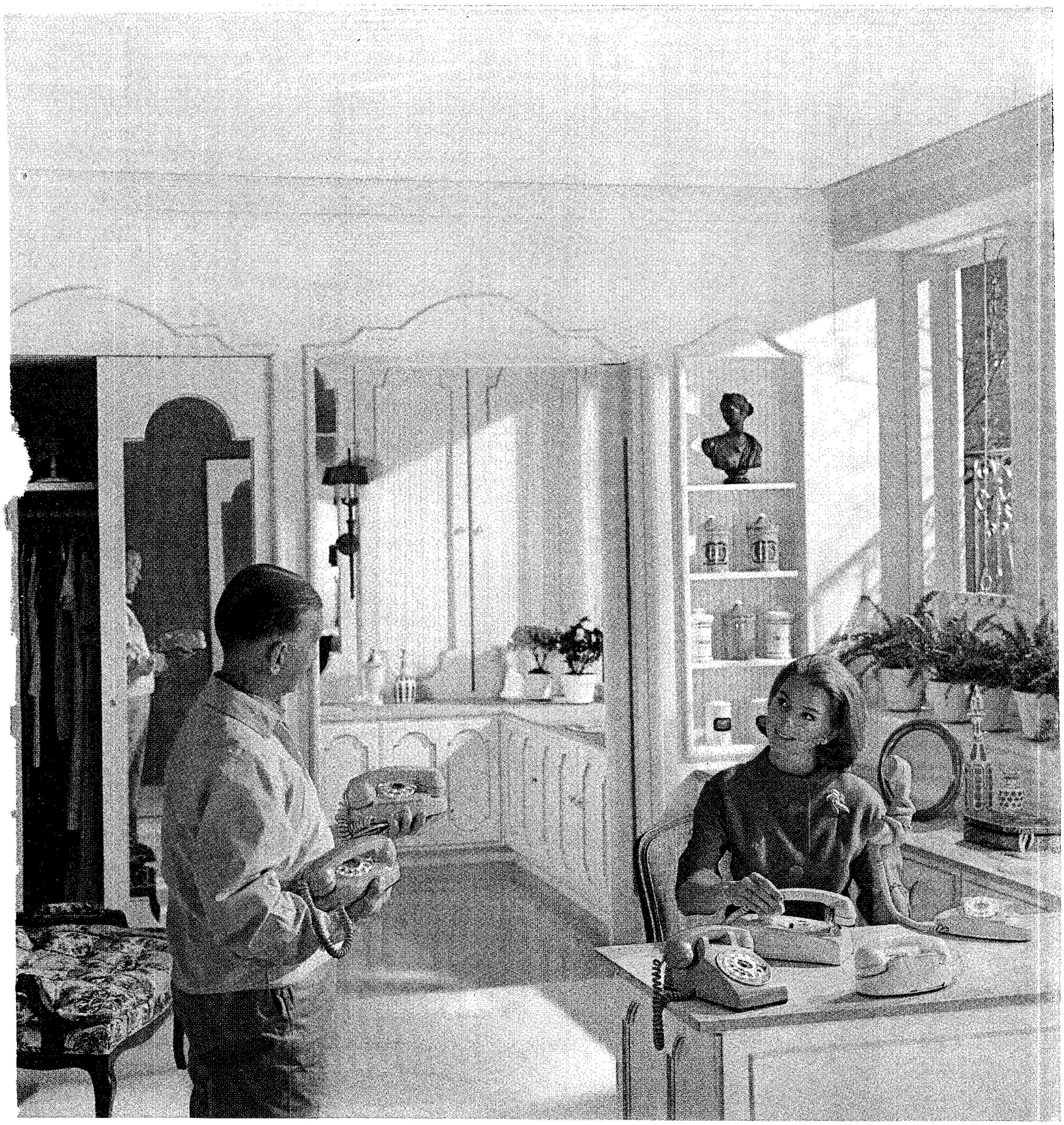

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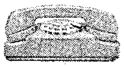

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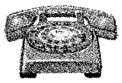

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